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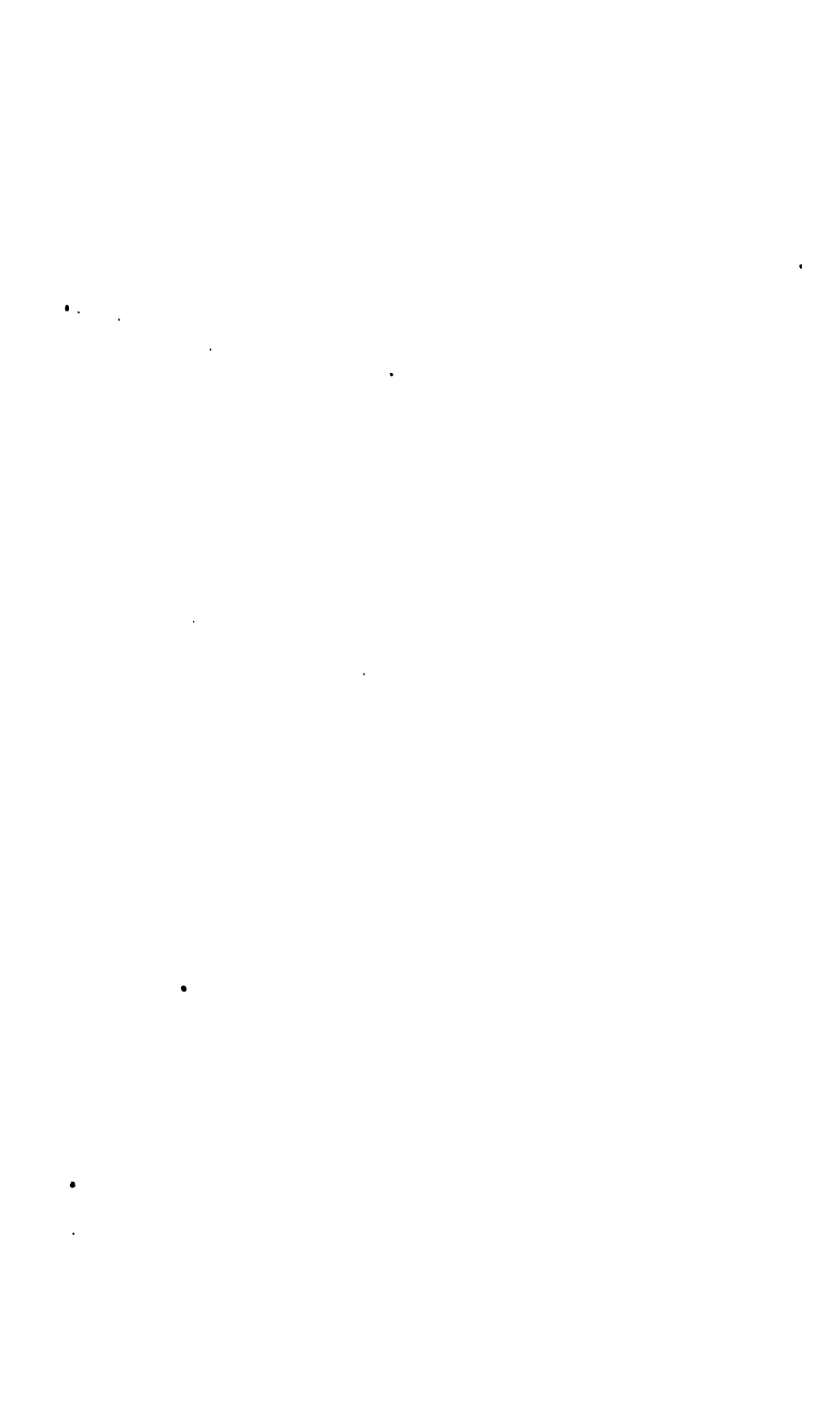
HAGAR
WITH OTHER STORIES
AND
RHYMES



1. *Staph. aureus*
2. *Staph. aureus*
3. *Staph. aureus*

Sarah B. Shaw

NPY
Furnis



HAGAR;

THE SINGING MAIDEN,

WITH

OTHER STORIES AND RHYMES,

—BY—

T. T. PURVIS.

PHILADELPHIA:

WALTON & Co., 529 AND 531 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.

1881.

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME
Is Affectionately Inscribed
TO MY FRIEND
DANIEL NEALL.

WQR 19 FEB '36

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HAGAR, THE SINGING MAIDEN.

IN the depths of a forest, under a great oak tree, a little maiden sat in a grape-vine swing. It was a warm day in Spring, and the birds were flitting about in the trees, spying out the best places for their nests. Some had already begun to build, and a blue bird, more daring than the rest of his comrades, flew down from an oak branch and begun to peck eagerly at the maiden's ragged gown. She smiled as she watched its frantic attempts to carry off a rag, wherewith it might line its nest. But she looked neither surprised nor disturbed. It was no uncommon thing for the birds to tax her gown for their housekeeping necessities. A red lizard crept out from under a gray stone, and regarded her with friendly eyes, and not long after, a garter snake glided from a pile of bush, and passing beneath her little bare feet, lay warming itself in the sunshine. A black, shaggy-haired dog, sat in her lap, and looked out with his keen brown eyes upon the world about him, with an air of great contentment. Soon the maiden began to sing; it was music without words, and she imitated the songs of the different birds with such wonderful accuracy, that not unfrequently they answered her note for note.

The dog barked with delight.

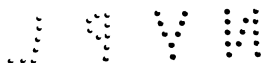
“Ah Nico!” said she, patting his head softly, “you like to hear me sing everything that is gay, but nothing sad suits you. Listen, now, I am going to sing a song.” And looking around her at the trees, with their tender green, at the sky, so blue and clear, and at all the gentle innocent creatures about her, she sang in a voice full of sweetness these words :

“Under the greenwood tree
 Nico and I,
 Sing and swing merrily,
 For all things love us,
 The green earth, the sky
 So blue, above us,
 And the birds sing to us,
 And the great bee hums
 One tune, and calls it “Buzz.”

We are glad in the sunshine,
 But when the rain comes,
 Then we droop and we pine
 Like the flowers, all is sad.

A shadow sits by the hearth,
 And its name is “Gin!”
 They say it walks the earth,
 And darkens every home
 That it enters in,
 O would we might roam
 To a land where ’tis not known.”

The dog gave a long melancholy whine, for while she was singing the last verse, the color left her



cheek, her soft brown eyes drooped, and the tears fell thick and fast. Her voice so merry and blithe, when she began, grew sad and tremulous as she proceeded, and lower and lower it sank, until it seemed only a faint murmur at the last line of her song. She sat quite still for a long while, looking sad and thoughtful.

Nico jumped up, and licked her face. It was a way he had of expressing his sympathy for her sorrow. She smiled as she pushed him gently away, and her whole face brightened. Then she lifted up her voice and sang again.

“O once my heart was light and gay,
 As a bird upon the wing,
 Life seemed the longest, brightest day
 That comes in early Spring.
 My mother sat beside the door,
 And sang her ballads o’er and o’er.

O dearly loved my father then
 Our little cottage home,
 He cared not for those wicked men,
 He had no wish to roam.
 He sat and wove his baskets there,
 And sang his songs without a care.

But since my mother went away,
 To find a home for me,
 In some far land, where morning’s ray,
 Shines on a Jasper sea;
 The shadow o’er my father came,
 And blighted all our honest name.

Our cabin is a darksome spot,
 Want sits beside the hearth ;
 And very lonely is my lot.
 Without a friend on earth !
 O mother, by that Jasper sea,
 Dost thou not sometimes think of me ?

I sleep, and dream I see thee stand
 Beside me as of yore ;
 I feel the soft touch of thy hand,
 And all my grief is o'er.
 I waken from my dream, so fair,
 To find the loved one is not there !”

As she finished the last words, the dog set up a doleful howl.

“My poor Nico,” she said soothingly, “you are hungry, let us go home, and see what we can find to eat.” Leaving the swing she followed a little winding path through the forest, and was soon lost in the distance.

CHAPTER II.

BAGAR'S home was a small cottage near the edge of the forest. It looked lonely and desolate, fast going to ruin and decay. Two years had passed since her mother left them, and a great change had taken place in her father. He had been led astray by bad men, and had fallen into evil courses. He followed basket making for a livelihood, and once he had found a ready sale for them, being a skillful workman ; but now he spent the money he earned

in gin, neglecting his business, and losing his best customers, so that often, of latter times, Hagar and Nico had been forced to go supperless to bed.

Fortunately for her, the wife of one of her father's boon companions, who lived about a mile from them, would give her, now and then, a little oatmeal, and with this, and a few vegetables they had stored away for the winter they managed to live.

Her father would often go and stay away for days, leaving her alone in the old cabin, waiting and watching, night after night, for his return. At the time of which I speak, he had been gone nearly a week, and she was growing very uneasy about him, thinking he would come back no more.

Their provisions, too, were running low. As she passed through the forest, she gathered some dry sticks, and with these she made a fire, by which she cooked a little porridge for herself and the half famished dog. It was a lonely spot, the great forest on one side, and no house in sight; but she had lived among the trees so much, they seemed like old friends to her, and with the faithful Nico for company, she never felt afraid. When darkness covered the earth, she knelt down, repeating a simple prayer her mother had taught her, and then throwing herself on a straw pallet, she slept soundly and well. When the morning came, Hagar was awakened by the singing of the birds, and she rose up and prepared their scanty breakfast. She gave the dog the largest portion of it, for she had had a strange dream which troubled her, and took from her all desire to eat.

"Come, Nico," she said, after he had devoured the last morsel, and looked up, eager for more. "Come, we will go to neighbor Huber's, and see if she can tell us aught of my father."

When they arrived at the neighbor's house, all was quiet. The great shepherd dog that lay stretched on the door-steps, gave a low growl, but he did not stir to let them pass in. Like his master he possessed an ugly, disagreeable temper, and Hagar feared them both alike. She took Nico in her arms, and standing at a safe distance, whistled the tune of a little song her mother taught her. Very soon a woman, with a pale, anxious face, appeared at the window, and making a sign with her hand, which Hagar understood to mean, "Stay where you are," she disappeared, and after a few moments opened the door softly and came out to her.

"John is home she said," pointing towards the house, "and I cannot let you come in."

"Do you know anything of my father?" asked Hagar, feeling sure, from her pale, haggard face, and bewildered manner, that something had befallen him. "When he left home he said he was going fishing with your husband."

The poor woman began to cry. "O, child, it was not my fault; I am not to blame. They took the black jug with them, and John said there came up a great gale on the lake, and the boat upset. They both went down together, and when John came up, he barely made out to save himself, and he saw your father no more. He has been sick at home for three days, and I dare not leave him to come to you."

Hagar sank down upon the ground, while Barbara was speaking, and gathering the dog to her breast, she moaned like one in great pain.

"We shall see him no more, Nico, we shall see him no more. Mothers's gone; father's gone; we are alone in the wide, *wide* world."

The dog set up a dismal howling, and the woman interposed.

"Quiet him. Hagar, quiet him; my man is very bad, and if he should wake, I don't know what would become of me," and she trembled as she spoke.

"The shadow is in her house," said Hagar, under her breath. "I will take my sorrow away, and trouble her no more," and she rose up to go. She held out her hand to the woman. "Good bye, Neighbor Huber," she said; "I am going away. My mother had a friend once, who was very kind to her, and she told me before she left me, if any great trouble came upon me, I was to go to her."

Then the thought of her poverty, and the unknown distance that separated her from her mother's friend, overcame her, and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Poor child!" cried Barbara, putting her arm around her, and pressing her to her breast. "I wish I could say, come live with me; but I dare not. You must not go away without something to eat; wait here, I will bring you some cakes I have just baked." She hurried into the house, and soon returned with a small basket. "Take it," she said, "it is all I have to give you; I wish it was more, for

your mother has given me food many a time, when I needed it sorely."

She would have said more, but a loud, harsh voice was heard within calling "Barbara, Barbara!"

"Go, go quickly, child," she said, with a terrified look, and she hurried away.

Hagar went back, sorrowfully, to her old home. She had a few clothes, and one or two precious keepsakes that her mother had left her; and these were all her worldly possessions. She did not linger long there; the shadow of a great sin seemed hovering over it; and she left it without a regret.

"Come, Nico," she said, "let us go to the swing, and bid a last good-bye to all our old friends;" and the dog followed her.

When they reached the swing, she sat down to rest, for she was weary with her long walk. It was still early morning, and the birds were singing joyfully in the boughs above her. The bees buzzed busily around the wild Azaleas, and stole the sweetness from every flower. A little breeze sprang up, and stirred the tender leaves of the old oak; to Hagar's eyes they seemed tiny, pink hands, waving a long farewell to her. In the distance she could see the waters of a brook, sparkling in the sunshine, and as they dashed over the shining stones which lay imbedded in its bosom, they seemed to murmur sorrowfully, "Farewell, maiden, farewell."

The rustling of the leaves, the song of the birds, and the murmur of the waters, oppressed her with a vague feeling of regret and sadness. Far away was the world of men, whither she was going. There

all was strife and turmoil, sorrow and sin, but here, in the deep forest, was her own world—a world of peace and quietness, of innocence and rest. Not long could she linger, for a wearisome journey lay before her. Yet, ere she left this loved spot forever, she longed to sing a farewell song. And lifting up her soft brown eyes to the boughs above her, she began to sing in a voice low and tremulous :

“I’m leaving you, old friends, I’m leaving you,
Singing birds and murmuring bees ;
Sparkling waters ever flowing on,
And the kindly sheltering trees.
You will miss me, when I’m gone,
Grape-vine swing, where I have swung
Every spring this many a year ;
And the songs that I have sung
You no more will bend to hear,
Dear old trees I love so well.”

Here her voice faltered, she could sing no more for the fast falling tears.

“Let us go, Nico,” she said sorrowfully, and casting a last, lingering look on the old, familiar spot, which seemed like a home to her, she silently went her way.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Hagar pursues her journey, it is fitting that our readers should know something about the friend whom she was going to seek. Many years ago, when her mother was a poor girl, who sang ballads about the streets of a large town, a lady passing by while she was singing, was touched by her innocent face, and the sweetness of her voice, and thinking she was worthy of better things, she spoke to the young singer. Pleased by her modest bearing, and the truthful, straightforward manner, in which she told her story, the lady bade her come to her house the following day, and she would try to do something for her. The result was, that her mother gave up ballad singing, and went to live with this lady.

After she left her service to marry the basket-maker, she received a letter now and then, always full of good advice, and kindly offers of assistance. More than once she had written:—"Should you or your child ever need help, do not fail to come to me." Among her mother's keepsakes, Hagar found a paper containing the address of this lady, and the following words written beneath it. "If my child, Hagar Marvin, should ever be in sore trouble, let her seek her mother's friends. Nora Marvin."

And now in the dewy freshness of the morning, cheered by the singing of the birds, by the sunlight

playing hide and seek among the leafy branches ; and by all the warmth and beauty which belong to the glad season of spring ; this young girl, ignorant of the ways of the world, was going forth bravely to meet it. She had not gone many miles, before she began to feel both hungry and weary, and Nico showed by unmistakable signs that he could not travel much longer. The last mile-stone had shown her, that they had yet ten miles further to go, and serious doubts began to intrude themselves, whether she would be able to reach the city before night-fall. As they were drawing near a wood which bordered the road for some distance, Hagar began to look about her for a suitable stopping place. She followed a beaten path through the trees for a few yards, and it led her to a beautiful spring of water. It was clear as crystal, the loveliest green moss embroidered its sides, and was reflected in its shining surface. As Hagar bent over it, a familiar little face, dusty and tired, burnt by the sun, came out of its mysterious depths to meet her own ; and clear brown eyes, honest, truthful as the day, looked up into hers. While Nico was eagerly quenching his thirst at the outlet of the spring, Hagar scooped up some water with her hands, and thought, never was drink sweeter than this. "O would I might sing a wondrous song about the beautiful water," she said aloud, "which should draw men, women and little children to listen to its praises, and hearing, they should believe, and drink water, forevermore." As she sat with Nico eating the cakes neighbor Huber had given her, there came an old gipsy woman, and a young girl, to

the spring. Nico ran towards them, and began to bark savagely. They both stood still, until Hagar had quieted him with some soothing words. The woman drew near to Hagar, and taking her hand in her own, she examined it closely. "She belongs to our tribe," she muttered at last in the gypsy tongue, and she exchanged a significant glance with her companion, a look which boded no good to Hagar.

Her small and piercing black eyes were half hidden by the coarse gray locks which strayed over a swarthy face, grown hardened and old in sin and wickedness. She wore a soldier's scarlet coat, over a forlorn ragged gown; so that taking her for all in all, she was a hideous looking object, and Hagar's eyes sank beneath her bold steadfast gaze. The child was well aware that her father was a gypsy, who had forsaken his tribe after his marriage with her mother, and she trembled with fear; for she remembered the many stories he had told her of his gypsy life, and their wild, lawless ways, setting every principle of civilized life at defiance, had filled her with terror and dismay. As the young girl drew the water from the spring, the old gypsy spoke to her. "Tell her Zara, she must go with us, and we will give her something to eat. We will keep her. She shall go out with you when you play on the tambourine. The money will fall like rain. She sings like a nightingale." "How do you know she can sing?" the girl asked, still bending over the spring, "I have heard her, that is enough, girl! you ask too many questions," and the old gypsy scowled at her.

Hagar sat silent, hearing and understanding it all.

Her father had taught her the wild uncouth language which he had been wont to speak, and she shuddered, as the thought passed through her mind. "Could that dreadful woman have been lurking among the trees, when she sang her songs at the grape-vine swing!"

When Zāra turned towards her as they were ready to start, and said in English.—"You will come with us," Hagar felt it would be useless to refuse. What could a young girl do against a powerful tribe, who believed they had an undoubted right to her?

She called Nico to her side, and followed slowly and reluctantly after them. They had not gone far, before Zara set down her pail of water, under pretense of resting, and waited until Hagar came up to her. Then she began to ply her with questions. "Whence did she come? Whither was she going? Would she not like to live "under the greenwood tree, and be a gypsy?" Hagar answered all her questions truthfully, and when she came to the last, her eyes flashed, and her whole frame trembled, as she said most emphatically, "No never, I would sooner die than be a gypsy."

Zara's bold black eyes opened wide with astonishment, and she laughed maliciously. "But old Tamar said that you were a gypsy, and they say she knows everything. Now she is gone, I will prove it. She said you could sing like a bird, come then and sing for me."

"I cannot sing." Hagar answered sorrowfully, "I think I shall sing no more." Just then some one called "Zara," in a loud piercing tone, and the girl picked up the pail and hurried on.

"Come, come, make haste," she called out to Hagar, "old Tamar is waiting for the water." After going a short distance they came up on the gypsy encampment. A few dingy white tents were scattered among the trees. The gypsy women were busily engaged preparing their mid-day meal. A huge iron pot, hung over a smoking, greenwood fire, bubbled and boiled, and filled the air with a savory odor. The women and gypsy girls hovered about the fire, tasting and sipping and giving vent to their several opinions on the excellence of the broth. In the mean time their lords and masters looked idly on. They were strewn, like the fallen leaves, upon the ground. Some were sleeping, others were drinking and smoking, and singing coarse vulgar songs, but the greater part of them were engaged in playing cards. Hagar's quick, observant eyes, took in the entire picture at a glance, and her heart sank within her. Was this the life she was to live henceforth? She, the daughter of a good mother who had taught her to love the truth, to be honest and upright, and above all things, to ask night and morning for guidance and help from the Good Father, who watches over poor orphans? As this last thought passed through her mind, she looked up and saw between the green boughs, a little patch of blue sky, over which, a tiny white cloud was drifting, and her silent prayer went up to heaven, "Help me, O Father, to leave this dreadful place."

That night as she lay awake in old Tamar's tent, watching the singular and beautiful effect of the fire-light flashing among the overhanging branches, she

saw that the light shone upon a tiny gold cross which lay upon her breast, and accepted it as a good omen. To the cross she had fastened for safe-keeping, the address of her mother's friend. She felt it to be sure it was there, and went to sleep, resolved to carry out her intention of seeking her as soon as it was possible to leave the encampment.

CHAPTER IV.

HAGAR had not been many weeks in the gypsy camp, before she became more reconciled to the life she was leading. It was true, the gypsies were a light frivolous and improvident set, but they were merry, talkative and good natured ; they amused her, and she could not help liking them, for their unvarying kindness to a poor, friendless maiden. Old Tamar was the only one who pretended to exercise any authority over her, and she learned from Zara always to obey her commands. "Never cross her will," said Zara "and you will do well enough. Her bark is worse than her bite." And thus it happened, when Zara went out with her tambourine to the neighboring town, Hagar accompanied her, since old Tamar commanded her to go. At first she shrank from the rude crowds that followed and jostled them from street to street ; she was afraid, and trembled so much, that she lost her voice, and was unable to sing. But gradually she gained confidence in herself ; she lost sight of the crowd ; and felt she was

alone with Nico, under the old oak, by the grape-vine swing; the spirit of song filled her soul, and she sang sweetly and well. Zara's voice was shrill and high; she sang comic songs which pleased the multitude, who never heard anything higher, or better, but Hagar's voice was sweet and low.

"Her song was of summer time,
The very birds sang in her rhyme,
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers were there."

And the little children, pent in narrow and loathsome courts, where scarcely a green thing grew, heard her, and thought she sang of heaven. And gentle nurtured women and young girls, listening from behind their silken curtains, looked out to see, what strange wild bird had lost itself in the streets of the busy town. The spring passed, and the glad summer, rich in fruit and bloom was drawing near the golden harvest time, and Hagar was still a willing prisoner. She liked the free out-of-door life, she was leading; it chimed in with the half savage nature she had inherited from her father. If it were summer always, she felt she might be content to live the merry, careless life of the gypsies;—when winter came, and they were forced to go back to their rude huts, smoky and dark, life would not be so pleasant then. Now it pleased her well to journey with old Tamar and Zara, from place to place. Sometimes they went long distances, and were driven by gypsy boys, in a rickety old wagon, drawn by a worn-out donkey. They carried their provisions with them, and encamped

by some way-side spring. While the gypsy boys kindled the fire, and attended to the wants of the donkey, Hagar went with Zara after berries. And when they returned with full baskets, hungry and tired, and found a savory dinner awaiting them, every morsel tasted sweet to their keen healthy appetites. Then, when the summer breeze cooled her heated brow, and the trees spread a leafy canopy over her, and a soft carpet of moss lay beneath her feet, she laughed merrily, and sang her gayest songs, content to be a gypsy forever. But there were times, when she slept and dreamed that her mother stood beside her, pale and sad, and spoke in a grave voice, bidding her flee from that place. And she would awaken, and find the stars shining above her, and she seemed all alone with them. The night wind stirred the forest leaves, she heard the shrill voice of the katydid, and the melancholy chirp of the cricket, but over all the sounds of the night she heard the "still small voice," which bade her "arise and flee." "This is no place for thee," it said, "Thou art forgetting thy mother's teaching. Thou art fast becoming as reckless and God-forsaken as thy companions. Remain and thou art lost!" Then Hagar would weep bitterly, for it seemed as though her Good Angel was leaving her. Yet her fear of old Tamar was so great, she dare not attempt to escape her ceaseless vigilance.

Often she had tried to steal out in the warm summer nights for a breath of fresh air, and always a stern voice cried out, "Hagar," and stopped her on the threshold of the tent. "It is as Zara says," thought

Hagar, "old Tamar never sleeps," and she resigned herself to her fate. But there was one thing she was forced to submit to, which gave her more trouble than all the rest. In their frequent journeys from the encampment, she was compelled to leave Nico behind her. Oftentimes she might have slipped away from her companions, and have been lost in the crowd, had not her love for Nico, and the doubt, how she could exist without him, prevented her from trying to escape. But the time was fast approaching, when by an unlooked for event, she found herself free to go wheresoever she wished. It was drawing near the close of a warm summer's day, and they were slowly returning from one of their wonted journeys, to the gypsy camp. The heat throughout the day had been stifling and intense, and old Tamar urged the gypsy boys to make haste home, for she feared a terrible storm was coming upon them. "Look there," she cried, pointing to the west, where a dark ominous looking cloud, was rising up. "And yonder is its mate," she said, as she waved her arm towards the south, where, another cloud in a huge threatening column was swiftly moving westward. "When those two are joined in battle," she continued with the voice of a prophetess, "woe be-tide those, who are beneath them, for they shall see terrible things!" Hagar and Zara both looked up, as she spoke, and a great awe fell upon them. It seemed indeed as old Tamar said, that two giant foes were preparing for a terrible conflict, and were marshalling their forces in battle array. As the clouds gathered in volume, growing darker and

darker as they spread over half the heavens, the wind arose, and began to blow with great violence. Soon the rain came rushing down, as though a vast waterfall had burst its bounds. "Let us fly to the woods," cried Zara, beside herself with terror. "The trees will shelter us." And she slipped down from the wagon, and pulled Hagar after her. They heard old Tamar's voice above the storm, crying out, "keep from the woods. It is death to go there!" But for the first time in her life, Zara heeded not her words, hastening as fast as the wind and rain would permit, to a narrow belt of wood-land, which lay a short distance from them.

Hagar strove in vain to free herself from her companion's grasp; she felt that she was leading her to destruction. The wind whirled them along as though they had been fallen leaves. Scarcely had they reached the shelter of a great oak, and sank down on the ground beneath it, when Zara saw at once her mistake. It was indeed death to be there! The wind rushing through the tree tops, sounded like a trumpet. The rain and hail fell thick and fast. Dead limbs of trees, twigs, leaves and whole branches, were borne past them in one incessant whirl. They clung to the old tree, wind-tossed as it was, in an agony of terror. "The day of the Lord is at hand," thought Hagar, and the words of the old hymn her mother used to sing, came into her mind. Suddenly they heard a sharp sound, like a pistol shot, beneath them, the ground heaved, as with an earthquake, and the tree itself, trembled from base to crown. "Come away, Zara, come away," cried Hagar, "the tree is

falling." Zara gave one wild scream and ran frantically through the woods, and Hagar saw her no more. With a silent prayer for help, she sprang lightly from under the tree, and sought the open field. Scarcely had she reached it, when she heard a mighty crash behind her, and when she turned to look back, she saw the great oak, with its roots high in the air, lying prostrate on the ground. But the horror of it was, that its topmost branches were only a few yards from her, so near had she been to death!

The rain began to abate, and seeing a farm house across the field, she resolved to go thither, and ask for shelter from the fury of the elements.

CHAPTER. V.

WHEN Hagar arrived, a forlorn, drenched-looking damsel, at the farm-house, she saw at once, that confusion reigned without and within. The yard was strewn with broken branches. An old willow had fallen across the road, and crushed the yard fence beneath it. Through the open door she saw a slight, delicate girl, sweeping the water out, while a little woman, with an anxious, care-worn face, was wringing her hands in a distracted way, exclaiming:

"What shall I do? What shall I do? The parlor carpet's ruined, the best room carpet too?" "O never mind, mother," she heard the young girl saying. "It can't be helped. Just see that poor girl out there, she looks as though she were half drowned. Shall I call her in?"

"Tell her to go around to the kitchen. There's a fire there, but the water is everywhere."

The girl pointed to a door, over which a sweet briar and honeysuckle had been trained, until they formed a rustic bower, and Hagar made haste to enter.

It was a small room, neat and clean, but the rain had found entrance here as elsewhere, and the white pine boards were darkened with the wet. A fire burned in a large cook stove, but even that seemed depressed and out of spirits.

There was no one to greet her. She heard the murmur of voices in the next room, and presently two boys rushed in, crying out, "O mother! mother! the spring house has over-flowed. The cream-pot is overset, and the cream's all gone!" The woman ran out the door, with a look of utter despair on her face. The boys and young girl quickly followed her.

Hagar eager to know the meaning of this, went after them.

She found them all gathered around the steps of a small stone building, thickly shaded with trees. Out of the open door poured the amber-colored water, with great force and violence. Within, they could see a man moving about, striving to catch the floating pans of milk. "Come boys," he called out, "I want your help. The boys quickly rolled up their trousers to their knees, and waded through the water to his assistance. The woman stood on the steps, wringing her hands, and saying over and over again, "What shall I do? Twenty pounds of butter gone, and I don't know how much more."

"Don't cry over spilt milk, mother," said the man in a cheery voice. "It will never bring it back again."

"Evan forgets, how he grieved over his wet hay. He thought we would all have to go to the poor-house then." It was the girl who spoke in a low, desponding tone, and the woman turned quickly at the sound of her voice. "O Mary! are you here in the rain? Run in child, or you'll be sick again." Then her glance fell upon Hagar, standing a little apart. "Do go and take the girl with you and get her some dry clothes."

"You must come too, mother," Mary said, persuasively; "you can do nothing here, and there are all the carpets to see to."

"Yes child, I'll come in a minute, but I want to see what has become of the butter plate." The water had now subsided in a measure, and one of the boys dived down and brought up something that looked like a mud pie. "Here it is mother," he cried out in a triumphant tone of voice. "Here's your butter." There was a general laugh, as she took the plate, with a doubtful look on her anxious face. Even Mary could not forbear smiling, in spite of her mother's distress. But Evan, ever thoughtful of others, checked his laughter, and bade Mary pump some water on it, and it would all come right again. While Hagar dressed herself in the clothes Mary laid out for her, she was puzzling her brain, as to the answers she should give, when asked concerning her past life. She judged rightfully, if these simple minded people knew she had lived with the gypsies,

they would at once mistrust her, and give her a shelter for the night with great reluctance. And so after considering the matter, she resolved to tell the truth, but not the whole truth. She would speak of her father's death, as though it happened a short time before, and say that she was on her way to seek her mother's friend when she was overtaken by the storm. For living with the gypsies had taught her worldly craft and cunning; and so far she wandered astray from the ways of truth and innocence.

When the poor tired mother, was ready to sit down and question Hagar, she had her story all prepared, and if she stammered and hesitated somewhat, being yet only a novice in deceit, it is not to be wondered at.

Yet the good woman, looking into her truthful eyes, and upon her sweet winsome face, believed her at once. And moreover she told her if she would wait till after harvest, her son would be going to market then, and she could go with him to the town, where her mother's friend lived.

"In the meantime you can make yourself useful about the house, and I will see to it that you have a nice suit of clothes when you leave us."

"Mary does all she can, but she is not able to help me much. I have been nearly worked to death this summer, and now all this trouble has come upon me." The tears rolled down her care-worn cheeks as she finished.

"I will stay," cried Hagar, moved to pity by her distress. "I will do all I can to help you, but I know so little about work."

"Mary will teach you," said her mother, with a faint smile. "She is so patient and good, every one loves Mary; go to her, and she will tell you what to do." And with an air of great weariness, she went sorrowfully to work again.

Thus it happened, without seeking it, Hagar found another home.

She soon grew to love Mary, her gentle mistress, and love made her quick to learn the ways of the household. It did not take her long to discover that "all work and no play," was the motto of the family. Even the little boys had no respite during the busy season of harvest. They helped in doors, and out, wherever they were needed most, and their merry ways and mischievous tricks, made a little sunshine, in what seemed, to the child of the woods a very dull place. But she soon found something to look forward to, when the twilight came, and her work was done. The boys, Tim and Jason, heard her singing once at her work, and nothing would satisfy them afterwards, but every night she should sing to them, before they went to bed. It seemed as though a fresh breeze was blowing through the hot, stifling house, when the sound of Hagar's soft, clear voice was heard in the little bower, before the kitchen door. Even hopeless, tired out Mrs. White, forgot her weariness; and the faithful Evan who, after a hard day's work, was won't to drop to sleep upon the kitchen settee, was wide awake, all interest and attention. As for the gentle Mary, weak and delicate, tried each day beyond her strength, longing for rest, and seeing it only in a peaceful grave, the

sound of that sweet voice stirred her strangely. As she sat in the twilight and watched the soft golden light in the west, she dreamed of the home to which she was fast hastening, and wondered if the angels there sang in sweeter tones than this young girl. But oftentimes Hagar would sing, gay sprightly songs, which pleased the boys far better than the mournful ballads her mother had taught her.

There was one song that became their especial favorite, and when their mother would say, "Come boys, it is time to go to bed," they would exclaim. Yes mother, after Hagar has given us, "Haste Girls, Haste." And Hagar, nothing loth, would do their bidding. After she had finished, they would go off singing the chorus: Hagar called it the rain song,

The sun's going down by the sycamore tree,
The swallows fly low.

They see the gray clouds that move to and fro,
And they know what the morrow will be:

Haste, girls, haste, call up the cows,
The storm is coming on.

Haste, boys, haste, with the hay to the mows,
'Twill rain ere the dawn.

The sun's going down, all cheerless and dim,
The swallows fly low.

Over the meadow they circle and skim.

For soon alas! it will rain they know.

Haste, girls, haste, call up the cows,
The rain will not stay.

Haste, boys, haste, with the hay to the mows,
Now up and away.

CHAPTER VI.

THE harvest was at last over, and every one seemed to breathe more freely. Even hard-working Evan lingered longer over his meals, and indulged himself in a little chat with Mary and his mother. One day at dinner, Hagar, who was pouring water into his glass, heard him say, "We'll have to look out, mother; I see those gypsies are prowling around us again." Hagar started so violently, that she nearly lost her hold of the pitcher. Fortunately for her there was only a little water spilt, and she ran out for a cloth. When she came back, Evan was saying: "She asked me if I had seen anything of a gypsy girl; said she had brown hair and eyes, and she could sing like a bird. It made me think of Hagar;" and he patted her head as he spoke. "But I know she is not a gypsy; she is such an honest little thing, and all gypsies are thieves."

"Yes, indeed," returned his mother, "I know that to my cost. We have not half the chickens we ought to have, since they came to Farley's woods."

Hagar was kneeling down wiping up the water, and she rose up with a flushed face; she was afraid to look at them. It was true, she was honest; but she had spoken falsely, and her mother had taught her that a liar was no better than a thief. She thought if she were only brave enough to tell these

good people the truth, she could go away with a lighter heart. She knew now she must go at once. How could she hope to escape old Tamar's vigilance?

She went out and sat down on the door-step. They were so taken up with their talk about the gypsies, they did not notice anything amiss with her. She heard Tim say, "I saw her, mother, and she was such a queer-looking old woman. She had a red coat on, and Tom Barnes says it is an English soldier's coat, and that she came from England. Tom says that she is the queen of the gypsies."

"She doesn't look much like a queen," said Jason. "Tom Barnes always thinks he knows more than any one else."

"And he does," persisted Tim, standing up for his absent friend. They all laughed, but Tim did not care, he was too eager to tell his story. "And mother, she had such a nice little dog; not a bit like a gypsy dog. He came to me, so friendly-like, and stood up and begged."

Hagar heard no more. She went away into the orchard. She could not bear to sit there quietly and listen to Tim's talk. "O Nico! Nico!" she cried, as she wandered among the trees; "all I have in the world to love, and I shall never see you again!"

It was not long before she heard them calling her, and gathering up some apples in her apron, she ran back to the house. While she was washing the dishes, Mary sat sewing on the door-step. Presently she started up and came in, looking pale and frightened.

"There's some one coming up the lane, Hagar: I

do believe it is that gypsy woman Tim was telling about. What shall we do? Evan is away off somewhere." As she was talking her mother entered, and when she saw how frightened Mary was, she made very light of it.

"Let her come," said she; "I am not afraid of her. Take your work and go up stairs, Mary. Hagar and I can manage her."

Hagar was not looking very brave at that moment, but Mrs. White was too anxious to get Mary safely out of the way to notice her looks.

"I wish I were not such a coward," thought Mary, as she went slowly up stairs. She looked out of her window and saw Evan, only two fields off, mending fence. "Well, if anything happens, I know where to find him," she thought, as she went on with her sewing.

As soon as Mary was gone, Mrs. White went and stood in the doorway, saying, as she did so, "I do not mean to let her come into the house, if I can help it. If she does not see things, she cannot covet them." Hagar was in the closet, putting away the dishes, when she heard old Tamar's voice asking Mrs. White if she had not some pork to sell. She came to the closet and whispered to Hagar,

"I want you to keep a strict watch on the woman while I go down into the cellar. I don't like her looks at all."

As Hagar came out of the closet, a little dog ran into the kitchen.

It was Nico! She forgot everything when she saw him. All her dread of old Tamar, her fears lest her

falsehood should be discovered, all were forgotten in the happiness of seeing him again. She threw herself upon the floor beside him, she caressed him and called him by every endearing name. And Nico repaid her love with interest: he leaped wildly around her, touched her face and hands, barked, whined, and fairly trembled with joy. As she sat there, she looked up and saw old Tamar steadfastly regarding her.

A cold shudder passed over her, but she sprang up instantly and went to the door, with Nico in her arms.

"Ha! it is you, is it?" she said, in a jeering tone. "I thought I would find my singing-bird again. Now you are ready to go home with me."

Hagar shook her head.

"Give me your dog then!" she cried, in an angry voice; and she reached out her great brawny arm to take him.

Hagar drew back. "He is mine," she said, defiantly; "I will not give him up."

"Put him down then," cried the gypsy, and we'll see who he belongs to."

Hagar did so, never doubting but the dog would be faithful to his old mistress.

Tamar walked a few yards down the lane, and then, in a commanding tone, bade the dog come to her. He looked at Hagar, and began to whine piteously; but when Tamar spoke again, and shook her stick at him, he hesitated no longer, but trembling in every limb, he went slowly to her.

"Tell your mistress she may keep her pork; I

want none of it," she cried out, as she went off in a great rage.

"Poor Hagar! her heart was broken. The one thing she had loved better than all else in the world had forsaken her for a stranger. She threw herself on the door-step and wept bitterly. Presently Mrs. White came in, and asked her what ailed her, and where the gypsy had gone to.

Hagar pointed down the lane. "She has taken my dog," she sobbed out, and she could say no more. Just then Mary came into the kitchen.

"O mother!" she cried, "I do believe Hagar is a gypsy."

"A gypsy!" exclaimed her mother; "how can that be?"

"While I was up stairs I heard them talking, and the old gypsy asked Hagar if she was not ready to go home with her."

Now the time had come for Hagar to speak; but how could she tell these good folks, who had trusted her so entirely, that she had deceived them? She saw that they looked coldly upon her. If she were a gypsy, she was a thief and an outcast in their eyes; something beneath their pity even. She felt indignant at the thought that she should be condemned for something she could not possibly help. Inspired by this feeling, she spoke as she sang her songs: the words came as freely as they.

"My father was a gypsy, but he forsook his tribe when he married my mother. My mother was a good woman, and taught me to be truthful and honest; but when she died my father was beside himself with

grief." Here she hesitated a moment. "And then everything went wrong with us. One day he left us, and came back no more. A neighbor woman told me he was drowned—and Nico and I were left alone in the world. We started out to seek my mother's friend, and in the woods where we stopped to rest we met old Tamar and a young gypsy girl. They wanted me to go home with them; and I went, because I was afraid to refuse. That was in the spring; and I staid in the gypsy camp, and went out singing with Zara. When that great storm came up we ran to the woods, and Zara was so frightened she left me alone, and I came to your house."

"Why did you not tell me you had been with the gypsies?" asked Mrs. White, in a cold, doubting tone of voice.

"Because I thought you would not let me stay all night," Hagar replied.

She thought they would believe her, as she told the simple truth; but when she perceived from their cold, averted looks, that they doubted her still, she put her hand to her bosom and drew out the little gold cross. She unfastened the small piece of paper containing her mother's words and the address of her mother's friend, and gave it to Mrs. White. Mary looked over her shoulder and read it aloud: "Mrs. Weston, No. — Walnut street, Philadelphia." "Why, mother!" she exclaimed, with a smile lighting up her face, "I have often heard of her; I have seen her name in the papers; she gives a great deal to the poor. I think she must be a very good woman."

"Oh, she is good!" cried Hagar, earnestly. "My mother lived with her for many years, and she told me a great deal about her."

"Then I think, Hagar," said Mrs. White, that the best thing we can do for you would be to send you to this good woman. You do not want to go back to the gypsies again I hope?"

"Oh, no, madam," said Hagar, and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of Nico, but she dashed them away and went on bravely: "They were very kind to me, but they were not like my mother; she wanted me to be a good girl; and I will try, though it is so hard."

Mary came up to her and took her hand kindly. "I think we have been too hard on her, mother; she did not mean to do wrong, I am sure."

"It *was* wrong," said Hagar, "and I knew it. My mother taught me to speak the truth, and I was afraid."

"That is right, Hagar; remember your mother's words always, and you never can go far astray. And now, Mary, don't let us waste any more time in talk. We must get to work and make Hagar some clothes, and next Friday week, when Evan goes to market, we can send her to town with him."

"Very well, mother, I will do all I can towards getting her ready," said Mary, in a cheerful voice.

Hagar went about her work with a lighter heart, and it was not long before they heard her singing, far down the lane, as she went to bring the cows home.

"We shall miss Hagar's singing, mother, when she leaves," said Mary. "The old place seems so much brighter since she came."

"Yes, indeed, and her good, strong, willing arms, too. Mary, I don't know how I should have got through the summer without her. But she must go. I have no doubt but the old gypsy made a great deal of money by the girl's singing, and she will never rest until she has her back again."

And yet, though Mrs. White decided that Hagar must go, she sighed heavily, and wished that it might be otherwise; for the young girl, ever cheerful and willing, ever brave and hopeful, had endeared herself to the whole household.

CHAPTER VII.

THE weeks went swiftly by at the old farm house. Summer was over, but the September winds were soft and balmy still. Hagar was loath to leave the friends, who had grown so dear to her, and found many excuses for lingering on. "Only one week more," she kept saying; "it may be cooler next week." And Mary and her mother were very glad to have her stay.

But one day an event occurred which made Hagar willing to leave them. A poor, half-starved dog ran into the kitchen, and threw himself, panting and completely exhausted, at her feet. It was Nico! He was so weak he could scarcely lift his head, but he looked wistfully into her face. She feared he was dying; and the thought of all he must have suffered, in order that he might see her again, brought the

tears to her eyes. And then she resolved that never again should he leave her. Let old Tamar come ; she would defy her threats and cling to Nico. Fortunately, no one came to claim the dog, and food and rest soon restored him to his usual condition. Yet Hagar could not divest herself of the fear that the old gypsy might seek him again ; and this feeling strengthened her resolution to go with Evan to town the next market day.

The last evening came, when she was to bid them good-bye ; for Evan must be up and off long before the rest of the family were stirring.

Tim and Jason were very sorry to have her go, and they vied with each other in making her parting presents. Tim gave her a quart of chestnuts, and some of the largest fall pippins he could find. Jason gave her a collar and chain for Nico, and was ready to part with a much-prized jack-knife ; but Hagar knowing what a great sacrifice it must be, refused to accept it.

She sang them a parting song, and they went off to bed, looking sorrowful enough, but somewhat comforted by a promise she had made to come and see them the following summer. Mary had finished two new dresses, and made a complete suit of under garments. Mrs. White gave her an old valise to pack her clothes in, and Hagar felt quite rich, and ever so respectable, in being the possessor of such a good outfit.

Of her journey to town she remembered very little. Evan called her so early, it seemed as though she had just fallen asleep, and he made her such a com-

fortable nest among the bags of oats, that the wagon was no sooner in motion than she was off to the land of dreams again. She was awakened by Nico's cold nose pressing against her cheek just as the day was breaking, and found that they were approaching the city. When Evan saw she was sitting up, wide awake, he began to talk to her.

"Well, Hagar, I have something to say to you. I shall not be able to go with you to Mrs. Weston's, for I have my marketing to attend to, but I will let you out where you will be sure to find her. You know the way about town, I suppose?"

"A little," Hagar replied, ashamed to confess how entirely ignorant she was.

"Well, then," Evan continued, "I will let you out at Fifth street, and you must go straight down it until you come to Walnut, then up Walnut until you come to Mrs. Weston's house. You have the number there all right, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, showing a card whereon Mary had written the address, very large and plain. "I shall not forget that."

"If you get lost, Hagar, you must ask a policeman to show you the way; but I don't think there is much danger of it."

By this time it was broad daylight, and they were approaching the city. Hagar watched the milk carts and the bread wagons going on their morning errands, and the men, women and children all hastening to their daily work with a lively interest. She thought the city was like an immense bee-hive, where every one seemed to be doing something and to have some object in view.

As Evan stopped at the corner of the street to let her out, he slipped a dollar note into her hand, and said, blushing like a girl, "You can buy something with it to remember me by."

Hagar tried to thank him, but the words would not come.

"I shall try and call around to see you sometime, we shall all want to know, how you are getting on," he said, as he was about to drive away. Hagar stood watching the wagon, until it was out of sight, she knew not why it was, but she felt that it was the last she should ever see of Evan White.

She called Nico to her side, and walked slowly down the street. She soon found that Nico was likely to prove a troublesome companion, on account of his sociable habits. He seemed anxious to make the acquaintance of every dog he met, and took more time than his mistress was willing to allow him.

By following Evan's directions, she found Walnut street without any difficulty, and after a brisk walk of several squares, she came to a large old fashioned house, with a broad flight of steps, and she saw at once that it was the place of which she was in search.

A servant girl was lazily opening the shutters as she went up the steps. She stared stupidly at Hagar, when she asked her if Mrs. Weston lived here?

"Miss Weston?" she drawled out, "no Miss Weston lives here, its Miss Underhill owns this house." Then the thought struck Hagar that Mrs. Weston had moved somewhere else, and after hesitating a while, she asked the girl, if she could not see the mistress of the house? "The mistress will not

be stirring for an hour yet, but if it's after waiting you'll be, I'll tell her shure."

She was pleased then to open the door, and pointed to a chair in the hall, where she might sit. Hagar seated herself in the straight high-backed chair, with a sense of relief, she was glad to rest after her long walk. Soon she began to look about her. The hall was wide and lofty, and the walls covered with beautiful pictures. The carpet was so soft and yielding to the touch, it reminded her of the beds of thick green moss, she had so often pressed with her bare feet in the summer woods. Through the open door of the parlor, she saw more pictures, and mirrors with wonderful frames of gold, and exquisite vases filled with gay autumn flowers, and many beautiful things, whose names even, she did not know. As she sat there, gazing intently upon all of the luxury and grandeur, she wondered if the people who lived there, were any happier than the gypsies, who roved from place to place, and found everywhere a home in the wild free woods.

She was so lost in thought, that she saw or heard nothing, until a soft musical voice aroused her, "What do you wish with me?" Hagar started and looked up. A small fairy-like creature, clad in a dainty morning wrapper was standing near, smiling graciously upon the young girl. Hagar rose up instantly, and after some hesitation, said, she was seeking for Mrs. Weston, and thought perhaps the lady might be able to tell her, where she lived. "Mrs. Weston used to live here," the lady replied in a bland smooth voice and she rented the house to us,

when she went to Europe. It is almost a year now, since she left the city." Hagar's countenance fell. "Gone to Europe!" so the hope to which she had so long clung, was lost in a moment, by one brief sentence! She turned to go, but the lady called after her, that she had forgotten her valise. Then, touched by the sorrowful face turned toward her, she asked if there was anything she could do for her? "No Madam," Hagar replied quickly. She was quite beside herself with grief and disappointment, but she could not tell this dainty happy creature all her trouble, for how could *she* understand it?

So she left the lady wondering what made her act so strangely, then it passed out of her mind and she thought of it no more. "What shall I do? Where shall I go," asked Hagar, as she found herself in the street again. She felt hungry and weak, and Nico showed by unmistakable signs that he was sadly in want of his breakfast. She looked about her for a bakery, where she might buy a few rolls to satisfy their hunger. She had only two dollars in her purse, and she knew it was necessary to use it very sparingly, for she must find some place to sleep that night. She limited herself to five small rolls, and divided them fairly with Nico. He devoured every crumb and looked up eagerly for more. Hagar patted him kindly, and said "Wait Nico, until I can earn some money, and you can have as much as you can eat."

She felt somewhat stronger and in better spirits, after she had eaten her breakfast.

The world was not all lost even though her mother's friends had gone over the seas. Did she not make

friends wherever she went? And could she not sing, and earn money enough to keep Nico and herself from want? As she was thinking thus, she passed slowly down a small by street. The dwelling houses were large, and had evidently been inhabited in former times by a better class of people, but now a change had come over them, and none but the very poor could manage to live there.

The last house in the row, had its little front yard filled with showy autumn flowers, and as Hagar leaned over the gate, to look at them, a pale, sad eyed woman came out with a poor sickly looking babe in her arms, and began digging among the plants. Hagar thought any one who loved flowers so well, must needs be kind, and she ventured to ask if she knew where she could get a night's lodging?

The woman came to the gate, and regarded her with silent curiosity. Apparently satisfied with the appearance of the new comer, she said, "I take a few boarders," pointing to a card on the gate, which Hagar had not noticed; "but they do not stay long." and she gave a deep sigh. Hagar saw the dark circles around her eyes, and the wild startled look she had, as though she lived in constant fear and dread of something happening, and she thought, "Poor woman! the shadow is on her house too." Then she began to talk about the flowers and praised them so much, the woman's heart was taken by storm, and she unfastened the gate, and let her in.

"They are all I have to comfort me," she said, "the children have all gone, but Jimmy and the baby. They could not stay, you know, their father

was so bad." "Yes, I understand," returned Hagar, "I have gone through it all."

"Then may be you can stay, if you are used to it. There's a room in the attic empty, you can have that, come in and I will show it to you. It's a poor place, but I have no heart to do any thing." It was indeed a *very* poor place, the young girl saw that, at the first glance.

The floor was begrimed with dirt and covered with all kinds of litter. A crippled table was propped up against the wall, upon which the scanty remains of a breakfast were visible. This, with a few broken backed chairs, an old cook-stove, and a cradle with one rocker, were all the furniture the room contained.

The attic was very bare, but the floor was clean and white, and the little cot-bed had an inviting appearance.

There were a few flower-pots on the window-sill, and the morning sun was shining full and broad upon them.

"I bring my flowers up here when I have no lodgers, the woman said; "but you will not mind them?"

"Oh, no," replied Hagar; "and you will not mind my bringing Nico up here at night; he is such a nice, good dog?"

"I do not care for dogs, but Tom hates them; so keep him out of his way, or I don't know what he may do. You'll engage the room then?" she asked, as they went down stairs again. And Hagar, thinking she could do no better, agreed to take it, though she could illy afford to pay the sum the woman demanded.

"To-day I will rest," thought Hagar, as she sat singing to the poor fretful babe, while Mrs. King went out after something for dinner; "but to-morrow I will see what I can do." And then she saw, as in a vision, the sunshine streaming through the open door at the old farm-house, and all peaceful and gentle sounds seemed wafted in with the summer breeze. She heard the hum of the bees around the woodbine, the distant lowing of the cows, and the rippling murmur of the meadow brook. She saw Mary, with her sweet smile, as she sat sewing in the mellow sunshine, and Mrs. White passing in and out the room, busied with her household tasks. There were Tim and Jason, too, lounging about the doorstep, begging her for only one more song; and she knew that Evan was coming home across the fields, for she had blown the horn for supper half an hour ago. It all came before her as distinctly as one of the pictures she had seen in that beautiful house in the early morning. Should she go back to them? Neatness and order, thrift and industry were there, peaceful days and quiet nights, while in this poverty-stricken abode, with the shadow of a great sin brooding over it, she might seek in vain for peace and rest. Yet, for Nico's sake, she could bear all the future had in store for her, since here, at least, she believed was a safe harbor for them both.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE Hagar was singing, Mrs. King came back, and stood listening at the door until the song was ended.

“Ah, no wonder the baby sleeps, with such a sweet voice to sing to her,” she said, coming into the room. Hagar smiled and looked pityingly at the babe as she lay sleeping quietly upon her lap.

“She has always been a poor weak little thing,” the mother said, too full of her own troubles to keep silence long; “and Jimmy is lame, but he sells newspapers, and helps me in a great many ways. We are trying to lay by a little money for Christmas. The children have promised to come home then, and if Tom will only behave himself, we will have a good time. Your singing made me think of it. I should like Sam and the girls to hear you sing then, if you can stay with us that long.”

“Whether I stay or go will all depend upon one thing,” replied Hagar, “and that is, whether I can make any money by singing. I have tried it once, but there was another girl with me, and she kept time with her tambourine. I can do nothing but sing.”

“Oh, Jimmy will help you; he knows lots of folks—two organ grinders, and a little German singing girl. He can tell you where all the best stands are;

he finds out so many things, going around with the papers. When he comes home this evening, I'll ask him about it."

Hagar soon found that she could make herself useful to her new friend, by minding the baby while she went on with her work. For, notwithstanding the dirt, and discomfort everywhere visible, Mrs. King was an industrious woman, and managed to keep the wolf from the door by taking in washing. While she was dashing the foam around her tub, the words flew right and left, like the foam. She told all her sad story—a common, every-day one, but none the less sad.

"Six years ago we were doing well. Tom was sober and industrious, and as good a husband as any woman need want. Susy and Jenny were out at service, Sam and Kate were in a book-bindery, and Jimmy was in a store. Then trouble came. Susy married against her father's wishes. He was very angry with her, and forbid her coming to the house. She has never been near us since. Soon after her marriage, Jimmy had a bad fall and hurt his back. He was sick a long while. After he got better, there were doctors' bills to pay, and we run behind hand, and Tom was discouraged. Everything seemed to go wrong; and to crown the whole, he took to drinking, and matters went from bad to worse. I don't think Tom was all to blame, either. If it had not been for the lager-beer saloons and the grog-shops tempting him at every turn, he would be a sober man now. It is the rich people who are to blame, after all; they must have their fine wine and brandy to

drink, and they won't make laws to put down the liquor stores. Oh, if I were only a man, I would see if I could not do something towards putting an end to the selling of rum."

Hagar looked troubled ; she had never listened to talk like this before, and could not understand it. Mrs. King was in such good earnest, and so warmed up with her subject, she forgot her washing, and spoke so loud she woke up the baby.

That evening, as Hagar sat talking over her plans for the future with Jimmy in the twilight, Mrs. King rushed into the room like one distracted. "Take your dog and run up stairs!" she cried out to Hagar. "And Jimmy, be quick, and go with the baby to neighbor Brown's! Tom is coming."

As Hagar sat alone in her cheerless garret, with an old coverlid wrapped around her for a little warmth, she could think of nothing but of the poor frightened woman standing there in the dusk, wringing her hands and beseeching them to fly. She was beginning to understand better, now, the cause of Mrs. King's bitter earnestness.

"I wish I could do something for her, Nico," she said, as she caressed him. He looked up in her face and whined, as if in sympathy with her trouble. She thought of the beautiful spring in Farley's woods, and of the wish which possessed her then, as she drank the water, so cool and refreshing, to sing a song in its praise. By and by, as she thought, the words began to shape themselves into verse, and she lifted up her voice and sang :—

"Ho ! every one that thirsteth,
 List to the song I sing :
 Drink water, only water,
 The blessed healing water,
 The cool and gushing water,
 Fresh from a living spring !"

A shrill cry rang out upon the night air, and Nico sprang to the window and began to bark.

Hagar threw up the sash and leaned out. She saw nothing, but she heard a woman's voice screaming for help. While she was hesitating what to do, she saw two men spring over the gate and run into the house. They soon came out with a third man between them, and a woman, crying, followed them to the gate. As she stood looking after them, Jimmy came home with the baby, and Hagar heard the sound of their voices as they came up the yard. Soon the shutters were closed, and all was still. And thus ended Hagar's first night in the city.

The next morning she learned that Tom had been taken to the station-house. It seemed to be such a common occurrence, that it called forth little remark from either Jimmy or his mother. She only said that she thought Tom would have killed her, if it had not been for the policemen, and then she began to talk of other things. Hagar liked Jimmy better by daylight. His shrill, high-pitched voice had impressed her unfavorably the evening before, but his frank, open countenance, his fearless blue eyes and his kind and gentle ways made her change her opinion of him. And when she saw that he was not only lame, but

hopelessly deformed, her heart was filled with pity for his misfortune. She could understand now why he told his mother never to mind lighting the lamp, when she was going out. Poor boy! he was so sensitive, so keenly alive to his physical deformity, he wished for the friendly darkness to hide it from Hagar's eyes. He had been drawn to her at once by the sweetness of her voice, and when he heard her sing, his admiration knew no bounds.

"If you will come with me," he said as he was leaving the house, "I will take you to a quiet street where I think you will be listened to. But you must be quick, for it is time I was off."

Hagar lost no time in getting ready to go with him. She felt very grateful to her new friend, for she shrank from starting out all alone to sing in a public place. While they were on their way, Jimmy told her about the surprise party, Sam and the girls meant to give their mother Christmas eve. "Father has been talking of going over to Jersey to spend Christmas with uncle Frank; and I saw Jenny yesterday, and she said that Susy would like to come home Christmas eve, if she were sure father would be away, and bring her little Bessy to see mother. Kate and Sam are coming too, and we are going to put our money together and get a warm shawl for mother, and Susy is going to give her a dress. Oh, here is the place I was thinking of," he said, as he stopped at the corner of a street where there was no sign of a car track. The houses looked old, and had an air of quiet respectability about them. The maple trees which bordered the side-walk had grown ven-

erable with time, and sent down showers of yellow leaves upon the pavement. A small Gothic church, with its ivy-covered walls, seemed seeking to hide itself in this retired spot.

"I think I can sing here," said Hagar, as Jimmy bade her good-by and left her to her fate. She sat down on one of the marble steps to wait until she could see some signs of life in the dwellings, for it was yet early morning. When she saw that the whole square seemed wide awake, she began to sing a simple song called "The Orphan Ballad Singers." Soon the little children gathered about her; then she heard windows softly raised and doors opened; and when her song was finished, the quiet square was all astir with admiring listeners. The children came and asked her for another, and yet another song; and they brought her the brightest pennies they could find, until her slender purse was almost full. Emboldened by her success, she tried other streets, and everywhere she felt, judging from the substantial proofs she received, that she was listened to with pleasure. When she grew tired of singing, she went home to Nico. Fearing he would prove a troublesome companion, she was compelled, much against her inclination, to leave him in Mrs. King's charge. Yet the joy he manifested in seeing her again, half repaid her for the sacrifice she had made.

Now the autumn days went swiftly by, and Hagar grew happy and light-hearted; she loved to sing, and she was rejoiced to find that the money she earned sufficed to pay for her board and lodging. What more could she ask?

It was drawing near Christmas, and one evening Hagar was returning home later than usual. She was passing along Chestnut street, and had been tempted to linger by the brilliant display of Christmas gifts in the windows. She paused for a few moments at a toy store to look at a beautiful doll, and was just turning to leave it, when she stumbled against some one who was standing behind her. She heard a muttered exclamation, which sounded like an oath.

"Pardon me," said Hagar; "I did not mean it."

The woman looked up with an ugly scowl upon her face. The light from the shop window shone fully upon it, and Hagar started back with dismay. The old gypsy stood before her!

"Ha! my lost singing-bird," she exclaimed, "I have found you again;" and she snatched at her arm and held it fast. "You thought you could fly from old Tamar; and you made a high nest for yourself and Nico. But never yet can the nest be made so high or so low that she cannot find you. Will you come home with me now?"

"No," cried Hagar, "I will not come. I am not your singing-bird—I will never be. Let me go!" She saw a policeman approaching them, and was about to call him to her assistance, when old Tamar released her, saying angrily:

"Go, then; but the time will come when you shall be mine. It is written in the book of fate. It must——"

Hagar did not stay to hear more; she fled down the street like a frightened fawn, and never stopped until she reached home. She found Jimmy anxiously

waiting her return. He saw at once, from her looks and manner, that she was troubled, but he asked her no questions. He was so eager to tell her about the Christmas party, that he could not wait until his mother had left the room.

"They are all coming," he whispered. "Father has been sober for a week, and he is going to Jersey. Won't it be jolly? I want you to sing your cold-water song for Sam and the girls. You will, now, won't you?" he asked, coaxingly.

"I am going away, Jimmy. I won't be here then," said Hagar, and she began to cry bitterly.

"What is the matter?" he asked, full of wonder and pity. "Why must you go? Mother and I like you so much—you are such company for us." He knew Sam and the girls had not treated Hagar very well. They said she was only a singing girl, and they carried themselves so high, so much above her, that he thought it might have something to do with her leaving them. But when she told him of her encounter with old Tamar, and what she said, the boy, knowing all her previous history, no longer wondered at her resolve to seek another home. "Where will you go?" he asked; "she always seems to find you out."

"I don't know where," Hagar answered, sadly; "yet I think there must be some quiet place in the country where she will not come."

Mrs. King, who sat hushing the babe to sleep, listened to it all, and looked very sorrowful. She not only grieved over the loss of her lodger, but felt she was losing a true and trusty friend. Many a spare

hour had the young girl given her, by taking the baby off her hands; and she had helped Jimmy in so many ways, his mother knew he would be quite lost without her.

"If you would only stay with us until Christmas," said the boy, "I would not feel so badly about your going."

"Oh, do stay, Hagar, for Jimmy's sake," pleaded his mother; "he has so little pleasure in this world."

"I *will* stay then until Christmas morning," returned Hagar, and leave here just at day-break." And so the matter ended.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was Christmas eve. Mrs. King and Hagar had been busy all day preparing for the great event of the evening. The room had been thoroughly cleansed, and Jimmy had brought some Christmas greens to adorn the walls. They had ransacked the empty lodging-rooms for furniture, and Mrs. King had found some pieces of carpet for the floor. Jimmy thought it looked something like old times. The table was set for six, the lamp lighted, and everything in readiness for the coming guests. Hagar sat holding the baby—Mrs. King moved restlessly about, full of expectation.

"If Susy would only come!" she murmured. "I would have them all at home once more;" and she sighed deeply. Just then they heard the sound of voices in the yard, and she opened the door, saying:

"Well, here they are at last."

Hagar saw Jenny and Kate and Sam file in, and the fond mother greeted them all in turn. Then Jimmy came with a little girl in his arms.

"Who is this, mother?" he asked, holding her up to the light. But before she could answer, Susy rushed in, and threw her arms around her mother's neck.

"O Susy ! she cried, "is it really you?" and they laughed and cried together, and were quite beside themselves with joy. Then Jimmy gave Bessy to her grandmother, and she quieted down and sat gazing admiringly upon the little creature. She was quite pretty and bright,—dressed in all the colors of the rainbow ; so her grandmother told her. She looked like a gay butterfly.

No one seemed to notice Hagar, in the general joy and commotion that prevailed. She felt so lonely and sad and out of place, that she would have stolen from the room, if it had not been for the baby, who lay smiling upon her lap.

Supper was on the table, and Susy had taken Hagar's place ; there was no room for her.

"Hagar will not mind waiting," said Mrs. King, growing selfish in her new-found happiness.

Jimmy, ever mindful of his friend, brought her a plate of good things. She took it and thanked him, but the baby and Nico shared the contents between them ; she felt too sad to eat.

"You will sing for us, Hagar," he whispered, "that song I heard you sing once?" They will ask Sam to sing, and I want you—. Hush ! they are calling me ;" and he went to the table again.

"We ought to have some wine to-night, mother, to drink Susy's health," said Sam.

"O Sam! how *can* you say that, and in this house, too?"

"Why, mother, there is no harm in taking a little wine now and then," chimed in Jenny. "Mr. Allen is a real good man, and he takes it at dinner."

"Not a bit of harm," spoke up Susy. "We *can't* afford wine only on high-days and holidays, but John always likes to have it then."

Mrs. King looked so distressed and troubled, that Kate called on Sam for a song. "Sing something lively, to cheer mother up a little."

Sam, nothing loath, and full of fun and mischief, sang a gay drinking song. He had a good voice, and seemed to give satisfaction to all except Jimmy and his mother.

The boy touched Hagar gently. "Now is your time," he said. "Take the baby, mother; Hagar is going to sing for us."

She rose up and went to the table. They looked at her in wondering amazement. What a change had come over the quiet girl, who sat mute, and half asleep they thought, in the midst of all their noisy merriment. She was wide awake now, her cheeks glowed, and her eyes sparkled with inspiration. Never before had they known how beautiful she was. And when they heard the sound of her voice, sweet and clear as the notes of a woodland bird, they were hushed into silence. Never had they heard singing like this; for her very life—her soul almost—came gushing forth in the words of her song:—

THE SONG OF WATER.

Let others sing the praises,
 Of the rosy, sparkling wine ;
 I sing a song of the water,
 The bright and beautiful water,
 That comes from the hand Divine.

Chorus.—Ho ! every one that thirsteth,
 List to the song I sing :
 Drink water, only water,
 The blessed, healing water,
 The cool and gushing water,
 Fresh from a living spring.

God spreads the bounteous water
 O'er all the world so wide ;
 In waterfalls 'tis gushing,
 From sea to sea 'tis rushing,
 In a bounding, heaving tide.

Chorus.—Ho ! every one that thirsteth, &c.

'Tis water brings us gladness,
 And health is in its flow ;
 But wine, like fire, is burning,
 And from it there's no turning,
 Till it has wrought us woe.

Chorus.—Ho ! every one that thirsteth, &c.

“Encore ! encore !” cried Sam, when she had finished.

“Oh, sing something else for us,” pleaded Jenny and Kate. Then Jimmy asked her for “The Christ-

mas Song of the Lowly." But she was deaf to their entreaties.

"I am tired," she said ; "I can sing no more ;" and bidding them good-night, she left the room.

Late that night, as Jimmy was going to bed, he heard her singing the Christmas song he had asked her to sing for them. As he stood listening to the sweet sounds, he thought, "Lonely and desolate as she seems, she has within her a source of comfort and joy which Sam and Jenny and Kate may never know." And this was the song she sang, on the eve of the day which would see her friendless and homeless, a wanderer in a strange land :—

THE SONG OF THE LOWLY.

The star that shone so brightly
On wise and holy men,
Has shone for ages nightly,
And it shines for us again.

Chorus.—O Jesus ! pure and holy,
The helper of the lowly,
Help us to be like Thee.

Thou wert on earth a stranger,
A wanderer in the land,
Born in a lowly manger,
That *we* with Thee might stand.

Chorus.—O Jesus ! pure and holy, &c.
Our hearts are sad and dreary,
No light is in our sky ;
But thou on earth wert weary ;
Thou wilt not pass us by.

Chorus.—O Jesus ! pure and holy, &c.

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned clear and cold, and Hagar, worn out with the fatigue and excitement of the previous day, slept late. She was awakened by the sound of Jimmy's voice, wishing her a merry Christmas, and bidding her make haste, for breakfast was waiting. She started up in dismay. She had meant to leave hours ago, when there could be no possibility of Tamar being awake to play the spy upon her movements. She felt assured that the old gypsy was lurking somewhere in the neighborhood, since how else could she have discovered her lodging place? She dressed quickly, and making a small bundle of her clothes, she hastened down stairs.

Jimmy and his mother were awaiting her coming with great impatience. Mrs. King had prepared a plentiful Christmas breakfast, and they wanted her to share it with them. Hagar hesitated; she had intended buying some rolls on her way out of town, but Mrs. King would not listen to it.

"It is ill travelling on an empty stomach," she affirmed. "We have not much to give, but what we have, we give freely; so sit down, and make no more ado about it."

Jimmy was in the best of spirits. Sam had succeeded in getting him a place, where there would be

a chance of his rising in the world, and Susy had promised her mother some sewing ; so that brighter days seemed dawning for them both.

After breakfast was over, Hagar bade them good-bye and kissed the babe, who sat crowing upon her mother's knee.

"I am sorrier than sorry to have you go," said Mrs. King, as she put her apron to her eyes.

"You will come back and see us, sometime, won't you, Hagar?" asked Jimmy, looking wistfully into her face.

"Perhaps so," she answered, sadly. "I feel that I must go a long journey, and I don't know what I shall do. Come, Nico, we must go ;" and she hastened away for fear they should see the tears she could not keep back.

It was a clear frosty morning. There had been a slight fall of snow in the night, and the air was so pure and exhilarating, that merely to breathe it was to be happy ; and Hagar had not gone many squares ere the dismal forebodings that oppressed her so heavily the night before, vanished and left no trace behind. "The world was all before her." She was young and strong, she could work as well as sing, and people were always kind to her. She was glad to leave the town. In the country she seemed to breathe more freely, and *there* she felt at home. The snow-birds fluttered around her pathway, regarding her with friendly eyes ; the great black crows flapped their wings lazily and cawed out a welcome home.

"Poor things ! they look half starved, Nico ; we must give them one of our rolls." So saying, she

scattered the crumbs upon the ground. Nico testified his displeasure at such a wanton waste of their provender, by an angry bark, and springing into the midst of the hungry flock, they all flew away.

"Shame on you, Nico!" cried Hagar, shaking her finger at him. "If you have no pity on the poor birds, no one will have pity on you." Nico followed her with a crest-fallen air, and never looked up until they came to some woodland. Here he soon found a gap in the fence, and made his way through it, never doubting but that his mistress would follow him.

How beautiful it is!" Hagar exclaimed, as she looked up and saw the morning rays shining upon the trees covered with hoar-frost; and sure of a welcome among her old friends, she followed Nico into the woods. It seemed so profoundly still, a great awe fell upon her. Not even the leaves rustled beneath her tread. She wondered why it was that she felt nearer to the great and good Father, here alone in the winter woods, than in the beautiful city church, where the great organ filled the domes and arches with sweet and solemn sounds, and the minister stood up in his flowing robes and preached salvation to the sinner. There, where the favored ones of the earth, clad in their shining raiment, were gathered to worship, she felt an outcast and a stranger; but here among the beeches and the oaks, with their summer drapery still clinging to them, she was at home, and God seemed very near to her. A few birds flitted here and there among the branches, but they looked lost and out of place, without the friendly

green leaves to shelter them. A gray squirrel ran up a tree, at Nico's approach, and began to nibble his nut with an air of great self-complacency.

When they left the woods they came to a small village, and Hagar sat down to rest on the doorstep of a little cottage. She was tired and hungry, for it was near noontide. A few villagers, idle men and boys, lounged slowly past, as she sat there, and regarded her suspiciously.

"This is no place for us, Nico," she said, as she broke a roll and gave him a piece of it. "If I could sing, they would not hear me; we must go on."

It seemed as though all the world was growing cold to her. A little farther on, she stopped at a farmhouse and asked shelter for the night. The farmer's wife refused her coldly, saying, "We have no room for tramps." Then she tried a lowlier dwelling, and the man who opened the door snapped out a crusty "No!" and shut it in her face. She went on her way, utterly disheartened, for she knew not where she should sleep that night.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was late in the afternoon when she came, weary and foot-sore, to a small stone house by the wayside, where a good man and woman lived. She knocked timidly at the door, and a kind voice bade her come in. She pushed it open, and saw a motherly Quaker woman paring apples by an open fireplace, while a hale, hearty-looking man sat stitching away on the table opposite.

"May I come in?" asked Hagar; "I am hungry and cold;" and she shivered as she spoke.

"To be sure, child, thee may," answered the woman. "Shut the door quickly, and come and sit by the fire. She set down her apples, and placing another stick upon the burning coals, gave it a vigorous punch with the tongs, which sent a shower of sparks flying up the chimney. Hagar knelt down on the hearth, spreading out her benumbed hands to the kindly blaze, which shot out a long yellow flame tinged with violet, and welcomed her cheerily as an old friend.

"Give her some boiled milk and bread, wife," said the tailor; "that will warm her up finely."

"Ay, that I will," returned his wife, as she left the room and went into the cellar.

"Poor child! I wonder where her mother is?" she thought, as she poured out the milk. "She looks about the age of our little Susan when she was taken from us. Ah! it is better to think of her in Heaven, than to have her wandering through the country, hungry and cold, like this poor girl."

As Hagar sat warming herself, with Nico half hidden in the folds of her dress, she began to look about her. The rays from the setting sun came streaming through the low western window, and lit up the scarlet geranium until it seemed all aflame. It fell upon the bright rag carpet and the white-pine dresser, with its shining array of tins, and blue-edged delf. There was a home-like look in everything about the room, from the huge armed rocking-chair, with its soft fluffy cushion, to the old gray tabby cat that lay

sleeping peacefully upon the hearth-stone. The tailor looked friendly, too, with his mild blue eyes and ruddy face—not so intent upon his stitching as to prevent his glancing up, now and then, to talk to her.

“Had she a home?” he asked; “or a father or mother? ‘None?’ Poor child! How far had she travelled?”

“A great many miles since morning,” she replied; “I came from the great city. I sing songs and ballads. The people give me money, and I manage to live.”

“It is a pity, thee has not some regular work,” said the man looking at her thin summer dress, and the poor torn shoes, with which her feet were clad. She said nothing, she did not understand what he meant by “regular work.” It seemed hard work to her to wander from street to street, and sing when she was tired. The woman came back with the bread and milk, just then, and setting it on the hob, she bade Hagar attend to it, while she went to see if she could not find some shoes for her. There was a glance exchanged between the good man and his wife, as she was leaving the room.

His look seemed to ask “can you do it? and hers responded promptly, “I can, I will.” It had been a year, since their only child, a lovely young girl was taken from them, and the grief for her loss was still fresh in their minds. The mother had laid away her clothes in a little chest, where the child was wont to keep them.

Only once had the lid been raised to take a few things out, to give to a niece she loved. Now for a

stranger and a wayfarer, of whom she knew nothing save the simple fact that she was hungry, cold and scantily clad, should she open the sacred chest, and clothe the stranger in her dear child's garments? "Jesus has commanded us to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and He has said, 'Who so receiveth one such little child in my name receiveth me.'" "Shall I not obey his commands?" she asked herself. "My own child needs them no more. Somewhere, I trust in that beautiful place, to which she has gone, mothers, who are angels now, minister unto her, better than I can do." The tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, as she lifted the lid slowly, and took out a pair of shoes, and a change of clothing.

When she went into the other room, Hagar looked up with a smile on her face. She had eaten her share of the bread and milk, and Nico was eagerly finishing his own portion. She was no longer cold, hungry and miserable. "Take off thy wet shoes," said the woman gently, and let me see how these will do for thee." As Hagar pulled them off, she saw that the sharp stones had cut her feet and they were bleeding. "Why child," she asked pityingly, how could thee travel with such feet? "They *did* hurt me at first," she replied, "but I got used to it." The good woman brought warm water, and bathed them tenderly, and put some soothing liniment upon the wounds. Hagar looked on wonderingly; no one but her own mother, had ever been so kind to her. Now the sun had set, and she saw that the night was coming on, it was time for her to go—whither she

knew not. She wished that she might remain with these good people, but she feared to ask them.

"I must go," she said sorrowfully, "You have been very kind to me, and I can do nothing for you. But when you feed the birds, they sometimes give you a song, and this I can do.

And in a soft sweet voice she sang the following words:

"As I passed along the highway,
 So hungry, tired and sore,
 I saw a little maiden,
 Stand by the cottage door.
 A gentle, blue-eyed maiden
 With waving, golden hair,
 She pointed to the doorway
 And said, "Thy home is there."
 "Is this thy home?" I asked her
 "O enter in with me,
 Be thou my guide, fair maiden!
 I shall not fear with thee.
 For many greet me coldly,
 And bid me go my way,
 And better is the scorning
 That I have borne to-day."
 "My home is where 'tis summer,
 All through the golden year,"
 The maiden answered smiling,
 "I know thy home is here."
 And as I crossed the threshold,
 The sunshine seemed more fair;
 I heard a soft voice singing,
 But there was no maiden there!"

There was a hushed silence for some moments after she had finished, she looked up and found the good man and his wife were both weeping.

"Our little Susan, whom we lost, had blue eyes, and hair like gold," said the woman falteringly, and the song makes us think of her. "Did she go astray?" asked Hagar, "and come back to you no more?" Alas, no! answered the husband, "she was sick and she died."

"Then she is not lost," said Hagar, you will see her again."

"Yes, in Heaven, I know we will meet her," sighed the poor mother, "but it seems a *long* way off."

Hagar rose up to go. Nico lay sleeping upon the hearth. He had made friends with the old gray cat, and they slept side by side. "I must bid you good bye," she said, "it is hard to part with you, for I seem to have known you a long while." "Thee must not go!" exclaimed the husband and wife in the same breath. "Stay with us for the night at least," pleaded the woman, "in the morning we will see what we can do for thee. "O, I would gladly stay with you, I have no home, no place where I can lay my head," and the poor girl wept. "Thee shall stay with us, as long as it pleases thee to stay," cried the good woman and she threw her arms around her, "Shall it not be so, husband?" "Yes, wife," he answered heartily, "thee speaks my mind, we are all alone in the world, and the good Father must have sent her to us, to comfort us for our great loss." And thus it came to pass, after all

her wanderings that Hagar found a resting place at last ; and through all the years that she lived with these good people, never once did they regret that they had taken the poor wanderer to their hearts and home.

OUR MEADOW.

Like the blast from a furnace so fiercely came down
The beams of midsummer on the dry dusty town :
And the common lay stretching all withered and
brown.

I looked to the west, thro' the pitiless glare.
Not a cloud in the heavens, but greenly and fair,
A beautiful mirage, our meadow rose there !

I saw the trees waving their branches on high,
And over them bending the soft summer sky,
While the meadow sloped down where the waters
swept by

All sparkling and joyous, I saw the waves go,
Where the cattle were bathing 'neath maples below ;
There the waters were deepest and stillest their flow.

And over the meadow, the gay robins flew,
While bees from the clover their stores of sweets
drew ;
And the butterflies culled from each flower that grew :

O, beautiful meadow ! what pleasures untold
Thou hast given to me in the spring times of old ;
When thy greenness was starred by the dandelion's
gold !

Now the eyes of the stranger, look coldly on thee,
 And the home of my fathers, my home may not be ;
 Yet a vision of beauty thou still art for me

I care not who claims thee, while thy waters shall
 shine,

While freshness and greenness and beauty are thine,
 I hold thee, loved meadow, forever as mine !

THE LEGEND OF THE TUBEROSE.

The Angel of the flowers walked with Eve
 In Paradise, one golden morn in May ;
 And thus the Angel spoke : " I must away
 Sweet mother ! yet evermore I grieve
 To leave the children of our tender cares
 For I must haste where blow the northern airs,
 To woo my nurslings in the woods of pine,
 And part the leaves, that shield them from the cold ;
 And breathe a breath upon the chilly mould,
 Which they may feel can be no breath but mine.
 Now to thy gentle hands and loving care,
 I trust the children of the sun and air.

Thou know'st them all, but there is one that grows
 In yon dark copse, that hides the gushing spring ;
 With slender, spire-like leaves, a flowerless thing ;
 Yet dear to me is this sweet tuberose.

The plant rebelled against the laws, and me,
 And hence, 'tis flowerless, by my just decree.
 See that thou guard it well, and let no flower
 Break from its sheath to freight the Eden air

With perfume rare and sweet—the year must wear
 Near to its close, ere dawns its triumph hour,"
 She ended thus, and passed thro' Eden's gate
 While trailing glories on her footsteps wait.

That night Eve walked with Adam, long and late,
 The moon was full ; calm as a virgin saint.
 The air was still ; a night bird made its plaint
 To the wild rose. The rivulet murmured, "wait."

But through the sounds that deepened night's
 repose

Mournful and sad, they heard the tuberose.

"The days pass wearily and bring no change to me,
 The same green leaves I see, and hear the night winds
 sigh,

Poor flower ! it is thy doom, no more to bud and
 bloom.

The tulips flaunt their gold, and kill me with their
 scorn,

While each succeeding morn, the crocus buds unfold ;
 And hyacinths of blue and white, rise up to greet
 the morning light.

Once I was fair ! so fair with lilies I have vied
 And deemed I was allied to spirits of the air.
 Pride wrought my overthrow ! Pride brought this
 bitter woe !

Now-days pass slowly by, and bring no change to me ;
 The same dull green I see, still hear the night wind's
 sigh,

'Poor flower ! it is thy doom, no more to bud and
 bloom.' "

The fleeting months went by; there came a dewy
morn

When Eve drew near the copse that hid the gush-
ing spring.

And lo ! it was not dark ; amazed and wondering
She gazed on waxen bells, that one frail wand
adorn'd,

And filled the place with light, and fragrance rare
and sweet.

While all the flowers bowed with reverence at its
feet.

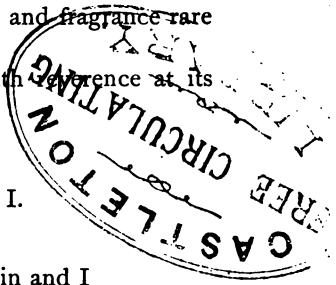
DOBBIN AND I.

In the leafy midsummer, Dobbin and I
Set out together ;

Is it cloudy or clear, blue or gray sky ?
We care not for weather,
Neither Dobbin nor I.

Under the boughs, where the birds sing in chorus,
As glad as the day ;
Now where butterflies hover, waiting for us
To pilot the way ;
Flying all o'er us.

Into the forest, where the sweet ferns unfurl
Their banners of green ;
Skirting the thickets, where the blackberry girl
Is peeping, I ween
Right onward we whirl.



Into the shadowy ford, dash with a will ;
 The drops fall like rain ;
 But Dobbin is thirsty, and now he stands still,
 And I dare not complain,
 As he drinketh his fill.

We are glad as the wild birds, Dobbin and I,
 The world is all ours ;
 The trees wave their welcome, as we pass them by,
 To enter their bowers ;
 And ask us not why ?

The ferns give their odors, as freely as they,
 The little bird sings,
 And asketh no fee for its loveliest lay ; .
 And the butterflies' wings
 Make golden the way.

LILE KATY.

Have you seen our Lile Katy, the bird of our bower,
 The joy of our bosoms—our sweet summer flower ?
 Have you drank in her loveliness—basked in her
 smiles,
 And the witchery caught of her innocent wiles ?
 Hist ! her foot's on the stair, and her laugh full of
 glee,
 Comes gushing like water, as blithesome and free.

'Tis music, rare music, you may listen in vain,
 And such joy-notes ne'er hear in your life-time again,

She comes, our Lile Katy ! 'tis the coming of May.
 The birds and the flowers are thronging her way.
 With eyes overflowing and dancing with light,
 Did a creature more lovely e'er gladden the sight?

By the wild thrill of joy, which to you she has given,
 Feel you not, she is wafting you breezes from heaven ?
 With a step far too lightsome to tread this dull earth,
 We have deemed her a creature of heavenly birth—
 Whose feet all unsandal'd pressed upward and on,
 ' Mid the rose-tinted clouds of creation's first dawn !

Ah ! you smile—I am raving—she is mortal we know
 To our Father in heaven, this blessing we owe—
 Yet we tremble to feel lest this sunbeam of love,
 The Father may ask for a halo above ;
 Could we bow in submission his will to obey,
 While angels were wafting her spirit away ?

F. W.

I knew the leaves of spring time
 Would wither and decay,
 And the golden grain of harvest,
 Fall round the reaper's way.

I knew the flowers would perish,
 The buds might blighted be ;
 But oh ! I never dreamed love
 That death could come to thee !

Thy smile was like the morning,
 The dewy morn of May,
 And thy coming brought the dawning
 Of the full and perfect day.

Thou wert all light and gladness,
The wild bird singing free,
The sunlight and the waters,
Were typical of thee !

Alas ! the summer leaves us
The water passes on,
The bird goes with the summer,
Like them thou too hast gone.

And yet, oh pitying Father
Still round my darkened way ;
Through all the gloom, there lingers
One pure and hallowed ray,

I have an angel near me,
Whatever may betide,
A blessed loving angel
Forever at my side.

I will not murmur Father
Though long the way may be,
I know the angel leads me
With loving hand to Thee.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

IT was a pleasant spring-like morning in April, that two young girls were seated by a sunny bay window, eagerly discussing a book they had been reading. While they were talking, a ruddy, sun-burnt face, mild and pleasant as the morning, appeared at the window and said, in a cheery voice:

“Come out, girls; I want to show you the flower-beds.”

“Oh, yes, uncle; we will be there directly, responded one of the girls, as she sprang up and began hunting for her garden gloves. “There will be no more reading for us to-day, Miriam,” she continued, in a half-vexed tone; “and I shall have to give up that drawing I wanted to finish. It will take us a long time to set out those cowslips and things.”

“You better not let uncle hear you call them ‘things,’ Kate; he likes every flower called by its proper name,”

“Oh, yes; I know he is *so* particular where flowers are concerned. Now, I love flowers as well as any one; but I do dislike the bother of cultivating them.”

“I do not mind that so much,” returned Miriam; I rather enjoy working in the earth; but I don’t see how I am to find time to do it.”

"Uncle told us we must get up an hour earlier; but that is easier said than done; I'm always so sleepy in the morning," grumbled Kate.

"Yes, and there are so many things to be done," said Miriam, despondingly. "By the time I have mother's breakfast ready and her room in order, it is nearly school time."

"Oh, well, we must try and do it," returned Kate; "for uncle is always so kind to us; and I do want that engraving he has promised me; and I know you want your books."

"Not the least doubt about that," answered Miriam, smiling; "a complete set of Longfellow's works would be a nice addition to my book-case. I would sacrifice a good deal for the sake of possessing them."

They were walking slowly along the gravelled walk which led to the flower-garden; and as Miriam finished speaking, they drew near the place where their uncle was standing, contemplating, with evident satisfaction, his morning's work. It was a large, old-fashioned garden, laid out in circles, half-moons, and triangles, edged with boxwood. On either side of the beds was a narrow border, with some crocuses in bloom, while here and there tulips and hyacinths were showing their leaves. Here, too, later in the spring, the graceful columbines hung out their bells of scarlet, blue and white, and the bee larkspur sent up its plumes of loveliest blue. At the foot of the garden, two large, oval beds had recently been laid out; and it was here that their uncle awaited their coming.

"Oh, how nice they are, uncle!" they both ex-

claimed, as they noticed the extreme order and neatness with which the beds were made. "They look as though the earth had been sifted," Kate continued. "I don't see how you can do it so nicely."

"It takes time and patience, Katy, and a little experience," her uncle answered, smilingly.

"All of which we lack, unfortunately. But what shall we do first, uncle?" asked Kate.

"I would advise you to divide the cowslips, and set them out around the beds. You will want a border, and you don't care for box."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Miriam; "do let us have something new. But won't we lose their bloom, if we move them now?"

"I think not," her uncle replied, "provided you are careful about dividing the roots, and watering them thoroughly after they are planted. Come, I will show you how to do it before I go over to the vegetable garden."

While he is giving them the required direction, I will go back a little in my story, so that my readers may know how it happened that Kate and Miriam came to be interested in their uncle's gardening. They were twin sisters, and had been left, by the sudden death of their father, entirely dependent upon the kindness of their mother's brother, Evan Meadows. Their mother had always been delicate, and the sudden shock she received from her husband's death, had rendered her a confirmed invalid. It was a fortunate circumstance for both the mother and children that her brother Evan was able and willing to offer them a home at this critical juncture.

He was a man noted for his goodness and benevolence, and although deemed somewhat odd and eccentric in his ideas, he was, nevertheless, revered and loved by all who knew him. Kate and Miriam soon grew very fond of their uncle Evan, and learned to look to him for help in all their troubles and perplexities. If he had been their own father, he could not have taken a livelier and kindlier interest in everything that concerned their physical welfare. He had great and abiding faith in the efficacy of fresh air and sunshine upon children who were delicately organized; and as he had reason to believe that the sisters had inherited their mother's frail constitution, it was with the view of inducing them to spend more time out of doors, that he had made over to them the entire charge of his flower-garden. Like the wise man that he was, knowing that a mere liking for flowers would not be a sufficient stimulant for them to undertake so distasteful a task, he offered to each of them a prize, at the expiration of the summer, provided that, while under their management, the garden should have been kept neatly and orderly. Kate had quite a taste for drawing, and was very fond of pictures, and to her was to be awarded a fine steel engraving of her own selection; while to Miriam, who was an insatiate reader and doted on Longfellow, a handsome edition of her favorite poet was to be given.

"It is not half so disagreeable as I thought it would be; indeed, I have quite enjoyed it," said Kate, as she finished setting out the last cowslip, and stood looking at her handiwork with her head a little

to one side. "Why, Miriam, you are not half done," she exclaimed, as she glanced at her sister's bed. "How poky you are!"

"Oh, you know I am not one of the fast ones. 'Slow and sure,' is my motto."

"Now you don't mean to insinuate that my work is not done well, do you?" asked Kate, with a grain of asperity in her voice.

"I have not examined it, but from the looks of the plants, I think they are not set deep enough in the ground, and a hard rain will leave them high and dry."

"Well, I'll risk it; for I don't intend to plant them over again. I'm going to water them, and then I'll see if I cannot do something at my drawing. You will not set out anything more to day, Miriam?"

"I don't know, Kate; it will depend upon mother. Won't you look in her room and see whether she is asleep still?"

"I feel as though I ought to go in," she soliloquized; "but I am so anxious to finish them."

She worked slowly and systematically. The holes were dug the same depth and at the same distance apart, and not having her sister's mathematical eye, she was obliged to use a measuring-stick. Into each hole, before planting, she poured a small quantity of water. She had been in the habit of helping her uncle about his garden work, and in this way had gained some experience. She was so completely absorbed in her occupation, she was not aware of her sister's approach, and was startled to hear her say:

"Mother's awake, Miriam, and she would like you to go in and read to her a while."

"Very well; I will go," said Miriam; but she gave a long, deep sigh. "I would so like to finish them," she murmured, half aloud, as she gathered up her tools and prepared to go into the house.

"I will water your cowslips," Kate called after her; "so don't worry about them."

"Oh, thank you, Kate; I wish you would," she said, quite surprised at her sister's offer. "If she would only have read to mother a little while," thought Miriam, "it would have helped me more; but that is not Kate's way."

It was not Kate's way to do things she disliked, and she did not fancy the dull, dry books that her mother and Miriam thought so entertaining.

"I'm half a mind to finish planting her cowslips for her, she went off looking so doleful," said Kate, feeling a little conscience-stricken. "I might have told mother what she was doing, and have stayed with her a while; but I was so full of my drawing, I never thought anything about it. Now, this is your punishment, Kate;" and so saying, she went resolutely to work, and, mindful of Miriam's hint to set the plants deeper in the ground, soon finished the border to her entire satisfaction.

CHAPTER II.

THE air of her mother's chamber felt close and stifling to Miriam, after the pure atmosphere she had been breathing, and the room seemed dark and gloomy, with the curtains carefully drawn to exclude the sunshine. Her mother sat in an invalid chair, with her back to the windows; and a glance at her pale, suffering countenance was sufficient to convince Miriam that this was one of her mother's dark days, full of depression and nervous weakness.

"Ah, Miriam!" she murmured faintly, as her daughter entered the room, "I am glad you have come. I fear I am going to have a sad time of it."

"Oh, I'm sorry, mother; I thought you were feeling better to-day," said Miriam, as she bent over her and softly stroked her cheek. "What shall I read to you this morning?"

Her mother's countenance brightened at the question. "Brother Evan brought a new book yesterday. He said he thought we would like it. You will find it in the book-case."

Miriam was not long in discovering the new comer among the old and well-known favorites. "It is Lowell's 'Study Windows,' mother. How glad I am!" she exclaimed; "we have been wanting it so long." She soon seated herself, and became so deeply interested in "My Garden Acquaintance,"

that the regret she had experienced in being obliged to leave her work unfinished, passed quickly from her remembrance. Her mother's face gradually lost its troubled expression, and by the time Miriam had finished the charming essay, she was sitting up, looking bright and full of animation.

"It makes me feel, Miriam, as though I should like to go into our garden. I used to be very fond of working among the flowers, before I was sick. Have you done anything at the beds yet?"

"Oh, yes," replied Miriam. "Kate did not tell you we were setting out cowslips this morning. Uncle Evan has made us two new beds, and we are to fix them to suit ourselves."

"Will you have them exactly alike, then?" asked her mother, looking interested.

"Oh, no; as different as possible. Kate wants a gay bed, and uncle has promised her all the geraniums he has to spare; and I want everything sweet and delicate in mine. Uncle has given me a nice frame for a centre piece, and I mean to plant sweet peas about it, and all the rest will be taken up with mignonette, heliotrope, sweet alyssum, candy-tuft, and ageratum."

"I think I will like your bed better than Kate's, for I shall have a bouquet from it now and then."

"I wish you would come out and look at the garden, mother. I think it would do you good to take a little walk; it is such a pleasant day." And to Miriam's surprise, her mother did not object, as was usually the case, pleading her inability and weakness, but seemed, on the other hand, to display a child-

like eagerness to go at once. The air, which seemed so delightful to Miriam, caused the invalid to draw her shawl closer about her, as she exclaimed, with a little shiver, "How chilly it is!" But the sight of the garden, which had been the favorite haunt of her childhood, revived many pleasant memories, and she began to talk with great enthusiasm of the beautiful flowers which bloomed there when she was a child. "I am glad brother Evan has made no alteration in it; I should have been sorry to see it changed. But I do not understand how it is that he was willing to give it up entirely to your care. He is so fond of gardening; he will feel lost without his flowers."

"I don't think he means to do without them, mother. Kate and I have been watching him, and we find he is making flower borders all around the vegetable garden. He has bought some gladiolus bulbs, and he has a quantity of tuberoses; so we think he is going to have a greater display than he has ever had before."

A few turns around the garden wearied her mother, and complaining of fatigue, she went slowly back to the house.

"Thank you, Kate," said Miriam, an hour later, as she stole softly behind her and kissed her cheek.

"What for?" asked Kate, with an air of surprise, as she looked up from the drawing.

"Oh, you know. For setting out the cowslips. It was good in you to do it, when you wanted so much to finish your picture."

"It was not much to do; I forgot all about it," Kate replied, looking pleased, nevertheless; for to be praised by those we love is music to our ears.

The spring days passed quickly, and as the season advanced, the sisters found their mornings fully occupied. They rose at five, and after spending an hour in the garden, they were obliged to leave off and attend to their household duties. It was Kate's place to keep her uncle's study, as well as the sitting-room, in order; and as it happened that her uncle was a great lover of books and newspapers, and had a habit of leaving them lying around anywhere and everywhere, it may readily be imagined that her office was no sinecure. Miriam prepared her mother's breakfast, and she had learned at last, from many a miserable failure, how to please the invalid's fastidious appetite. She knew just how long her chocolate should be boiled, as well as the requisite shade of straw-brown to give her toast, and moreover she was an accomplished graduate in the ticklish operation of poaching an egg. When the flowers began to bloom, she always remembered to place a small bouquet by her mother's breakfast plate, and the pleasant smile that was sure to greet its appearance, more than repaid her for the little extra trouble it cost her to gather the flowers.

Long before the summer was over, Evan Meadows had good reason to be gratified with the success of his experiment. Working in the open air seemed to agree wonderfully with both Miriam and Kate. Their uncle had no need now to pinch their pale cheeks to bring a little color into them, for the air and sunshine had made them rosy, healthful and brown. And more than all, he was rejoiced to perceive the decided improvement that had taken place in their

mother's appearance. She was better and stronger than she had been for years. She had always taken a lively interest in whatever concerned her children, and this led her to visit their garden far oftener than she would otherwise have done. Many times it had happened that the girls were obliged to leave their work unfinished, and the strong desire their mother had that they should succeed in their undertaking, prompted her, time and again, to make a feeble attempt to assist them. It was not long before she found that working in fresh earth seemed to give her new life and strength, and this encouraged her to persevere.

"I have planned better than I knew," said Evan Meadows, one day, as he leaned upon his spade and watched his sister flitting about the flower garden. "Ah well, Mary, you have taken the high-road to health without knowing it."

CHAPTER III.

AS the spring drifted into summer, the young gardeners found their floral labors greatly increased. Early in June there came a long drought, and Miriam's seedlings suffered not a little while it lasted. She kept a faithful watch over the frail things, covering them with flower pots through the day, and leaving them exposed at night to the refreshing dews. And so at last, by dint of keeping the earth stirred about their roots, and giving them a shower-bath

now and then, she succeeded in bringing them safely through the trying ordeal. But the drought was not the only enemy with which she had to contend. Myriads of small brown fleas swarmed over the plants, and threatened to destroy them utterly. By the advice of her uncle, she sprinkled them with water, and afterwards dusted them with wood-ashes. This seemed to answer for a time, but she found the remedy had to be given repeatedly in order to prove of any service. With June came the roses, but even their exquisite beauty and fragrance could not be enjoyed without some alloy. Kate, who loved them in the same proportion that she hated their arch-enemy, the rose slug, devoted part of every morning to its destruction. She sprinkled the bushes with whale-oil soap-suds and dusted them freely with slaked lime, yet still the slugs lingered on, as though loath to quit such pleasant quarters.

She came into the sitting room one morning, looking thoroughly disheartened. Her uncle was absorbed in his paper, and Miriam was arranging her mother's bouquet.

"What's the matter, Kate?" asked her sister quick, to perceive the cloud upon her usually sunny face.

"Is it the chickens, or the cats now?"

"O, it is worse than chickens or cats either. Those horrid rose bugs have come again. The slugs have spoiled the leaves, so I suppose it is as well that roses and all should go together. But it does seem too bad after all my trouble with them," and she gave a long deep sigh.

"O, never mind Kate, don't worry about it. We will go to-night with tin cups of hot water, and shake the roses over them. I have destroyed a great many in that way."

It is not one bit of use, Miriam, as soon as one swarm is killed, another comes to the funeral. The air is full of them. It seems to me in order to have flowers, one is obliged to be always fighting their enemies. Don't you remember when the Colum-bines first came out, how the humble-bees swarmed about them? They seized hold of the flowers with such greediness, all their beauty was gone in a day. We had so few flowers then, I thought they might have let us have some good of them, the mean things!"

"Do not be hard on the bees, Kate, they are the flower's best friends," said her uncle laying down his paper.

"I don't see how that can be uncle, for the Colum-bines last three times as long now, since the bees do not disturb them."

"I will show you how it can be, if you will bring me a little brown book, which is lying on my study table."

Kate soon returned with the book, reading as she came along its somewhat lengthy title.

"British Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects, By Sir John Lubbock."

"I hope it is not full of hard names, uncle, as some of your other books are, for I'm afraid I shall not understand it."

"There are plenty of hard names in it Katie, but

I shall not trouble you with them now ; I only want to prove to you the truth of what I asserted, namely, that the bees are the flowers best friends."

He opened the book and began to read :

"The flowers of our gardens differ much in size and color from those of the same species growing wild in their native woods and fields ; this is due partly to cultivation, but still more to the careful selection of seeds or cuttings from those plants, the flowers of which show any superiority over the others in size or color.

"Even amongst wild flowers, however, recent researches have proved that the forms and colors have been modified in a similar manner. The observations of botanists, especially of Sprengel, Darwin and H. Muller, have shown that the forms and colors of wild flowers are mainly owing to the unconscious selection exercised by insects, although no doubt the existence of a certain amount of coloring matter is, as we see in the autumn tints, in various fungi, sea-weeds, etc., due to other causes. Sprengel appears to have been the first to perceive the intimate relations which exist between plants and insects. In the year 1787 he observed that in the corolla of the *Geranium Sylvaticum*, there was a number of delicate hairs ; convinced as he says, that "The Wise Author of Nature, would not have created even a hair in vain ! he endeavored to ascertain the use of these hairs, and satisfied himself that they served to protect the honey from the rain. His attention having thus been drawn to the subject, he examined numerous other flowers with great care, and was sur-

prised to find how many points in reference to them could be explained by their relations to insects.

“The visits of insects are of great importance to plants in transferring the pollen from the stamens to the pistil. In many plants the stamens and pistil are situated in separate flowers, and even in those cases where they are contained in the same flower, self-fertilization is often rendered difficult or impossible; sometimes by the relative position of the stamens and pistil, sometimes by their not coming to maturity at the same time.

Under these circumstances the transference of the pollen from the stamens to the pistil is effected in various ways. In some species the pollen is carried by the action of the wind; in some few cases, by birds; but in the majority, this important object is secured by the visits of insects, and the whole organization of such flowers is adapted to this purpose.

“To the honey are due the visits of insects; the sweet scent and bright colors of the flowers attract them; the lines and circles on the corolla guide them to the right spot.”

“So you see, Kate, if it were not for the bees, and other insects, a great many of our rarest and most beautiful flowers would have no seed wherewith they could be perpetuated. Now I will read you another passage, to show you how useful they are to plants in another way. You know when a florist wishes to obtain a different species of plant, he skillfully transfers the pollen of one kind to that of another. The bees are doing this continually. The author says that “Mr. Darwin was the first to bring

into prominence the fact that the importance of insects to flowers consisted in their transferring the pollen—not merely from the stamens to the pistil—but from the stamens of one flower to the pistils of another. * * * He was also the first to show that if a flower be fertilized by pollen from a different plant, the seedlings so produced are much stronger than if the plant be fertilized by its own pollen.” I will finish now with the eloquent encomium on the bees, with which Sir John winds up his second chapter.

‘To them (the bees) we owe the beauty of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields. To them flowers are indebted for their scent and color, nay for their very existence, in its present form. Not only have the present shape and outlines, the brilliant colors, the sweet scent, and the honey of flowers been gradually developed through the unconscious selection exercised by insects; but the very arrangement of the colors, the circular bands and radiating lines, the form, size and position of the petals, the relative situations of the stamens and pistil, are all arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to insure the grand object which these visits were destined to effect.’

“That is a good stopping place.” remarked uncle Evan, as the breakfast bell rang.

“How wonderful it is,” said Kate, on their way to the dining room.

“I never thought those big buzzing bees were of much use in the world. I shall always respect them after this, even though they do spoil our Columbines.”

"There is a foot note in the book, which I ought to have read you, since it confirms your own observation about the flowers fading soon after the bees visit them. I cannot remember the words, but it says in substance, that when a blossom is kept secluded from the bees, it lasts much longer than it would otherwise do ; for flowers being once fertilized, the petals soon drop off, their work being done."

Miriam had been obliged to leave the room to wait upon her mother, while her uncle was reading, and as she took her place at the breakfast table, Kate opened her stores of newly acquired knowledge for her sister's benefit. Miriam listened with much interest, and a good deal of amusement to her sister's version of Sir John Lubbock's observations. Her recital was thickly sprinkled with "You know Miriam," "Now uncle, is not that so?"

"Is'nt it strange, Miriam?" she asked after she had finished her somewhat blundering statement, "that flowers and insects should be made to be useful to each other? I always thought that flowers were created for *our* enjoyment; I knew that the bees came to them for wax and honey, but I thought they took every thing from them, and gave nothing in return.

"If that is the case," returned Miriam, thoughtfully. "I suppose the more flowers we raise, that furnish food for the bees, the greater benefactors we are to both flowers and bees. I have often noticed what a quantity of honey bees there are hovering around my Mignonette, and I have read somewhere, that bees fed on this flower make the best honey."

"That is just like you Miriam," said Kate laughing, "you are always wanting to do good to some thing or other. Well, I suppose my poor Geraniums won't benefit them much, and if they could speak, they would give you a vote of thanks for preferring Mignonette."

"I am sorry to interrupt you, girls," interposed their uncle gravely, but I do not think you can be aware, how late it is," and he held up his watch.

"Dear me! it is nearly eight o'clock exclaimed Kate, "and I have ever so many things to do before school." She hurried from the room, and was soon followed by Miriam.

CHAPTER IV.

"**W**ELL, Miriam," said Kate one morning in the early days of their vacation. I think instead of going to the mountains, or making a trip to the shore, as Clara Bates and Susie Grant talk of doing, we are doomed to spend our summer in a garden."

"You might spend it in a much worse place," remarked her uncle, looking up from his newspaper.

"Yes, and we might possibly find a cooler one," said Kate laughingly, "I do think it is about the warmest spot I ever was in, and the weeds are fearful; no sooner is one crop disposed of, than another comes to take its place."

"Perhaps a little early rising would help both the

heat and the weeds. I find no difficulty in keeping my garden in order, and I rarely work in it after breakfast."

"Ah, uncle, you are up so unreasonably early, Miriam and I always think we are at liberty to indulge a little in our vacation."

"I don't intend to do it any more, Kate; for it does not pay to work in the garden, with the hot sun pouring upon your back. I don't feel so well for it all the rest of the day. I mean to be up bright and early to-morrow morning. Uncle's flowers are looking ever so much better than ours."

"O uncle," Kate exclaimed, "we forgot to tell you that two of mother's friends were here last evening, while you were away, and we took them out to see the flowers. They thought our garden rather pretty, but it was cast in the shade entirely, when they saw yours. They said the plan was so original. Sweet peas and common peas, growing side by side—onions leaning lovingly over Heddewigii pinks and Mignonette—aristocratic tuberoses looking down disdainfully upon plebeian tomatoes, and gladioli trying in vain to rival the neighboring sweet corn. Then—— "Who were they?" interrupted her uncle; looking somewhat vexed; he was very sensitive about his flowers. "I think they had very little to do to laugh at my garden."

"O Kate, how can you!" said Miriam reprovingly. "Why, uncle, she is only teasing you. It was aunt Mary and Milly Kane. They did laugh a little to be sure, about the way the flowers and vegetables were mixed up, but they admired the pinks and

sweet peas, and in fact everything so much, that they could not say enough in their praise."

"I will be even with you, Kate," said her uncle; and he shook his finger menacingly at her. "Wait until you want some of my flowers, and we'll see where the laugh will be then."

"Oh, I know you will not refuse *me*, uncle; for you give to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker; indeed there's scarcely a person in the village who does not come to you for plants or seeds."

Her uncle smiled pleasantly. "Well, Kate," he said, after a thoughtful silence, "It yields me a great deal of satisfaction to give to those who cannot afford to buy flowers. They lead a toilsome life at best, and have so few pleasures, that it is a positive luxury to those who love flowers, to have them growing about their homes. I think, too, anything which serves to lift their thoughts out of the dull, commonplace rut of their daily life, has a tendency to make them better and happier."

"I never looked at it quite in that way, uncle," said Miriam; "but I have often found, when I felt completely out of sorts, that a visit to the flower garden had a very good effect. The flowers all seemed to have something to say to me."

"Well, Miriam, I leave uncle and you to sentimentalize about the flowers; but now that the sun has gone under a cloud, I'll go and have another turn at those dreadful weeds, and see what effect *they* will have upon me."

Miriam was as good as her word, and every morning saw her at work long ere the sun had drunk the

dew, or the morning-glories had closed their frail and short-lived blossoms.

How many things she learned about the habits of the birds and the bees, in those early morning hours ! She found that the honey-bees seemed to regard Mignonette with the dew upon it, as a feast which they could not afford to lose ; and she discovered that the humble-bees were up betimes, rifling the pollen from the morning-glories ere they shut up for the day. And often her uncle would call her to look at the exquisite humming-birds coquetting about the blooms of the gladioli and the sweet peas. She noticed, too, that the gay butterflies rarely ventured out before the sun shone full and broad upon the flower garden, and Miriam thought perhaps that the morning dew did not prove a refreshing draught for these pampered little sybarites.

It was not long ere Kate followed her sister's example, and she soon ceased to grumble over the weeds and the heat.

By and by, as she grew stronger, their mother would come, and pace slowly up and down the garden walks, chatting pleasantly with the girls as they worked.

"I think, Kate, we have had a most delightful summer," said Miriam, one day near the last of August, as they sat sewing on the piazza ; "and it has not been an unprofitable one, either."

"I was just thinking the same thing," returned Kate, "and was going over in my mind, all the people in the village who had come to us for flowers. I never knew, until we had them to give away, how

much use they were, and how much good they do in the world."

"Yes, Kate; and do you know I have been thinking we have gained so much this summer from working out of doors. First of all, better health than we used to have. Then we have acquired some little knowledge about flowers and insects, and had the satisfaction of giving pleasure to others. So taking it altogether, it scarcely seems fair that uncle Evan should give us anything more."

Kate laughed. "Now, Miriam, I am not quite equal to such a grand self-sacrifice as that implies. I know right well I'm glad my picture is coming; and now that I let uncle select it for me, it seems like having Christmas in summer. Uncle Evan was very sly about it, trying to make us believe that he had to go to town on business; but I feel very sure that the business concerns our presents."

The next morning, after breakfast was over, Miriam and Kate were invited into their uncle's study, to give their opinions upon some new purchases he had made.

The first thing Miriam saw, on entering the room, was a fine edition of Longfellow, handsomely bound in Turkish morocco; and she had scarcely time to say, "Oh, thank you, uncle!" before Kate, whose quick eyes had discovered a new picture on the wall, gave a scream of delight.

"Guido's Aurora!" she exclaimed. "O uncle! can that be for me?"

"Yes, Katy; and I need not ask if it pleases you?"

"Please me? I should think it did. I always admired the one Mrs. Bates has so much, but I never dreamed I should have anything half so beautiful."

Uncle Evan exchanged a meaning glance with his sister, who had just entered the room, but Kate was too much absorbed in her picture to notice it.

"Judging from the subject, Kate," said her mother, who came and stood by her, "I should think your uncle meant the picture as a premium for early rising, as well as for keeping the garden in order."

"Perhaps he did," returned Kate, smiling. "It certainly deserves a premium, for it is a hard thing to do."

"No, Mary, I did not think about that, when I purchased the engraving. I don't know much about art; but this picture took my fancy at once. Those strong, beautiful women, who represent the morning hours, move with such perfect grace and freedom. There is an elasticity and buoyancy in their steps, such as scarcely one woman in a hundred has now-a-days. So I brought it home in order that our girls might have before their eyes an example of what a woman ought to be, who lives in strict accordance with the laws of nature."

"I cannot tell you how much I thank you, uncle," said Kate. "The study of those beautiful figures will be of the greatest use to me in my drawing."

"And mind, Kate, you do not forget uncle's sermon, while you are studying his text," whispered Miriam, with a mischievous glance at her sister's dress, which showed a decided leaning to the prevailing fashion.

“Now, Miriam, don’t say one word, or you will set uncle off on his favorite tirade against the fashions. Come, let us carry the books up stairs, and arrange them in your book-case ; and then you will help me to decide where will be the best place to hang my beautiful picture.”

“Very well,” replied Miriam, as they gathered up the books and passed from the room.

THE LOST SUMMER.

The soft mellow light of October’s sun lay
 Through all the green depths of the forest to-day,
 The air was as sweet as June’s rose-scented breath,
 And only the rustling leaves whispered of death.
 I sat ’neath the oak tree, where joyous and gay,
 We three sat together that beautiful May ;
 The boughs waved as then in the sunlight and air,
 But their summer was past, they no longer were fair.
 I thought of the summer, how blithely they came
 When the hills and the valleys re-echoed her name ;
 When the green leaves above us, the flowery sod,
 Rejoiced in the beauty and goodness of God !

O glorious summer ! how radiant wert thou
 When June’s fairest roses encircled thy brow !
 As a dream thou’st flown with the rainbow and flower
 The song of the bird, and the wealth-giving shower,
 As some beautiful thought, as a meteor’s gleam
 Thou has passed, oh lost season, a-down the dark
 stream.

I mourn thee, fair summer, yet I offer to thee
 A song of thanksgiving, heart-gushing and free;
 Thou hast passed o'er my heart as the waters that
 flow,

O'er desert sands parched 'neath the sun's fervid glow
 Thou hast called into life with thy spice-laden breath,
 The hopes that were sleeping in darkness and death;
 Thou hast come as a bow on the clouds of the storm,
 And Faith from her ashes rose living and warm!

Thou hast left us loved summer, the autumn is here,
 And grimly he scattered the leaves on thy bier;
 I know other summers will come, but to me
 A fount in the desert, thy memory shall be.
 And when death as a reaper, has gathered in sheaves
 The seasons, which number with snows and with
 leaves,

The circle of life—when my years as a scroll,
 Lie revealed to my gaze in one sorrowful whole;
 'Mid all the bright summers of sunlight and shade,
 And the autumns in glory and splendor array'd,
 The winters of gloom, lit by some passing ray,
 And the springs with the light of the beautiful May,
 Thou'lt be, oh blest summer! heart garner'd up
 there

With fruit the most golden—with flowers most fair.

WHAT THE LICHENS SANG.

I heard the lichens singing
 One cold and frosty morn;
 When all the leaves had vanished
 From tree and bush and thorn.

When the hills were brown all over,
 And the fields seemed desert sands ;
 When the summer flowers were sleeping
 'Neath the dead leaves folded hands.
 I heard the lichens singing
 And the mosses sweet and clear,
 Joined in the fairy concert,
 As I hushed my breath to hear.

“ If it were always summer
 And the land were filled with flowers,
 What eye would mark the lichens
 That bloom in wintry hours ?
 What hand would pluck the mosses,
 That make the old wood gay,
 And who would come to bear them
 Like precious gems away ?
 We are the winter's jewels
 He hides us in his breast ;
 And only those who love us,
 May find us 'neath his vest.”

THE STUDENT'S BURIAL.

T'was a glorious summer morning, cloudless and
 serene,
 The rising sun ne'er looked upon more beautiful a
 scene.
 The dew lay on the flowers and grass, the birds sang
 in the trees,
 While gently, lovingly swept by—the odorous morn-
 ing breeze.

The mighty hills! the forest crowned! all proudly
 seemed to rise
 As bathed in golden sunlight, they would fain have
 touch'd the skies.
 And stretching far as eye could reach their grandeur
 we might view,
 Until they seemed to melt away in an atmosphere of
 blue.
 • The valley with its fertile fields, its orchards white
 with bloom,
 The waterfall and winding stream—they spoke not
 of the tomb.
 They called no mournful spectre up—of bier, shroud
 and pall,
 Each living thing, seemed offering praise to Him
 who made them all.

It was a morn for happiness, and not a morn for tears,
 Yet the college bell tolled sadly forth the student's
 few short years.
 His sun had set in manhood's prime, t'was meet he
 should be borne
 By comrades to his place of rest, thus in the early
 morn.
 His place of rest! no church stood near, no marble
 stones to tell
 How those who slept beneath had lived, how wisely
 and how well.
 They stood within the vestibule, of temple far more
 grand,
 Columns, whose every arch bore truths, written in
 God's own hand!

The shadow of no sculptured urn might now be there
to shed

A glory round his resting place, an honor to the dead ;
But it seemed meeter, fitter far to know the summer
breeze,

Would wave above the grassy turf the bright green
forest leaves.

To know the summer birds would come, and carol
songs of glee,

While round the wild flowers dreamingly, would hum
each wandering bee.

And young bright faces as they pass, perhaps would
sadder grow

To think how like to them was he, who sleeps so
calm below.

As light his heart, as gay his hopes, he too essayed to
climb

All patiently and hopefully, the glorious heights
sublime,

He might have stood there side by side, with the
noblest and the best,

Yet we feel that he is happier now, his spirit is at
rest.

We know could he return to earth, its honors he
would deem

But glittering dust, when viewed beside the glories
he had seen.

Then leave the earthly part to rest 'mid woodland
birds and flowers,

And shed no tear for the spirit's gone to a brighter
world than ours.

N. Y. Central College, June, 1850.

THE THRUSH.

The skies are dark, the hills are gray,
 Rain unceasing the live-long day,
 Pitiless rain! not a single ray
 Over the sunless land may stray;
 When will the rain be over?

List to those notes, so wild and free
 From the green depths of yon old tree;
 Hark! tis the thrush's song of glee,
 Singing so loud and joyously
 "Soon will the rain be over."

The skies are dark, misty the air,
 Not a gleam of sunlight anywhere;
 Dream'st thou bird, the sky is fair
 Cassandra-like, still singing there,
 "Soon will the rain be over?"

Look to the westward, far away
 The blue breaks thro' the curtains gray;
 Sing, little prophet bird, away
 Give to the winds thy roundelay,
 "Soon will the rain be over."

THE MESSAGE.

The pleasant light comes trickling a-down
 The bole of the old oak tree,
 Like drops of gold without a sound
 It falls on the leaves, and me.

The breeze sweeps by with a breath that tells
 Of flowers where sips the bee,
 It has rifled the sweets from the lily-bells,
 And borne all their perfume to me.

Far up in the blue a boat of pearl
 Is drifting on dreamily,
 With its golden prow and its sails unfurled,
 'Tis floating away with me.

O the pleasant light, and the gilded leaves,
 And the cloud on yon azure sea ;
 And flowery breath of the summer breeze,
 Breathe a song never varying to me.

" 'Tis good to live," they softly sing
 " In a world so fair and free,
 'Tis the Father's world, and we gladly bring
 His message of love to thee."

THE THREE FAWNS.

NOW well do I remember, when I was a child,
 whose winters were spent in a large town, the
 intense pleasure with which I looked forward to a
 visit to my uncle Bertram, who lived upon a large
 farm, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

There I had my cousins Jenny and Kate to play
 with, and the whole farm to roam over at pleasure ;
 there were woods on every side of us, which were
 filled with a great profusion of wild flowers, and a
 beautiful little lake, not more than half a mile dis-

tant, where my cousin Harry kept a tiny green boat; and many pleasant hours we spent in rowing around the wooded shore.

My cousins were strong, active girls, spirited as young colts, and they almost lived out of doors. They swam like ducks, climbed trees to a height the mere sight of which made me dizzy, and rode their ponies without saddle or bridle. I was timid to a fault, and for this reason was often left alone, while they were scouring the country around with Molly Bower, a neighbor's daughter, who was as wild, and fond of frolic and fun, as themselves. As I could not bear to stay moping in the house, I spent my time chiefly with my cousins' pets. They had a host of them—chickens and dogs, lambs and rabbits, Guinea pigs and calves; but my especial favorites among them all, were three tame fawns, which had been sent to them by their oldest brother, Bertram, who had married and gone to the West several years before. Pretty little creatures they were, when they came with their soft brown eyes, smooth gray coats, and their breasts white as the newly fallen snow. But how droll, and out of proportion their long slender legs looked, compared with the small bodies they supported. My cousins called them, quite aptly, Nelly, Caper, and Major.

"Nelly was a lady," in the words of the old song; she held her head high, and was so proud and dainty, she seldom stooped to common things. She was very shy, however, and not half so tame as Caper, who always came running to meet us. We soon found her extreme friendliness arose from her love of good eat-

ing. She was not at all particular what we brought her, whether it was clean or otherwise; and I have seen her poking her long nose into the depths of the slop-pail, searching for garbage, to the great disgust of Nelly, who stood by, regarding her with high disdain. Nelly was graceful in all her motions; she seemed more sedate and thoughtful than Caper, who was always ready for a frolic. She was rough and boisterous in her play, and came rushing at us, swift as the wind, and many an unexpected tumble we received. But we were fond of her, notwithstanding her faults; she was good-natured, and took all our teasing and tormenting in the right spirit. Major, on the contrary, kept us at a distance; he seemed a born tyrant, and made poor Nelly and Caper obey him in all things. He was no great favorite with us girls; but Harry stood by him, and took his part on all occasions. The liking seemed to be mutual, since with Harry he was tame and gentle as one could desire.

My uncle allowed them the freedom of the grounds, and the house as well; for they did not hesitate to walk in, whenever they found a door open; but my aunt Mary complained sadly of the havoc they committed in her flower-garden. All the beautiful pinks and sweet-williams, in which she took such delight, were uprooted and destroyed. Still she was forbearing and tender with them, knowing that it was impossible to keep them out of the garden, since the high pailings were so easily surmounted; and who could blame fawns for being fond of pink-roots?

They had such winning ways, and were such gen-

tle, pretty creatures, one could scarcely get vexed with them. Often, on summer afternoons, we would leave the fawns quietly reposing under the shade of the old pine-trees, and go up stairs into the nursery, to have a good time with our dolls. While we were in the midst of our labors of dressing them for a grand ball, we would hear the patter of little hoofs upon the stairs, and Kate would jump up, exclaiming, "There they come ! now let's have fun." Away went Laura Matilda, with her ribbons and laces flying about her, into the dark closet. Clarissa and Pamela, half dressed, followed, while we all three scrambled under the bed. Once there, we secured a peep-hole, to look and see what they would do. Presently in they marched, Caper at their head, bold as a lion. At the door they would stop a while, looking about them, as much as to say, "We thought we would come up and see what you girls were doing." Then they would walk in very demurely, as though suspecting some trick, but scorning to be imposed upon. If we did not show ourselves, they would walk out, and the stairs would sound again with the patter of their feet. If we sat still, they would come up to us, poke their noses into our pockets, stay as long as they pleased, and then go back to their old place under the pine-tree, to dream away the summer afternoon.

In the fall of the year, when the evenings began to grow cool and long, it was an established custom with my uncle and aunt, to have a plate of apples brought in about eight o'clock ; and by what wonderful instinct the fawns knew the exact time when

they were to come, I cannot imagine, but they were always at the door as punctually as the fruit-plate.

Sometimes we would hide the apples in our pockets; but with their quick, unerring scent, they would soon discover them. If we refused to give them any, they would up with their fore feet, cross them quickly, and strike us—not very hard, but it was enough to remind us of what we owed them, and as much as to say, “Don’t be stingy now; share with us.” When they found we would give them no more, or they were satisfied with what they had received, they would leave as quietly as they came.

It happened one fall, soon after my return home, that my cousin Kate wrote me, in much sorrow, that Major had died very suddenly. They could not account for his death in any way, for he seemed perfectly well the night before, and in the morning he was stiff and cold. “We buried him under the beech trees in our little grave-yard,” she wrote, “by the side of Jenny’s kitten; and we all cried but Harry, and he was very near it. He has since placed a nice white board at the head of the grave; and he coaxed mother to write a verse for it. We all think it very affecting, so I will copy it for you:—

‘Passer-by,
Give a sigh,
Shed a tear!
A stricken deer
Lieth here!’ ”

I did not grieve so much over Major’s fate, as I did not love him so well as Caper and Nelly; yet I

was sorry that the happy trio should be broken, and thought how lonely the poor things would be. Little did I think then that I was fated to hear still sadder news before the winter was over. It was some time near Christmas that I received a letter from Jenny, telling me of the melancholy loss of poor Nelly. It happened that one of the neighbors, who was a great sportsman, came there with one of his dogs, a fine pointer, who, seeing Nelly in the garden, set off in full chase after her. She ran round and round the garden, in the most frantic manner, the neighbor striving in vain to call off the dog ; finally she leaped over the pailing, and dashed off, at full speed, across the country, and they never saw her again. Harry and his comrades hunted far and wide, but were not able to find a trace of her. In the early spring, the skeleton of a fawn was discovered in a corn-field several miles away, and my cousins thought it might have been all that remained of our proud and dainty Nelly ; but I was never willing to admit the truth of it for a moment. I always believed that she roamed far, until she reached the wilds of the west, where she found friends among the herds of deer that my cousin Bertram said roved there, and that she still goes careering over the prairies, as free and beautiful as ever.

Caper seemed to droop, after losing her companions, and one unlucky night she managed to escape from her pen, and went wandering over the country. One of the neighbor's dogs, a cruel bloodhound, beset her, injuring her so much, that she died a few days afterwards. Harry wrote me, this time ; for he said

the girls took her death so much to heart, that they could not bear to speak of it. "We buried her," he said, "by the side of Major; and I tried my pen at an epitaph for her, but the girls think I have made a poor fist of it; and yet I am free to confess I do not think it is so bad—girls are always wanting some sentimental thing or other."

When I went to see my cousins in the spring, my first run was taken to the grave-yard, and I read there Harry's first attempt at rhyme. It was something like this:—

"Like a vapor
Died poor Caper;
Where she goes
No one knows."

My next visit was to my aunt's flower-garden, where I found her very busy, bringing order out of chaos. She showed me, with a good deal of pride, the old border, with the sweet-Williams and Pinks blooming in all their glory. "Neighbor Marley," she said, "had given her the roots very early in the spring; and as there were no fawns to disturb them, they had thrived wonderfully."

"No fawns!" Cruel aunt Mary! to talk in that cool way about our great loss, when I could scarcely keep back my tears, to think I should see them no more; but seeing that she was too much interested in her flowers to notice my feelings, I left her, to go with Jenny and Kate to the lake, where Harry promised to meet us, and take us out sailing in his new boat.

"All the way there I was silent, thinking of last spring, when Caper and Nelly ran on before us, and how fond they were of the pond-lily buds we gathered for them! how daintily they ate them, and of all their winning, affectionate ways. Then I wondered, with an indignant feeling at my heart, how any one could think more of Pinks and sweet-Williams than of living, *breathing* fawns.

OUR GARDEN.

Have you a garden? we have one
 The loveliest spot beneath the sun.
 'Tis close by the southern orchard wall,
 Where the early light is swift to fall,
 Which the morning glories mantle o'er
 So greenly the stones are seen no more,
 Where every morn, still staunch and true
 Its colors float, "Red, White and Blue."
 And fragrant peas, the bird-like things
 Go fluttering round on rosy wings,
 While like a nun so pure and fair
 The tuberose scents all the air,
 And Pinks, sweet Maidens, primly set
 Beside the Quakeress, Mignonette.
 Pale Heliotrope, that loves the sun,
 While all love her the peerless one!
 And we have bright verbenas there
 Which trail their splendors everywhere,
 Alyssum sweet, a wayward child
 That breaks its bounds, and wanders wild,

And blended with the white and red,
 The yellow Poppy lifts its head ;
 Gay western flower, so bright and bold
 Fit emblem of " The Land of Gold."
 But sweetest spot of all to me,
 Is by the gnarled old apple tree,
 Where close within its friendly shade,
 The Fuchsias their gay wreaths have laid,
 And round the trunk, the bells of snow
 With crimson bells, wave to and fro,
 I sit and watch their gorgeous dyes
 And dream of burning tropic skies.

Away with tropics, give to me
 The Phlox Drummondii, blithe and free,
 Blooming alike in sun or shade
 Through spring and summer, still arrayed
 In brightest robes of wondrous hue.
 Dear little flower ! thou'rt always new,
 Sweeter than flowers from foreign strands
 This wilding from the prairie lands.
 This is our garden, morn and night
 It has some store of fresh delight,
 I turn with loving hand the mould
 And watch each leaf and bud unfold,
 And feel no joy more pure can be
 Than this sweet spot has given me.

June, 1865.

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

J. P. PURVIS, 1851.

Through the silent hours of midnight
 In his chamber still and lone,
 Sat a weary student bending
 O'er a dark and ancient tome.

Little heeded he the hours
 Slowly gliding on their way,
 Until faintly thro' the window
 Stole the dim gray light of day.

Look upon that brow so youthful
 Scarce a sign of toil is there,
 Not a wrinkle on his forehead
 Furrowed by the touch of care.

Yet a darker shade is resting
 On that noble earnest face,
 On his brow he wears the impress
 Of a scorned and hated race.

Bravely too the student bears it,
 Quick returning scorn for scorn,
 Well he knows the free brave spirit
 To no servile lot was born.

But along the northern border
 He hath heard despairingly
 Rise the cry of hunted bondsman
 Striving from his chains to flee.

Brave the heart within his bosom,
 Yet it throbs with pity too,
 Full of feeling, gentle, loving,
 Warm, affectionate and true.

He is young and single handed,
 But all eager for the field,
 Can he buckle on no weapon
 For the truth and right to wield?

He is young, great souls are older,
 He would follow in the van,
 Tho' he's seen but fourteen summers
 Yet he feels in soul a man!

Well he knows, a germ within him,
 Latent lies for good or ill;
 To direct that germ he labors,
 With a strong and iron will.

While the midnight stars are burning
 Like his visions high and pure,
 He is learning well life's lesson
 To be patient and endure.

What bright dreams of future greatness
 Dawn upon his longing eyes;
 While the dark and misty present
 Fades away 'neath sunnier skies.

"I will live to toil unceasing,"
 Thus his midnight thoughts take tone—
 "For a noble, earnest purpose
 I will labor late and lone.

I will live to show the master
 Of the poor, down trodden slave,
 That a soul dwells in the bondsman,
 He has hunted to the grave.

I will live to teach the scorner
 Of a skin unlike his own,
 That 'tis mind that makes the true man,
 God-like mind, and Mind alone.

Well I know that I have chosen
 No smooth, velvet path of ease,
 That my way in summer's noontide
 Lieth not 'neath shade of trees.

I must learn to toil and suffer
 In the spring-time of my life,
 Though I bear aloft no banner
 On the glorious fields of strife.

Calm and deep the water glideth,
 Where the earnest seeker turns,
 To glean purest ores of knowledge ;
 While his soul with ardor burns.

Not alone I'll strive to garner
 Golden grains from out the ore,
 Poor indeed is he, who only
 Feels possessed of earthly lore.

I will teach my soul to harbor
 No vain thoughts of worldly gain,
 Pure shall be my true ambition
Pure and lofty is my aim."

Now the morning stars are paling,
 Faintly steals the light of day;
 Through the curtains of his chamber,
 While the shadows flee away.

* * * * *

'Twas a bright and balmy evening
 In the pleasant days of spring,
 Breezes thro' the open casement,
 Fragrance from the flowers bring.

Hushed and still the saddened chamber,
 Where the dying student lay;
 Withering the buds of promise,
 Yet unfolded to the day.

Weeks and months have seen him suffer,
 Lying in the darkened room,
 Yet his bright and hopeful spirit
 Half dispelled the deepening gloom.

Weary, worn at length no longer
 Can the fainting spirit live;
 "Must I suffer? I am weary,
 O what rest the grave would give!

"Yet," he said, "the fields of labor,
 Stubble still before me lie,
 I have scarcely struck a furrow,
 I am all too young to die."

While the golden fires of sunset
 Faded in the glowing west,
 Sank the pale and weary sufferer
 To his last unbroken rest.

' Neath the mound upon the hill-side
 Quietly he sleepeth now,
 Dust is resting on the beauty
 Of that high and noble brow.

For the midnight's lonely vigils,
 For the student's holy dream,
 For the brave soul martyr dying
 No proud monument is seen.

Still within the hearts that watched him,
 Hour by hour and day by day,
 Like some holy thought he'll linger
 Nevermore to pass away.

THE SANDMAN.

The sun is deep in the west, baby,
 The little birds sleep in their nest, baby,
 The cricket is singing a sleepy song,
 And the Sandman is coming along.

What does the Sandman bring baby?
 What does the Sandman sing, baby?
 Over the sea and over the land,
 The Sandman brings thee two bags of sand.

O see how the grey sand flies, baby,
 Straight in thy bonny blue eyes, baby,
 'Tis sleep that the Sandman brings;
 Now list what the Sandman sings.

“O come to the land of dreams, baby,
 I'll lead thee by flowing streams, baby,
 We'll gather poppies 'mid waving corn
 And ne'er come home, till the break of morn.”

SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers of spring have come once more,
 The gay, the gentle flowers;
 They scatter all their sweetness o'er
 This fair bright land of ours.
 The pale Spring beauty lifts her cup
 Veined o'er with faintest rose,
 While frail anemones look up
 And soft their lips uncloze;
 And buttercups their vases fill
 With beams of purest gold,
 We loved them as a child, and still
 They gladden as of old.
 And in the fields, on every side
 Where the ferns and grasses grow,
 Gay painted cups * all scarlet dyed,
 With the tender violets blow,
 Blue violets bathed in morning dew,
 The fairest flowers of spring!
 That thrill the inmost being through
 With the fresh glad thoughts they bring.

From crowded homes, in narrow courts,
 With their faces pale and lorn,

* *Castilla Coccinea*.

The little children wander forth
 On the clear still Sabbath morn ;
 O'er field and marsh, in forest bowers,
 Their tireless footsteps stray,
 To gather pure thoughts with the flowers,
 They bear with them away.
 And poor tired wanderers that come
 From lands beyond the sea,
 Leave want and care, once more to roam
 Where winds go wandering free.
 And like friend's faces, that their eyes
 Had thought to see no more,
 Are flowers they loved 'neath dearer skies
 Seen on a foreign shore.
 O, not alone to gladden those
 Who move on a thornless way,
 God sends each little flower that blows,
 To bask in the morning ray !
 But He gives to all, as the light and dew
 Which bless this earth of ours,
 As His love is spread the wide earth through
 So live and bloom the flowers.

CONSTANCY.

The Heliotrope said to the sun,
 "I love but thee,
 And evermore I turn my face
 Where *thou* mayst be."
 The sun sent down a mellow beam,
 Without a care

Whether it fell on stream or flower,
 Or earth so bare.
 And the sun said, "I shine serene
 On every one ;
 I love the earth, and all therein
 Love me, the sun."
 The Heliotrope bent down its head,
 "Ah, woe is me !
 I care not for the earth," it said ;
 "I love but thee."

THE LEGEND OF PRINCESS TIRANA.

PART I.

MANY centuries ago, there lived in a great castle by the sea, a proud and beautiful woman, who was called the Princess Tirana.

The castle was hewn out of solid rock, by the hands of her slaves, and hundreds of them had died before it was finished, so overworked were they by this cruel Princess.

The slaves called it, in remembrance of their sufferings, "The Castle of Tears ;" but the Princess named it "The Castle of a Thousand Years ;" for she thought, in her pride, that a castle built in the solid rock would last forever.

Princess Tirana was possessed of great wealth—her dominions stretched from sea to sea, and many were the proud cities, many the broad and fertile lands,

rich in corn and wine, and mines of countless wealth, which called her mistress. She might walk through the stately rooms of her castle, and look far to the north, to the south, to the west, and say, "All these are mine!" But to the east she dare not look, for there Prince Liber, the lord of the sea, held undisputed sway.

The castle in which the Princess dwelt, was filled with everything beautiful and magnificent. Shining mirrors set in jewelled frames, and pictures of priceless worth, adorned the walls. Curtains of purple and gold swept the marble floors, while sparkling fountains sent up their slender jets, like flashes of light, through the twilight gloom. For the Princess loved not the light of heaven, and rarely was it suffered to enter, in its full glory, there.

But over all this splendor and magnificence, brooded an air of dreariness and gloom; for it was whispered abroad, that there were rich mines of gold in the caverns below the castle, and hundreds of slaves toiled therein who had never seen the light of day. It was said there were dungeons, dark and damp, where all those who had dared to offend or disobey the princess in any way, were made prisoners for life. A long winding stairway, cut in the solid rock, led from these places of horror, and at the top of the stairs was a trap-door, of which the Princess kept the key. But the door had been made by a slave, who was a magician, and he breathed over it a mysterious spell; so that whenever a person entered the castle who loved liberty, and wished all men to be free, the door felt it in its innermost fibres,

and with a loud clang it broke loose from all the locks and chains with which the Princess had bound it, and the walls of the castle were shaken to their foundation. Then from the depths of the dungeons, and from the darkened mines, there arose a great cry ; it seemed as though the voices of all those who suffered, went up in one universal groan of woe and misery. And the brow of the Princess would darken with anger, while she trembled with fear ; for it was to her the voice of doom ; but straightway she would bid the musicians sound their trumpets, and cause the music to rise higher and higher, to drown that cry ; and the guests would laugh loudly and dance wildly, with quickened steps down the marble floors ; and the sound would be heard no more, only by the liberty-loving soul.

Now the waves of the sea dashed unceasingly against the rocks where the slaves toiled, and the prisoners pined in their dungeons, and the waves were ever singing the same song, and the slaves heard it. Thus sang the waves :—

“ We are free, we are free ;
 We are waves of the sea,
 And we love liberty !
 Day after day, day after day
 We wear the rocks away ;
 The rocks which wall the caves,
 Where toil the wretched slaves.
 Strike hard, O slaves, and be,
 Like us, forever free ! ”

Then the slaves would take heart again, and strive, with their pick-axes, to make a hole through the rock where the song of the waves sounded loudest ; but the rocks were very hard and of great thickness, and they soon gave it up in despair. Then they chanted, in low, plaintive tones, their song of sorrow : —

“ We are slaves, we are slaves,
 Poor toiling slaves are we ;
 Toiling forever in the caves,
 Listening forever to the waves,
 That sing forever, ‘ We are free.’ ”

PART II.

NOW there dwelt, not far from the shadow of the castle walls, a poor little maiden, called Mona, who lived with her father, in a wretched cottage upon the borders of a great forest. And every day she went with him into the forest, either to cut wood, or to cord it ready to be carried away ; for all the poor people around the castle were obliged to bring a certain quantity of wood, as a weekly tribute, to the steward, who had charge of the estates of the Princess Tirana.

Mona’s father was old and infirm, and had scarcely strength to wield his axe ; but Mona was young and active. Having been accustomed from her childhood to carry great burdens, her muscles waxed strong, and she swung the heavy axe with the ease of a man.

Her mother died when she was quite young ; but

she had an elder brother, who used to take care of her, and watch over her like a mother, and she loved him better than all the world beside.

In an unguarded moment, he had broken one of the laws of the Princess Tirana, and her officers had come and dragged him away from his home by night. They saw him no more. Her father had told her that her brother was imprisoned in the castle dungeon, which the light of day never visited, and no one who went down the winding stairs ever came up alive.

And little Mona toiled on, day after day, without hope of ever seeing her brother, and tried, with her young arms, to do the work of two; for dreadful was the penalty they were forced to pay, if the tribute was not forthcoming at the appointed time.

One morning she arose early, and dressed by the light of the moon; for her father was sick, and she feared lest she should not be able to finish her task by sunset. She made a fire, gave her father his breakfast, and then shouldering her axe, plunged quickly into the depths of the forest. The moon cast strange and frightful shadows among the trees and fallen trunks; but Mona felt no fear, for she was a good girl, and thought nothing would harm her. As she hastened on her way, she sang, to banish the lonely feeling that came over her.

MONA'S SONG.

“In a castle by the sea,
Lives a lady of high degree;
She hath silver, she hath gold,

And a heart as hard and cold.
 Prince Liber, Prince Liber
 Will come o'er the sea !
 "In her glittering marble halls,
 There the silvery fountain falls ;
 In her dark and loathsome mines,
 There no sunlight ever shines.
 Prince Liber, Prince Liber
 Will come o'er the sea."

All at once Mona ceased singing, for suddenly there came from behind a great oak, a Knight, clad in armor, and stood directly in her pathway. Mona dropped her axe with a cry of terror, and instinctively throwing herself upon her knees before him, with clasped hands begged for mercy ; for she knew the song she sang was a forbidden one, and it was accounted an act of treason to sing it in the Princess' domains.

"Arise, maiden," said the Knight, in a low, gentle voice ; "I will not harm thee. I wander to and fro over the earth, to rescue the poor and the oppressed from the hand of the oppressor. Who art thou, and what is thy name?"

"My name is Mona," replied the maiden, "and I am the daughter of the woodman Peter."

"But what dost thou in the woods so early?"

"My father is sick," she said, meekly, "and I must do the work of two, before sunset. Permit, me, sir Knight, to go my way ; for I dare not linger."

"Stay, maiden ; hast thou no brother, who can take thy father's place? It is not meet that one so young should be so heavily burdened."

Mona was silent. She was afraid to trust the stranger with her sad secret ; but when she looked up into the face of the Knight, which was lighted by the moonbeams, she found it so good and kind, and full of pity, she hesitated no longer, but revealed, without reserve, all their mournful history.

When she had finished, Mona saw, with dismay, that the red light of morning was stealing through the forest trees, and greatly troubled, she hastily caught up her axe, and was going on her way, when the Knight stopped her, saying :

“ Wait, maiden, one moment, and I will go with thee ; as I have kept thee from thy work so long, it is fitting that I should make atonement for thy lost time. In the hollow of this oak, I see there is an axe, that some woodman has doubtless left. It shall do me good service, and be returned long ere he needs it.”

Then Mona saw him take an axe out of the hollow oak ; but it was no woodman’s axe, for the handle was glittering with gold and precious stones, and its finely tempered blade shone like molten silver.

Mona led the way, and they soon reached the clearing, where she had been at work with her father the previous day.

The morning sun had now fairly risen, and she saw the unknown Knight in the full light of day. Never before had she seen so glorious a being ; and as she gazed, a strange awe and reverence stole over her. His form was upright as a cedar, and right princely was his bearing. His helmet was shaped like a dolphin, and a nodding plume of the palest

sea-green drooped over a brow which shone with more than mortal beauty. His armor was of the most finely tempered steel, and resembled the glittering scales of a fish. Upon his shield was graven a golden sun just rising from a wave-tossed sea. His sword was a miracle of splendor, and of surpassing beauty; the blade was as blue as the evening skies, and the hilt was so richly studded with diamonds and emeralds, its great brilliancy dazzled the eyes of the beholders.

The Knight, first laying aside his sword, his shield, and his helmet, took the axe in his hand, and swinging it high in the air, brought it down with great force upon the trunk of one of the largest forest trees. The first stroke cleft the tree almost in twain, and at the third blow, with a groan, and a visible shuddering through all its limbs, it came heavily to the earth.

Mona stood, spell-bound, at a little distance, gazing with silent wonder at the miraculous strength of the strange Knight; but when she saw the tree laid low, forgetting her wonderment, she sprang quickly upon the fallen trunk, and with the skill of an experienced woodman, severed with her axe the wide-spreading branches.

While she worked, the Knight paused to watch her graceful motions.

The morning breeze and the healthful exercise brought the blood to her face, and her cheeks glowed like a wild rose.

Her cap had fallen off, and her hair fell, in golden ripples, to her waist; but it was the tender, pleading

glance in her eyes, blue as the blade of his good sword, which took captive his heart—and the knight loved the maiden.

They had been at work about an hour, and in that hour had accomplished the work of days ; even Mona seemed endowed with strength not her own. Her heart was filled with joy, for she thought on the morrow she could rest, and go with her father to the shores of the sea, where the pure fresh breezes, blowing inland, would give new strength and vigor to his feeble frame ; and while he sat on the beach, she would gather the beautiful shells which lay scattered there, and put her ear to their lips and hear the wondrous tales they told of the sea.

The voice of the Knight, calling her by name, awakened her from her dream, and she looked up and saw him fully equipped, as if for a journey. He told her he had fulfilled his promise, that her task was done, and bade her tell no one of what she had that day seen.

“I must now leave thee, maiden, for I have a great work to do ; but when that work is accomplished, we shall meet again.” And with these words, he disappeared among the forest trees.

PART III.

THE next day Mona arose early, and arraying herself in holiday attire, went with her father to the shores of the sea. Peter the woodman was a sad and silent man, who took little interest in worldly affairs ; but he loved the sea, and seemed never better satisfied than when sitting on the beach, looking seaward with his mournful eyes.

Mona's thoughts were full of the strange Knight, and she went singing on her way, asking the wayside flowers, the birds that came over the sea, and the beautiful shells which lay scattered on the beach, if they knew aught of him, who he was, and whence he came ?

The flowers were silent, but the birds sang, and the shells murmured in reply, only the refrain of the old song :—

“ Prince Liber, Prince Liber
Will come o'er the sea.”

And Mona was vexed that they could not understand, and ceased to ask questions. She amused herself by filling her basket with shells, and then arranged them in different ways on the smooth white sands. She gave them fanciful names, and called the beautiful rose-colored ones and the pearly white, “ shells of the morning ;” while the purple and pale amber

were "evening shells;" the sober grays were "twilight," and the dark mottled ones, "shells of night." Once in a great while she found a rich golden one, and called it her "noon shell;" and this she prized more than all, because it was so beautiful and rare.

By and by she grew weary, and gathering the shells in her basket again, she went to her father. He was still gazing upon the sea, but his cheeks were flushed with hope, and his eyes had lost their sadness. When Mona approached him, he pointed eagerly to a small white sail which was visible in the distance.

"Look, Mona!" he cried; "is not that a sail far away at sea?"

And Mona looked as he bade her, and perceiving the sail, said:

"Yes, father; and it seems to come nearer and nearer."

"O Mona!" he exclaimed, "if it should be the great ship which the prophet foretold would come to this unhappy land, and for which I have so long looked in vain, it may bring happiness to thee and me. Sit down beside me, and I will tell thee of a legend of the past.

THE LEGEND.

"Many years ago, when the land was as full of wrong and misery as now, and the people groaned under their cruel rulers, a prophet was born, whose eyes looked into the future, and all things were revealed to him. He went to and fro over the land, and tried to comfort the people with his wise sayings. And among other things he said, 'The poor shall

not always suffer ; for the time will come in the tenth year of the Princess Tirana's reign, when a good and powerful prince shall come from over the sea, who will take pity upon the people, and deliver them from their oppressors. The waters of the sea shall rise up and cover the land, and the high and mighty ones shall perish. Then the prison doors shall be opened, the prisoners and the bondmen shall go forth as free-men ; and the good prince will come in a great ship, and bear them away with him.' "

A heavy hand was laid upon the woodman's shoulder, as he pronounced these words, and a harsh voice asked :

" Are you the woodman Peter ? "

" He sprang to his feet, saying, " I am he ; what do you want with me ? " and turning around, he saw two of the princess' officers standing near him.

They bade him be quiet ; for it was not he, but his daughter they were commanded to take away with them. And when he asked of what offence she had been guilty, they said she was accused of being a witch, who was in league with the evil spirit, and it was thought dangerous to leave her at large.

" Poor little one ! " said her father, regarding her with mournful eyes ; " a dove is not more innocent than thou ; but there is no help for us. " And when she wept, and entreated the men not to take her from her old father, he covered his face and spoke no more.

Then the cruel men tied her hands with a strong cord, and led her away with them.

Only once did she look back, and saw her father

still sitting on the white sands, with his head bowed in his hands, and the shells she had gathered lying scattered around him.

PART IV.

IN the evening of the day that Mona was taken from her father, there was great rejoicing in the castle by the sea. The Princess had summoned all of her proud nobles, and brave knights, and beautiful ladies, to celebrate the anniversary of the tenth year of her reign. And she had commanded that all her guests should appear in fancy costume, and that every face should be closely masked.

It seemed as though a great world's fair had assembled in the magnificent saloons of the castle, so varied were the costumes that every nation seemed represented there. And over all shone the softened glow of innumerable wax lights, and the fountains played, while the shining mirrors multiplied the dancers, the lights and the fountains a hundred fold, and added splendor to splendor.

Among the maskers were two, who shone conspicuous above all the rest. The one, was dressed as Night in a long trailing robe of deep blue velvet, covered with a frost work of diamonds and rubies, while upon her forehead, she wore a crescent of pearls of the purest lustre.

In the footsteps of Night, walking near her like her shadow, was a mask, arrayed in a rose colored mantle wearing upon his breast a morning star, form-

ed of one large diamond of wondrous and most brilliant beauty.

It was whispered among the guests, that Night could be none other than the Princess Tirana, but he who represented the day-dawn, was a mystery to every one. None other but a king, or a Prince could possess a jewel of such priceless value; even the Princess had none to equal it among all the crown jewels. While they gazed and wondered, they saw the Princess turn slowly around, and with an imperious gesture address the unknown mask.

"Why dost thou follow me?"

"Is it not meet that the Dawn should follow the Night?" asked he of the rose-colored mantle. "But thou tread'st so closely upon my footsteps, that thou hast stolen one of my stars," retorted the Princess.

"Can'st thou not spare me one star among so many thousands, oh, queen of the Night?" asked the Day-dawn.

"Not one, Sir Day; they are all mine," returned the Princess, haughtily. "But why do you not join the dancers?" she continued, in a lighter tone.

"The music is too sad; instead of festal music, it might be a funeral march. Listen, O Night! dost thou not hear the saddest of all sounds?"

Then, far above the gay, entrancing strains of the Princess' musicians, there arose a wild, piercing, and mournful cry. The door of the prison was thrown open, and its terrible secrets were revealed. Even the dancers paused aghast, as they heard it, and the Princess shook like a reed in the wind. In an instant she tore the mask from her face, and in an angry voice commanded the trumpets to sound.

But wilder, louder, and more dreadful arose the cry, and the trumpets sounded in vain. In the pauses of the wailing, there was heard the plaintive voice of Mona, singing these words:—

“ Oh, the good Prince Liber
Will come o’er the sea.
In the great white ship he sails o’er the waves,
He hears the sad cry of the toiling slaves;
He will set the bondman free,
He will give us liberty !”

When the unknown mask heard the voice, he gave a start of surprise and dismay, then drawing himself up to his full height, he turned to the Princess and said, in a low, solemn tone, these words :

“ Thy power is departing from thee, O cruel Princess: even now is sounding the knell of thy doom.” And before she could recover from her astonishment at his boldness, he passed through the terrified guests, and left the castle.

Then the wailing was hushed, with the singing, and they heard it no more. The revelry went on, but when the music sounded sweetest, when the laughter was loudest and the dancers seemed wild with joy, an old and trusty servant rushed into the ball-room, and with a face blanched with terror, exclaimed :

“ The sea is coming ! the sea ! the sea !”

The music ceased, and the dancers paused in their mad career. Some of the guests gathered around the affrighted man, to learn the cause of the strange outcry, while others hastened to the eastern saloon,

where the windows looked upon the sea. And when they saw the foam-crested waves rushing, roaring, moving in huge battalions swiftly towards the land, too well they understood the meaning of his words. Even while they gazed, with faces white with fear, the waves had reached the castle walls, and flowing around it, cut off all means of escape. In an instant all was confusion and terror. Then arose the shrieks and groans of women, the hoarse voices of men raised in high debate, and terror-stricken forms were seen rushing hither and thither, seeking to escape from the doomed castle.

The Princess alone stood up, cold and immovable as some beautiful statue. Messenger after messenger came and went ; women caught hold of her jewelled robes, and implored her to save them ; the nobles of her court gathered around her, eagerly proposing plans for leaving the castle ; still she neither spoke nor moved.

Only once, when a messenger came and said the water was rushing into the mines and dungeons below, and that the slaves and prisoners would perish, if they were not removed, she opened her lips and said : " Let them be taken to the eastern tower ; and see that they are securely guarded." Then turning to an old Knight who stood by her, she cried out : " Why stand ye idle, when death is so near ? Take the oaken doors of the castle, and form a raft upon which we, at least, may leave this place."

And the Knight did as she commanded him, and she stood silent as before.

PART V.

IN the tower, up the winding stairs, there glided a little maiden. Up, up, she went swiftly, eager to reach the top, and see if her dream was true. For she dreamed, in the dark cell where they had placed her, that the great ship, about which her father had told her, had sailed over the sea, and had come to deliver them ; and she woke up singing the song that had been heard in the halls above.

Only a few hours after, the waters rushed in, and the turnkey of the prison aroused them from their slumbers, and bade them hasten to the tower. But the prisoners had been so long in solitude and darkness, they were like persons benumbed with the cold, and could not understand what had befallen them, and many of them perished. With Mona it was different ; only a little while had she been shut from the light and air of the upper world ; her limbs were active, her senses keen, and up the tower stairs she sprang, eager to see if the ship were come to deliver them.

When she reached the top of the tower, the gray light of morning was just breaking over a restless, heaving world of waters. She looked for their cottage, and it had vanished, with the homes of all those she had known ; she saw none of the familiar objects she had loved, only the mountains in the distance,

and the tops of the forest trees. She thought of her father, and wondered if all the world except those in the castle were swallowed up in the waters of the sea. Then she turned to the east, where the dawn was breaking, and her heart thrilled with joy and wonder. In the distance she beheld a ship, with its great white sails spread, and its gay banners streaming in the breeze, and she knew it was the ship of deliverance which she had seen in her dream.

The poor prisoners came up, one by one, clanking their heavy chains at every step, and the slaves, with their bowed forms and pale, sad faces. Then Mona, pointing eagerly to the ship, told them the old legend ; and they listened and believed her.

Higher and higher arose the waters, nearer and nearer drew the ship ; and one of the prisoners, whom the rest seemed to look to and obey as a leader, flung out an old banner, which he had found in a room in the tower ; and the ship answered the signal, and they saw it slowly approaching them. Then the prisoner bade the slaves follow him, and they went down the winding stairs until they came to a loophole, near the level of the water ; and he told them to take their pickaxes and make an opening large enough for them to pass through. The slaves obeyed, and wrought as they had never wrought before. And while they were doing it, the prisoner came to Mona, and giving her a little file, bade her file his chains apart ; and looking into his face, she said, " Oh, my brother ! do you not know me ? I am Mona ; " and she fell upon his neck and kissed him. Then she tried, with all her strength, to break

the chain ; and while she strove, they heard a great shout from below, and knew the wall was broken in ; and the watchers told them that the ship had reached the tower at last. The prisoners rushed eagerly down the stairs, and Mona followed with her brother, his chains still clinging to him. When they reached the opening in the tower, a strange and beautiful picture was revealed to them. A broad plank was stretched from the deck of the vessel to the tower, and the prisoners and slaves were passing over it. Upon the deck of the vessel, with knights in armor, and rude sailors, and peasant men and women, forming a half-circle around him, stood the princely form of a Knight, whose raised visor disclosed a countenance full of love, and infinite pity.

They saw him touch the chains of the prisoners, and instantly they were severed ; and when he laid his hand upon the bowed forms of the slaves, they stood erect as free men.

Then Mona knew that she beheld the Knight of the forest, and passing over with her brother, saw with joy that his chains slipped from him and fell heavily into the sea. She looked up to thank the Knight, when, calling her name, he clasped her hand, and bade her stand by his side, since ~~his~~ ^{her} place was to be there forevermore. Near the Knight she saw her father, his arms open to receive her ; and with a cry of joy she sprang to his embrace. Then came the long-lost son, whom he had thought never to see again.

While they rejoiced together, the Knight spoke to the people, who gathered around him, and said :

"I am Prince Liber, whom the prophet foretold should come over the sea and deliver you from your oppressors. Behold ! I have come ! In this good ship we will sail to the Happy Isles, where peace and freedom dwell, and I will reign over you."

Then a glad shout went up from the people, and they fell upon their knees and gave thanks to God for their deliverance.

Now a fresh breeze sprang up, the ship weighed anchor and turned her prow towards the rising sun. When the white sails, like wings of birds, were given to the wind, and gay banners were streaming out, and the air was filled with joyful music, a frail raft went floating by them. And Prince Liber, and all who were in the ship, beheld the Princess Tirana, with the nobles, the knights, and ladies of her court, and looking up with their woe-begone faces, they saw the prince and Mona standing side by side, with the prisoners and slaves grouped around them. Then the Princess recognized the Knight of the rose-colored mantle, and knew there was no hope for them. So, without a sign, the good ship Deliverance passed them on her way to the Happy Isles, and the raft went slowly drifting out to unknown seas.

RUTH.

A BALLAD OF '36.*

“Thee must turn the cows out, Benny, for I heard
father say,
They were to go into the mēadow, before he went
away,
And let old Doll go with them, she'll have a day of
rest;
For I cannot go to meeting, I know't would not be
best.

O Benny, I'm so troubled, I could not sleep last
night,
For thinking of that woman; I'm afraid it is'nt
right
To keep her here much longer, since father's so well
known
As being an Abolitionist, Oh, I wish he were at
home!

I think I would feel better, if thee'd take the time
to go
To Avondale, to see friend Brown; for he would
surely know,
If there is any danger; and do not forget to say
That father went with mother to Quarterly yester-
day,”

* An incident related in the life of Dr. Ann Preston.

She stood within the door-way ; and watched her
 brother ride,
 Where the road wound through the valley, with the
 little stream beside,
 Among the new leafed maples, the robins gaily flew,
 And the air was sweet with violets, that round the
 door-step grew.

She looked upon the valley, and the sloping hills of
 green ;
 And thought a place more lovely, was rarely to be
 seen.
 It was a goodly heritage, but alas ! that there should
 be
 The blighting stain upon it, of human slavery !

While yet she gazed, a horseman rode swiftly down
 the hill,
 And up the lane he hurried ; her very heart stood
 still.
 He waved his hand in greeting, and as he nearer
 drew ;
 She saw 'twas neighbor Jackson, a friend right brave
 and true.

“Ho, Ruth !” he cried, as quickly she hastened to
 the gate,
 “The woman’s master’s coming, and I have no
 time to wait.
 Our house they now are searching, and I away must
 ride ;
 To call the neighbors round me, and rouse the coun-
 try side.”

“What shall I do?” she murmured, in a low and frightened tone,

“If they should come and find her, for I’m here all alone?”

“Do what thee can, fear nothing, they’ll harm thee not, I know;

And we will save the woman, so onward I must go.”

There came an inspiration, as she saw him ride away,

For she heard a low voice saying: Thy people meet to-day!

Then up the garret stairway, with lightning speed she flew,

And from her place of hiding the frightened woman drew.

Right quickly she arrayed her, in her mother’s shawl and gown;

And in the plain drab bonnet, she hid the face so brown,

Her thick green veil was doubled, to shield her from the sun,

“Now thee will pass for mother,” she said, when all was done.

Then out into the meadow, with eager steps she sped,
And patient quiet Dolly, by her hand was homeward led;

And deftly moved her fingers to buckle trace and band,

While anxious eyes were gazing, far over all the land.

O, the maiden's heart was beating, as through the
valley wide,

She drove out in the wagon, with the woman at her
side ;

She knew that she was bearding the lion in his den,
For sweeping down the valley, came the master and
his men !

She felt the woman tremble, and her pale cheeks
paler grew,

And quickened were her heart throbs, as the horse-
men nearer drew,

Then close, beside the wagon, they stayed the bridle
rein ;

And looked within right boldly, and found their
quest in vain !

One cried, as on they hurried, "O the Quakers
meet to pray,

But this maid and her mother, will be there late
to-day."

Ah, little dreamed the master, as he spurred his
weary steed,

How near he had been to grasping—the object of
his greed.

Right onward pressed the maiden, to neighbor Jack-
son's door,

And gave the poor slave trembling, to their friendly
care once more.

And great was her rejoicing ; as she took her home-
ward way,

That she had foiled the hunters, and snatched from
them their prey.

SUMMER RAIN.

The rain, the joyous summer rain
Has come to us again,
To bless the hot and thirsty earth ;
And glad the hearts of men.
We watched with yearning eyes the clouds,
That flitted o'er the sky,
They bore their showers, to other flowers ;
And passed our loved one's by.
We saw the dark green fields of maize
Droop like some army brave,
When the fever burns in every vein ;
And there is none to save.
But now the blessed, cooling rain
Will lift each drooping crest,
And banners bright shall wave to-night ;
'Till the winds have gone to rest.
By a little grave—we placed last May,
The fairest flower that grows—
There soft rains fell, and sunbeams came,
And we knew they loved our rose.
But the summer heat no pity hath,
It comes with withering power ;
And dooms to death, with its fiery breath,
Alike the weed and flower.
It passed athwart the little mound ;
And the grass lay withered there,
The rose-tree drooped, so drooped the lost,

Who was so young and fair.
 O blessings on thee summer rain !
 Sweet rose, thou wilt not die !
 But live and bloom on that loved tomb ;
 And glad each passer-by.

THE EXODUS.

Over the prairies at midnight,
 A black and dreary waste,
 There fled a lonely mother
 With a wild and fearful haste.

A poor heart-broken mother,
 Close to her heaving breast ;
 With eager death-like clasping,
 A trembling babe she prest.

The prairie fire before her,
 Loomed up with lurid glare,
 Yet still her course was onward ;
 As life and hope were there.

And ever as she hastened
 Upon her fearful way,
 She prayed the silent hours ;
 To bring not back the day.

“O pitying God of heaven !”
 She cried in tones so wild,
 “Thou who did'st look on Hagar,
 Take pity on my child.”

The hunters were behind her,
 She heard the hound's deep bay ;
 And angry flames before her,
 Seemed beckoning to their prey.

"O cease," she said, "thy wailing,
 Fear not the scorching flame,
 Through it my arms shall bear thee,
 From bitter woe and shame.

"They say a foaming river
 Flows fast by Freedom's shore,
 And there the cruel master ;
 Shall seek my child no more.

"On, through the fiery furnace,
 Yet this dear Lord, may be,
 But snow-flakes falling on us ;
 If we but trust in Thee."

Then lo ! the fierce flames parted,
 Like waves on either side ;
 Beyond she sees the waters,
 Of a river swift and wide.

She hears the hounds loud baying,
 She hears the hunter's cry ;
 She sees the fiery pillar,
 She feels that help is nigh.

With one wild cry she bounded
 Thro' the parted, flaming sea,
 O'er burning coals she hastened
 On—on to Liberty !

They reached the foaming river,
 So swift, and dark and wide ;
 And angels waiting bore them,
 Safe on the other side.

THE ROBIN.

As I sit by my window, and hear the winds blow,
Which whiten the maples, and dimple the stream ;
While I gaze on the sky, and the green earth below,
And weave with sweet Fancy, full many a dream.

'Tis the song of the robin, that breaketh the spell,
Which comes 'neath the maple tree day after day ;
I have heard it so oft, that I know it right well,
For the heart in its music, comes gushing away.

Far up in the maple in her bower of green,
Safely nestled away from the wind and the rain,
There sitteth in patience, our robin's dear queen ;
And bends her to list to his love-burdened strain.

Sing on little bird, as I hear thy sweet song,
I dream what a beautiful world this might be ;
Could we banish afar, all oppression and wrong,
And sing as thou singest to thy mate in the tree.

THE TIME SERVER.

Room for the world's beloved, the man of time !
They swell his glorious train,
They twine a wreath to-day ;
And weave the song and lay,
And deem his never-dying name,
As the proud sun shall shine, thro' all the years
sublime !

Room for the hero, who has bent his knee
 Too lowly for his manhood's pride ;
 And in a dark *dark* hour,
 Eager for fame and power,
 God and his truth belied,
 And bowed all slavishly to wrong's dread tyranny.

Room for the traitor, on whose burning brow
 Is set the mark of Cain.
 Wo ! for the toiling slaves,
 Wo ! for the martyrs' graves,
 Wo ! for the years of ceaseless Cain ;
 To which his perjured vow hath doomed earth's
 millions now !

Is this thy triumph hour ? There was a time,
 When fainting hearts looked up to thee ;
 And hung upon thy words,
 Sweet as the songs of birds,
 Yet ever strong and grand as the sea,
 Which wafts thy truths sublime to every race and
 clime.

O, 'twas a glorious day—the tyrant, on his throne
 Trembled to hear his doom,
 And one more blessed ray
 Dawned on God's poor that day,
 As through the gathering gloom ;
 A faint hope dimly shone, that God had heard his
 moan.

Alas ! he was but clay, and yet we mourn that he
 Hath fallen on the way,
 And gird us for the fight,
 Of holy truth and right ;
 God is our hope and stay !
 Press on—our cause shall be crowned with His victory.

BERTHA'S DREAM ;

OR,

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

BERTHA GAY awoke, one Christmas morning,
 and the first thing that met her eyes, on a little
 stand by her bedside, was a crab Cactus, in full bloom.

“ To Bertha Gay,
 With Christmas greetings,
 From her mother,”

she read on the strip of paper pinned to the plant.

“ Oh, what a good mother she is, to remember me, every Christmas ; and what a little beauty it is !” she thought, raising herself on her elbow to obtain a nearer view of it. She counted the flowers—six there were fully out, and seven buds. They looked like birds, with crimson bodies and scarlet wings, just ready for flight. The stamens were tipped with yellow, but the pistil was crimson, as though the brush of the Great Artist had, at the last moment, given it a finishing-touch, to make it still more perfect.

Bertha Gay was a thoughtful, earnest child ; she had a natural fondness for flowers and all kinds of pets ; but her greatest trouble was, that the flowers, be they ever so fair and beautiful, would droop, wither and die. Only a fortnight had she rejoiced in the beauty of the Cactus blooms ; now she clipped off the poor wilted things with her scissors, and threw them out on the snow-covered ground, and the wind blew them away.

“What a pity it is that everything dies in this world !” thought Bertha, as she went on with her sewing again.

She disliked long seams, but it was a task she must finish, before she could go over to see her friend Anna Ware, and she applied herself with great diligence, to make up for lost time.

Her mother had gone out to call on a sick neighbor, and she was left alone. The room was strangely still—she could hear the cat purr on the rug before the fire. The bright winter sunshine poured in the south window, and “glorified” the plants that were placed there. The tall Egyptian lily seemed to bend over, that she might fill her cups full of sunshine. The Heliotrope turned her fragrant blossoms evermore to it ; and even the Cactus seemed to lift her brilliant petals, higher and higher still, to reach the sun’s warm heat.

How endless the seam was ! she had halved it and quartered it, and the half-way pin was not reached, when suddenly she found herself out on the snow, where the cactus petals were scattered as far as she could see. She heard a snow-bird sing :

“Follow, oh, follow the Cactus leaves
To the summer-land, where no one grieves.”

And Bertha, nothing loath, followed the small crimson thread, that stained the pure white snow. Over hill and dale, frozen stream and icy lake, still she went on and on. At last she came to a dark and gloomy cavern, and she heard a blue-bird singing in the clear and frosty air:

“Dark without, but light within;
Enter, maiden, free from sin.”

“It is not for such as I to go in,” thought Bertha, as she hesitated with her foot on the threshold. But soft delicious airs were wafted to her, filled with the scent of myriads of roses, and looking up she saw, written in crimson letters over the entrance of the cavern:

“They must be brave, who enter here.”

And straightway she found courage to enter in. It was a large and lofty hall, with an arched roof, and the light streamed from some mysterious source, hidden from the eyes. And everywhere there were roses, of all shades and hues; they paved the floor; they lined the walls; they hung from the ceiling—it seemed to Bertha as though all the roses in the world must be gathered in this place. Through the centre of the hall there was a row of pure white roses, and every rose bore a Cactus leaf on its breast, and she saw her path lay through them, and followed where they led. The cruel thorns pricked her tender feet and hands; they caught her dress and held her fast;

but she broke loose from them and struggled bravely on. Before her she saw an immense doorway, covered with green moss, with climbing roses twined closely around it; and over it was written, in deep-blue letters:

“They must love truth, and have no fear;
None else can find an entrance here.”

Bertha closed her eyes and gasped for breath, when she reached the second entrance. It was the Hall of the Heliotropes, and everywhere they lined the walls, and hung from the ceiling, and paved the floor, as the roses had done; and still the Cactus leaves made a line of red through the purple sea of bloom; and Bertha followed them, dizzy and faint with the perfume from so many thousands of flowers. Now she came to the third door, but instead of roses, a *Mau-randia*, with its delicate leaves, and bells of purple and white, was twined about it, and in letters of gold she read:

“They must be pure as crystal clear,
They must love truth, and have no fear,
Or seek in vain to enter here.”

Bertha trembled, and shaded her eyes with her hands, as she stood still and beheld the dazzling glory which burst upon her. White lilies sprang up at her feet; they festooned the ceilings and clung to the walls—every where were lilies, bathed in the clear, transparent light which came from an oval window at the farthest end, set like a diamond in a ring of gold. Everywhere lilies, parted on either side by a silver stream, which went gushing and

sparkling over crimson pebbles, like flower petals turned to stone. Her feet were weary from her long journey, they were bleeding from the pricking of the sharp thorns, and she longed to bathe them in the cool waters, and more than all did she long to look out of the beautiful window whence came the light which flooded the hall with crimson and purple and gold. While she lingered tremblingly, she heard a dove cooing among the lilies.

“Wouldst thou see this beautiful land of ours,
Follow the stream, through the lilies’s flowers.”

Then Bertha stepped into the water fearlessly, and went up to the window of light. A beautiful summer landscape lay before her, bathed in a radiance, which seemed neither of the sun, or moon, or stars, but of all combined, it was so wonderfully soft and clear. It was a land of hill and dale, with purple mountains rising up in the distance. There were springing fountains, and crystal streams winding through meadows of flowers; and there were groves of beautiful trees, with the softest foliage and the most graceful forms.

And everywhere there were little children wandering over the meadows and the fields; happy children, laughing in the sunlight, busy among the flowers, with not a sorrowful face, among them all. At a short distance from the window, Bertha saw a magnificent cactus tree, with flowers so like her own, her heart went out to it at once. Two children were eagerly watching it. The one with long golden curls and dark brown eyes, looked like a little brother she had lost, who was laid away under the

snow, and whose face she never thought to see again ; and his companion was a schoolmate, whom she had dearly loved, and upon whose grave she had planted a rose, more than a year ago.

She pressed her face against the glass, and their names were on her lips, when she heard the golden-haired one say : " See Mary ! there comes another of sister Bertha's flowers." And a little bird like thing seemed to spring up from the ground, and lighted upon a branch of the Cactus, and she saw it was no bird, but a wilted flower, which had no sooner touched the plant, than it became fresh and beautiful again.

Then she heard her schoolmate say, " Poor Bertha ! she does not know that while she is grieving over her withered flowers, they are transplanted to this summer land, where the flowers never die."

" And she does not know," said the golden-haired one, his lovely face all aglow with happiness ; " She does not know that the flower chains reach from earth to heaven, and serve to bind more closely, the loved ones there, to us, who love them here."

Then Bertha longed to cry out, to let them know she was looking at them, wishing to speak to them, while they stood all unmindful of her presence. But she heard her mother's voice calling mournfully in the distance, " Come back, Bertha, come back, do not leave me alone in the world !" and giving one last lingering look at the beautiful landscape, and at the loved ones she was leaving, she passed through the wonderful cavern, and went slowly back to the home she had left.

MISS MOPPET'S VISIT.

Little Miss Moppet,
One evening last May,
Came into my parlor
So airy and gay.

Her hair flew like wild fire
All over her head,
Her cheeks like peonies
Were redder than red.

Her skin fresh and ruddy,
Well kissed by the sun ;
Her eyes round as pennies,
Were sparkling with fun.

Her lips were twin cherries,
Her breath new-mown hay ;
She came into my parlor,
Like the breezes of May.

Her dress neat and comely,
Clasped loosely her form ;
It was meet for the sunshine,
Or meet for the storm.

She dropp'd me a courtesy,
Such manners had she,
I knew she had traveled
From over the sea.

“ Good evening, Miss Moppet,
 I am glad you are here,
 I’ve been longing to see you
 This many a year.”

“ I’m hunting some children
 To play with,” said she ;
 “ I have gone the land over,
 And where can they be?

There are plenty of misses,
 All trimmed off so gay,
 With flounces and sashes,
 But they cannot play ;

They sit like their dollies,
 As fine and as prim ;
 And to tumble their dresses,
 Would be a great sin.

I have gone the land over,
 And hunted all round ;
 And find that real children,
 Can scarcely be found.

They turn up their noses,
 They laugh at my hair ;
 And say, ‘ I’m no lady,’
 For I’ve nothing to wear.

So I’ve just called to see you,
 For England I’m bound ;
 For there little children
 By the dozens are found.

And I wish you would tell them,
All the children for me ;
 That little Miss Moppet,
 Has gone over the sea."

And dropping a courtesy,
 Quite down to the floor ;
 The queer little stranger,
 Passed out of the door.

THE PLANTING OF THE TREES.

'Twas late last summer, when a whirl-wind came,
 And laid "our Willow" prostrate in the dust.
 This spring, when first the willow buds had burst ;
 And over all the land, the Maples were a-flame,
 Two stripling Maples from the woods were brought,
 Slender and tall, few buds on them were seen,
 Such trees were meet for "Jack's" most famous
 bean,
 For scarce were limbs where one might hang a
 thought.
 Upon the ragged sward the church beside ;
 Two shallow holes the workmen duly made,
 And closely packed within the roots were laid,
 The sods placed on, and all seemed satisfied.
 Not all, last night soft fell the April rain,
 The Gothic windows of the church looked out,
 Thro' streaming tears, and clouds of hopeless
 doubt ;

And a faint voice stole through each diamond pane ;
 " Are these the trees," it said, " such poles as these ?
 To stand where stood so long, my loved, lost
 tree ?

How gracefully it waved, and sang to me,
 When howled rude winds, or sighed the summer
 breeze."

A little singing bird all cold and wet,
 Sat perched upon the limb of one poor tree,
 And lifting up its wings sang joyfully ;

" Now spring has come, the winter we'll forget.

Wait thou, Oh, moaning pane ! let summer's sun
 Shine thrice upon these trees, so leafless now ;
 We'll come and build our nest within the bough,
 And sing our sweetest song when all is done."
 The bird was still, and hushed the moaning pane,
 The struggling grass sprang up, and thought of
 spring ;

The bird went on his way with lighter wing,
 The trees looked up, and blessed the April rain.

LIGHT FOR THE STRAYING.

" Every night," said Mr. Peggotty, as re'glar as the night
 comes, the candle must be stood in its old pane of glass, that
 if ever she should see it, it may seem to say, " Come back, my
 child, come back !" — *David Copperfield*.

Yes I must go, since she has gone,
 Who was our hope and pride ;
 She brought the sunshine to our home,
 Who's turned it all aside ;

Yet now, though outcast she may be,
 She's still our darling Emily.

“Our home! she used to love the place,
 Though it is rude and poor;
 And oft it welcomed her sweet face,
 When coming o'er the moor.
 Poor child! perhaps in princely bowers,
 She sighs for hearts as warm as ours.

And soon he'll weary, he who strove,
 To lure her from an old man's hearth;
 And lone, heart-broken she will rove,
 A wretched outcast o'er the earth.
 Ah! let me go—I cannot rest,
 Till her dear head lies on my breast.

Yet stay! should she return, poor child,
 A weary dove to sheltering ark,
 When o'er the moor she wanders wild;
 She must not find the cabin dark.
 O place each night within the pane
 A light, for fear she'll come again.

Ah! may it draw her back once more,
 And lead her from the path of sin;
 And should she come heart-sick and sore,
 O chide her not, but take her in;
 You loved her, and I know you'll be,
 Gentle and kind to Emily.”

O warm true heart! if such as thou
 Wert moving on this earth of ours,
 How bright would glow life's darken'd bough,

With rainbow gleams 'mid beauteous flowers;
 Where withered leaf and branches bare,
 Hang mournfull in the chilly air.

O place the light in darkened pane,
 And let its kindly ray
 Allure from wind, and storm and rain,
 All wanderers gone astray;
 Weary and faint, without a home,
 They rove the dreary moors alone.

More lights in alleys dark and damp,
 Where all is wintry, cold and chill,
 O place within a friendly lamp;
 To guide the outcast o'er the sill,
 And lure her from the paths of sin,
 To pitying hearts that beat within.

OVER THE WAY.

The house is closed that used to ring,
 With voices glad and boyish mirth;
 And she who was the moving spring
 Of all,—has vanished from the earth.

I miss the pleasant cheery smile,
 That greeted me across the way;
 The voice so frank, and free from guile,
 Which *meant* all that she had to say.

I miss the light that used to shine,
 So late and long, so long and late;
 I knew, while sweetest sleep was mine,
 That she could only watch and wait.

O brave true heart ! a welcome guest
 Death came to thee, no fear was thine ;
 For it was life, and peace and rest,
 And the infolding Love Divine !

MORNING GLORIES.

Flowers of the dawn ! I love you,
 Ye are frail as the drops of dew,
 That the sun looks through and through ;
 And changes to golden wine,

Halos of the morn ! they are thine,
 There're flowers that flaunt their bloom,
 Through the burning hours of noon ;
 These are sacred to morning prime.

Ere the rose-flush tinges the east,
 Ere the little wren stirs in her nest ;
 When the world is a world at rest,
 The glories are floating in air !

Who has called thee, flower so fair ?
 What voice has whispered to thee,
 'Tis time for the morning to be ;
 Now weave her a garland rare ?"

Whence came thy wondrous hues ?
 Thy purples with king's may vie,
 Yet folded thy spirals lie ;
 And shrink from day's fervid beams.

Ye are sweeter than morning dreams,
 Frail beautiful flowers to me !
 All veiled in sweet mystery,
 And lighted with rainbow gleams.

LAMENT OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

I've wandered out beneath the moonlit heaven,
 Lost mother ! loved and dear,
To every star, a magic power seems given,
 To bring thy spirit near :
For though the breeze of freedom fans my brow,
My soul still turns to thee, oh, where art thou?
Where art thou, mother? I am weary thinking;
 A heritage of toil and woe
Was thine—beneath it art thou slowly sinking,
 Or hast thou perished long ago?
And doth thy spirit 'mid the quivering leaves above
 me,
Hover dear mother near to guard and love me?
I murmur at my lot: in the white man's dwelling,
 The mother there is found;
Or he may tell where spring buds first are swelling,
 Above her lowly mound.
But thou ! lost, mother, every trace of thee,
In the vast sepulchre of slavery !
Long years have passed, since sad, faint-hearted,
 I stood on freedom's shore;
And knew dear mother, from thee I was parted,
 To meet thee nevermore.
And deemed the tyrant's chain with thee, were
 better,
Than stranger hearts, and limbs without a fetter.

Yet blessings on thy Roman mother's spirit,
 Could I forget it then—
 The parting scene ! and struggle not to inherit,
 A free-man's birthright once again ?
 O noble words ! O holy love which gave
 Thee strength to utter them, a poor heart-broken
 slave. *

Be with me mother, be thy spirit near me
 Wherever thou may'st be,
 In hours like this bend near, that I may hear thee,
 And know that thou art free.
 Summoned at length from bondage, toil and pain,
 To God's free world—a world without a chain !

AN OCTOBER LULLABY.

Sleep, little one, sleep,
 Night's curtain is down,
 And the great sun has gone to his rest ;
 The katy-dids sing their merry go round,
 And the little bird chirps in his nest ;
 But the cricket sings, " Sleep, sleep !"
 Sleep, little one, sleep,
 No danger is nigh ;
 'Tis the tree-frog that sings in the leaves,
 And the katy-dids' shrill ring out a reply ;
 But softly and low as one who grieves,
 The cricket sings, " Sleep, sleep !"

* My child we must soon part, to meet no more on this side
 the grave. You have ever said, that you would not die a slave,
 that you would be a free man, now try and get your liberty.—
Wm. Brown's Narrative.

MY FIRST TEACHERS.

PART I.

FORTY years ago, children had fewer rights and privileges than they have now-a-days. The first lessons taught us were obedience and humility. It was early impressed upon our tender minds, that we were not of much consequence in the world, and it became us to keep quiet, and make as little trouble as possible. We had many teachers. In addition to our parents, there were the Sarah Janes and Elizabeth Anns, who presided over the kitchen, and considered themselves fully competent to superintend our education. They did not belong to the flitting race of Ireland—here to-day and gone to-morrow ; but were the daughters of respectable American parents, and not infrequently spent a lifetime in the service of the family to which they attached themselves. I can well remember the spirit of fear and trembling with which I entered our tidy and well-swept kitchen, with a torn dress or soiled apron. It was not my mother's mild reproof I dreaded so much as Sarah Jane's solemn shake of the head, which seemed straightway to consign me to perdition.

Life-in-doors was not agreeable to my freedom-loving spirit, and fortunately for me, we lived on a

farm, and I was free to go wheresoever I would. There was one restriction placed upon me, however, and that was I must wear a bonnet. How I detested the sight of that close, hot bonnet! What did I care about my complexion? let it tan—the browner the better; or my hair bleached by the sun to a tawny whiteness? let it bleach; I wanted the free air and summer sunshine to visit me, without let or hindrance. I think the best part of my childhood must have been spent in a sun-bonnet war.

I knew I was given over by my mother to the care of Aunt Lucy, who lived with us, in the hope that her gentle influence might have some effect upon me.

I remember, too, that once I was shut up in a dark closet in the cellar, to punish me for not wearing it, and some mischief-loving person scratched on the door and frightened me so dreadfully that I screamed to be taken out. I do not think I liked the bonnet any better after that, but, perhaps, I learned to keep it on for fear I might be served so again.

Let the children of this generation be truly thankful, that the light airy hat has taken the place of the old-fashioned sun bonnet. I had rarely any play mates, and I did not miss them. I had so many pleasant thoughts to keep me company down by the bright sparkling waters of our beautiful creek, where I played in the sand banks, or hunted for muscle shells and curious pebbles, or waded with my bare feet in its cool shallow waters.

The stream had a soft, musical Indian name—Poquessing—and sometimes my father turned up with his plow, an Indian arrow-head, rudely fashioned

out of stone. It never seemed lonely by the murmuring waters, so full of life and change and endless variety ; but when I went up into the fragrant mows of our great stone barn I wanted company.

It was there I took my cousins, Salome and Jenny, when they came over to spend the afternoon with me. What a glorious play-house it was in the early spring days, when the mows were neither too high nor too low for the daring leap we rejoiced in, and which seemed to us the supreme height of earthly enjoyment.

Our mothers thought it was not the nicest kind of play for girls. They objected to the dust, and we certainly were somewhat the worse for wear when our play was over. But we were never finely dressed in those days. Our calico frocks, guiltless of flounce or trimming, were not easily spoiled, protected as they were by the large full apron of check or gingham, which reached nearly to the hem of the dress. Then our shoes, made of good serviceable calf-skin, were well fitted for rough usage.

I shall never forget the time when I was treated to a white apron by a great aunt, and how I was placed upon a stool, and turned slowly around, while she looked at me over her spectacles, with admiring eyes. I must have resembled a small white keg, as much as anything, but to her I seemed a very nicely dressed little girl.

After a long day spent in running wild over the meadows and fields, I was tired enough to be quiet when evening came. I think that my mother took me on her lap sometimes in the summer twilight, and

talked to me seriously and earnestly, I know she was a good woman, who desired greatly that her children should do what was right. But she was a busy housewife, with many cares resting upon her, and these quiet and profitable seasons may have been few and far between.

Once I remember a young friend gave me "The Youth's Casket," containing among other things an abridged story of "Undine, the Water Spirit." I was too young to understand the deep meaning which lay beneath the beautiful outer covering, and regarded it only as a charming fairy tale. But when my mother tried to impress me with the nature of the soul, by showing me the great and wonderful change that took place in Undine, when she became possessed of an immortal spirit, then the story assumed a new and startling interest to my young eyes. And it lingers in my memory still, not merely as a beautiful story, but as a wise parable, whose hidden significance we scarcely yet may have fathomed.

Like all children I was very fond of ballads and songs, and very happy was I if I could persuade "our Grace" to repeat the pathetic old English ballad, called "The Orphans." I always cried over it, though I had heard it dozens of times, and it must have been "the pleasure in pain" which always made me eager to hear it once more. Grace was my mother's "taken girl." She came to us when a child of nine, and was to remain until she was of age. It was in the bond that this young girl was to be treated as one of her own children, and my mother was very careful to keep her promise to

the letter. Woe betide us, if we did aught which savored of injustice to Grace ; then indeed our punishment was severe. But we liked her too well to impose upon her knowingly ; she was good natured and obliging, and had a memory stored with a great many old songs and ballads, to which it was my greatest delight to listen, while she either sang or recited them. My sisters Alice and Grace were near the same age, and they both went to a Friends' School in the neighborhood, and now all too soon the time was drawing nigh when I was compelled to give up my cherished freedom and exchange the wide, free and beneficent school room of Nature, for the close and narrow limits of that instituted by man.

PART II.

MY SCHOOL DAYS.

WE lived a good mile and a quarter from the school house, and to me it seemed the longest and weariest mile over which I had ever traveled. The meeting-house was our nearest neighbor ; not a very sociable one, since it was only at the mid-week meetings that it showed signs of life. Yet I trust we were truly grateful to it for the fine large play-ground that it offered for our enjoyment. The school-house was well shaded with trees, and over the yard were scattered maples and oaks, young ash trees and two large buttonwoods. We did not lack for cool places of retreat through the hot summer noontide. The

play-ground possessed so many more attractions than the school-house that I find I remember the life out of doors far better than the life within. There we found only bare white-washed walls without pictures, maps or suggestive mottoes to attract our attention, and the old pine desks were scratched over and scored deeply with the names of ambitious school-boys. And oh, those wooden stools, how hard and narrow, and destitute of comfort they were! Life in school in those days, seemed to be one long dreary Multiplication Table. I soon found it was a great misfortune to be a little girl, since every one felt at liberty to impose upon me. I think our teacher was not fond of children, else why should he vent his spleen and ill humor upon the little ones, while he reserved his smiles and pleasant words for the older girls. How fervently I wished to be one of the highly favored class; the road to knowledge was made so hard and rough for our tender feet; and how eagerly I looked forward to the "big noons," when two long hours were given us, in which we could play and enjoy ourselves. The older girls knew a great many games and if we were not too small would graciously permit us to take part in them, and well do I remember the quaint nonsensical rhymes which we chanted in concert. I think some of the plays must have come over with the *May Flower*, they were so filled with the names of kings and queens. Two of these seemed to be especial favorites with the girls—one of them beginning thus:

"Lady Queen Ann, she sits in the sun.
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun."

And the other :

“ Now hoist the gates as high as the sky,
And let King George and his train go by.”

Yet I liked the sounding, spirited rhymes of

“ Here comes three lords out of Spain,”
A-courting for your daughter Jane.”

the best of all.

Sometimes they made play-houses in the carriage sheds and we were allowed to live with them as their little girls.

What grand tea parties we used to have, with the contents of our dinner-baskets spread out upon the broken bits of china with which our dressers were adorned, and how fortunate we deemed the owner of an old cracked teapot, or sugar bowl. If we wished to live in the very best style, we brought an old bell from home, and fastened it to our shed post, and then our visitors were obliged to ring several times in order to gain admittance; it not being considered quite the thing, to attend the first summons of the bell. Our favorite expression was: “ Now let us pretend,” and our little world was as full of pretension as that great one, of which our only knowledge was derived from books.

It was about this time that there came a sad break in my school days. My mother, while away from home on a visit, was taken sick and died.

I was too young to understand then, the great loss, which had befallen me. But in after years, I learned to know from many a bitter and hard exper-

ience, what it was, for a child to lose a mother's unwearying love, and tender sympathy.

When I came back to the old school-house, it was to find that the girls, whose position had seemed so enviable to me, were all gone, and we were left to occupy their places, and to try and impress upon other little girls, our superior wisdom and great importance.

A new and more amiable teacher had taken the place of the old one, but there was no change in the method of teaching, and we pursued the same dull, monotonous routine, as had been the custom for years. When we were not reciting our lessons, we were filling our slates with examples in Arithmetic, which received little or no explanation from the teacher. We had no blackboards, whereon we were compelled to exhibit our ready knowledge, or our woeful ignorance. The height of our teacher's ambition seemed to be, that we should perform so many examples per day, and whether we understood the rules of Arithmetic, or not, was a matter of no consequence. I was old enough now to form several friendships with my school-mates, but my cousins Salome and Jenny, were still the first upon the list of my friends and I liked nothing better than to be allowed to go home with them, now and then, and stay all night.

Like all children, we were extremely fond of fruit, and the form of invitation from our school-mates, was very apt to run in this wise: "I want thee to come home with me next week, our ox-hearts will be ripe then," or it was "our goose-berries are good to

eat now, ask thy mother if thee can't come and stay all night with me." We must have had a modest opinion of our own merits, and felt inadequate to the task of entertaining our friends, unless we could call in the potent aid of goose-berries and cherries.

Among my school-mates, there was one, to whom we all seemed to defer. She was a head taller than the rest of us, and always spoke as one having authority, so that we felt obliged to obey her commands. We thought she was *very* wise, for she told us of things we had never thought or heard of before. She forbid us ever throwing our aprons over our heads, when a funeral passed, since this simple act might cause the death of some member of our family. She was likewise very strict about our speaking, when a thunder-storm came up, and affirmed very solemnly that there was great danger of our being struck dead, if we spoke a word during a peal of thunder. She made death seem a very dreadful thing, since it was a fore-gone conclusion, that we were sure to go to the "bad place" and oh! the untold horror that filled our susceptible hearts, when we thought of entering that dreadful abode of eternal flames.

I have learned another lesson, since those days. I believe in a loving Father, who does not willingly afflict his children, and that he has prepared for us all, a beautiful home of peace and rest beyond the grave. Death is shorn of his terrors now.

Yet, when I look back upon my childhood, and remember what I suffered from the doctrines inculcated by ignorance and superstition, I cannot but wish that parents would "exercise a more guarded

care'' over the spiritual welfare of their little ones. Very early does the soul unfold its wings, and essay a feeble flight into the Infinite. It is not enough that a child's physical wants should receive attention. It is a good thing to teach them to be truthful and honest—to be unselfish and brave; but do not rest satisfied when this is done, feeling that you have performed your whole duty.

If thou hast a hope, O tender and loving mother, in a hereafter, wherein the immortal soul shall progress through the eternal ages, hesitate not to make thy children partakers in thy belief.

It needs not that many words shall be spoken; there are always times and seasons when the spirit draws near to the Infinite Source of Good; and who so well as a watchful mother can divine the fitting moment? Let not the cares of this world prevent thee from availing thyself of this blessed privilege; and rest assured that in after years, when thou art no longer near to guide and restrain them, the remembrance of thy teachings shall save them from sin, and serve as an incentive to virtuous acts and noble deeds.

PART III.

THE BELOVED TEACHER.

IT was not the custom, in the days of which I am writing, for girls in country places to go to school in winter. As soon as the chilling winds of November began to blow, and the first snows came, we bade farewell to study until the pleasant spring days visited

us again. And thus it often happened that a change of teachers took place during our winter vacations.

Heretofore, all our teachers had been men, and it was with a presentiment of something new and pleasant being in store for us, that we learned a woman, bearing the soft-sounding name of Mary, would open the school in the April days, which were drawing near.

Our presentiment was destined to be fully realized, since now, for the first time, we had a teacher whom we all loved.

I know not what wonderful gift she possessed, to win, so quickly and entirely as she did, our youthful affections; nor what potent spell she exercised, which caused us to yield her such willing obedience. But I think the secret of her power over us, lay in the fact that she never forgot her own childhood; and keeping it fresh in her memory, she was ever ready to sympathize with us in all our little joys and troubles. She had a pleasant, expressive face, with soft gray eyes and dark brown hair, and a mouth which indicated firmness and decision of character. She was neither weakly indulgent, nor excessively severe; yet we knew instinctively, when she requested us to do a thing, she meant to be obeyed.

She had many devices for varying the monotony of our school days; so that our time was not wholly given to reading, writing, and arithmetic. In divers ways she managed to weave a little poetry into our lives, by giving us a pleasant surprise now and then.

Not very far from the school-house, there was a cool, shadowy wood, with a murmuring brook wan-

dering through it. Here the soft green mosses wove a luxurious carpet, whereon our tired feet might rest ; and sometimes, in the summer noons, she invited us to go with her there, to gather wild flowers and ferns, and the many treasures the wood contains for those who love it—as nearly all children do.

Once I remember, when the summer heats made us dull and languid, and disinclined for study, in the afternoon she bade us move our seats out under the shade of the old willow-tree ; and I have no doubt the delightful novelty of a school out of doors sharpened our wits as nothing else would have done.

She was so uniformly good and kind to us, I am loath to admit that she had any faults. But truth compels me to acknowledge we thought we discovered one flaw in her character. This one spot on the sun, was the showing an undue partiality for some of her scholars.

It happened that there were a couple of mischievous boys who used to torment “us girls” grievously. They pursued us with switches, and made us run over the school-grounds as though a swarm of angry bees were after us. They spoiled all our plays at noon, and the only respite we had, was when they went home for their dinner. Our teacher was a zealous Abolitionist ; and because these boys belonged to a hated and down-trodden race, let us complain as we might of their naughty ways, she would never punish them.

But “even her failings leaned to virtue’s side ;” for was it not her tender pity for a much-abused people, that caused her to be unjust to us, rather than be too severe upon these poor unfortunates ?

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Perhaps, too, she thought we were not entirely blameless in the matter; for had we been braver and more fearless, standing at bay when they threatened us, half the pleasure of tormenting us would have been lost.

One of our most cherished enjoyments was to loiter on our way home from school. There was a fine large wood, that grew by the wayside, which possessed many attractions for us, since, like most school girls, we had an insatiable appetite for everything green and sour. The lower part of the wood contained an abundance of wild Azaleas, and these bore a small, green and juicy apple, which seemed a delicious morsel to our perverted taste. There, too, we found a low bush with white blossoms, which we named "Pickles," in honor of their tartness; and the pungent sassafras and fragrant spice-wood trees stretched out their branches to welcome us.

But it was not alone for things to gratify the palate, that we loved to linger in the shadowy recesses of the wood; for dear to our hearts were the wild flowers we found there. In the early spring, we sought for the blue and white liver-worts, nestling for shelter close to the rugged trunk of some old forest tree; or the delicate anemone, whose slender stem seems all too frail to sustain the nodding blossoms. There, too, in the fall of the year, we sometimes met with a beautiful blue flower, shaped like a cup, with fringed petals; and in after years we learned that our treasure-trove was the fringed Gentian. It is the flower the poets love, and of which Bryant sang:—

“Thou waitest late, and com’st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near his end.

“Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue, blue—as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

“I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope blossoming within my heart,
 May look to Heaven as I depart.”

We called the woods our half-way house, and even if we did not enter it, felt aggrieved if we could not sit down to rest on the mossy bank which lay within the shadow of the trees.

Now many years have passed since it ceased to exist. Nothing remains to tell of its past glory, save a few decayed stumps, half hidden by the waving grain. Like the happy summer which I have attempted to describe, the pleasant memory is all that is left me.

One brief season only did our teacher sojourn with us, and then departed, to our great and lasting regret. In after years I met her again. She was the teacher of an infant school, and it was often my good fortune to see the little ones she gathered about her. They looked so bright and happy, and seemed to take such a lively interest in their studies, I felt instinctively she must still possess the same wonderful

magnetism which of old drew our hearts to her, and that she was to them, as she had been to us—The Beloved Teacher.

SUMMER TREES.

To A. M. W.

O summer trees, in leafy greenness glowing,
 ' Neath golden rays,
 You fill my soul with beauty to o'er-flowing,
 These summer days ;
 O let me bee-like 'mong your leaves and flowers,
 Gather all sweetness for the Winter hours.
 Ye revel in life's bliss or woe unfearing,
 And joy to greet
 The breeze's kiss, or the wild storm's careering,
 Since both are meet.
 O ! let me wander in your cloistered bowers,
 And nerve my soul to meet the Winter hours.
 Beautiful trees, that lift your boughs supremely
 In golden air ;
 Would I might rise as ye, and smile serenely,
 On earthly care ;
 And welcome chilling storms as Summer showers,
 And make a May-time of the Winter hours.
 O shed your dew upon me, cool the fever,
 Of my sad heart !
 I'm weary of unrest, the gloom will never
 From life depart—
 And the clouds gather, the fierce storm lowers,
 Which usher in the long, drear Winter hours.

Through the still forest paths I wander lonely,
 And ye are there ;
 Ye lift my soul up, till it sees you only,
 And breathes a prayer,
 That the calm peace, it finds in these loved bowers ;
 May give it strength to meet the Winter hours.

THE BELATED BEE.

' Twas in the early morning
 Before the sun was up ;
 The humble bee was sleeping
 In the lily's pearly cup.
 He dreamed of morning glories,
 With all their color spread,
 Red, white and blue they floated
 Above his sleepy head.
 And ever seemed they calling :
 " O rouse thee, laggard bee,
 The morning hours are waning ;
 And we wait in vain for thee,"
 A sunbeam kissed the lily,
 And made her still more fair ;
 The bee awoke, and buzzing
 Flew out to take the air.
 The sun shone on the trellis,
 Where waved the flowers of morn ;
 But folded were their banners,
 And all their glories shorn.
 O like some warrior mighty,

Clad in his bright array ;
 The humble bee came flying,
 Right eager for the fray ;
 And like a morning glory
 With all her colors torn,
 The bee went home, a sadder
 And wiser bee that morn.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

Spring has come—the birds are trilling
 Joyous notes of glee ;
 Flowers are springing in the woodland,
 Leaf-buds on the tree.

Birds are singing hymns of praises,
 Flowers too look up ;
 Deem ye not a smile of gladness
 Wreathes each tiny cup ?

Deem ye not a subtle perfume
 Lieth in each cell,
 Which ascendeth, though to mortal
 Made invisible !

I have bent o'er violet lowly,
 Gazed on each blue line
 Full of thought, till it seemed holy,
 Something half divine.

Hue of Heaven ! it seemed telling,
 Of some purer clime,
 Where the spirit of the flower,
 Should be known by mine.

Smile not, call me not a dreamer,
 Think ye in that sphere
 We shall lose the things of beauty ;
 We have long loved here ?

Wherefore should we love them ever,
 Until life is o'er ?
 Why waste on them thought and feeling,
 If they're ours no more ?

Love the flowers, gentle flowers !
 Strive like them to grow,
 Pure and simple, meek and lowly ;
 While ye dwell below.

And when pressing, upward pressing
 To the sun-lit shore,
 Sweet will be the flowers' perfume ;
 Flowers that fade no more !

THE BLIGHTED HARVEST.

A blight came o'er, a blight came o'er
 My harvest field so fair and wide ;
 The blackened grain was cast aside,
 The plough share hid forever more,
 Each vestige of my joy and pride.

It was the staff on which I leaned,
 I watched its growth day after day ;
 What golden dreams around it lay !
 How green, and fair, and strong it seemed !
 Now from the earth 'twas swept away.

Yet over all, yet over all,
 The bitter grief which tortured me,
 A soft voice said consolingly ;
 "God careth for the sparrow's fall,
 Will he not love and care for thee ?"

The gentle voice I heeded not ;
 My eyes were filled with unshed tears,
 I thought of those poor blighted ears ;
 Earth seemed a poor and barren spot,
 And blighted too were all my years.

October's sun, October's sun
 Shed golden radiance on the land ;
 My glowing cheek, the breezes fann'd
 I, who had stood faint hearted one,
 And seen my ship wrecked on the strand.

I stood among the waving corn,
 Which grew upon the blighted field ;
 O God, how glorious was the yield !
 For *me*, who laughed poor Hope to scorn,
 And saw my doom forever sealed.

Forever green, forever green
 The memory of that field shall be ;
 My heart is strong, and brave and free ;
 I have a Staff whereon I lean,
 A Staff which never faileth me.

LETTY'S FERNERY.

IT was not under a dome of glass, just within the shadow of silken curtains, where scarcely a ray of sunlight is suffered to enter through the closed shutters, that I first saw Letty's Fernery. Widely different indeed were its surroundings.

Out under the broad blue dome of Heaven, where wild-wood trees waved over it; where the lovely green moss grew, and simple woodland flowers bloomed; where the clear sparkling waters of the spring gushed up from some far-away mysterious depth: it was there that Letty's Fernery grew and flourished through all the long, pleasant summer-time.

Letty Grey's home was overshadowed by three great old oaks, which stood upon the border of a wood; and this spring had been the favorite playground of her brother and herself from their very babyhood. Now they had grown old enough to work, and their play-hours were few and far between, for they were the children of a poor widow, whose only earthly possession was the house in which they lived, with a few acres of ground belonging to it. And yet, by dint of economy and good management, she contrived to obtain a comfortable living for herself and children, and was able to lend a helping hand to her poorer neighbors.

Letty had always been a great lover of flowers, and many were the attempts she made to have a

flower-circle in their small yard ; but scarcely were the seeds sown before her troubles began. The wise mother-hens, with their numerous little ones to provide for, thought Letty had made the ground mellow and soft for their special use, and they forthwith proceeded to scratch and flounder in the dirt for worms and grubs, in order that their little chicks might not go supperless to bed. Poor Letty ! many were the tears she shed, when she saw the end of all her labors ; and her mother reasoned with her, long and earnestly, before she would consent to have the unsightly flower-bed levelled and sodded over, and give up all hopes of any plants, unless it might be a few roses around the door, and a woodbine which her brother had trained over the porch.

But Letty's love of the beautiful must be gratified in some way, and thus it happened that she thought of the spring as a safe and secure place where she might have a garden in spite of the meddling old hens.

It was a beautiful spring on the hillside, only a stone's throw from their home. A moss-covered rock hung over it, out of the crevices of which sprung the graceful Lady Fern in the wildest profusion. And Letty, with the help of her brother's strong arms, had carried the rich and mellow soil of the woods to the top of the rock, and they had searched the forest far and wide for ferns and moss and flowers. There the coral partridge berries lay embedded in the dark green moss, while delicate pink anemones, and liverworts, white and blue, couched nestling beneath the slender maiden's hair. And over them the wild

columbine waved its bells of scarlet and gold. A few garden flowers Letty had transplanted, blue forget-me-not and sweet-scented violets; no flaunting marigolds or gaudy peonies were there to smile in scorn upon their more lowly sisters; but beautiful ferns, in endless variety—the lady fern and adder’s tongue, the flowering fern and the oak fern, and the queen of ferns, the maiden’s hair. Around the spring was a ring of ferns that the water fairies might have rejoiced in, if there were any that dwelt in the pebbled depths of that clear, cold water.

When Letty came in the early morning, and filling her little watering-pot from the spring, sent a shower of silver drops over the flowers and leaves, while the sunlight came trembling through the branches of the oaks, turning the green leaves to golden ones, and the fresh morning breeze waved them to and fro; when the little red lizard crept out to know what it all meant, and the dragon-fly, with rainbow wings, came sailing along to bid her “good morning,” while the birds dipped their bills in the spring, and sang their sweetest songs to her; then it seemed to the happy child as though there could not be a more lovely, more enchanting spot in the whole world, than her Fernery. Often, in the hot, sultry afternoons, she would persuade her mother to take her sewing and sit by the spring; and her brother Charley would lie and sleep upon the soft carpet of cool moss, while she watched beside him through his summer nooning.

One morning Letty came to the spring, as usual, and lo! what a change was there! The flowers were

torn up by their roots, and lay scattered around ; the spring was muddy, and foul with dirt and stones ; the beautiful ferns, which had so long been mirrored in its glassy surface, now lay floating, bruised and broken, within it. Poor little Letty ! she had no dolls nor playthings, that she treasured as other children do ; she had no flower-garden ; and the one thing she loved next to her mother and brother, was her Fernery ; now some cruel, wanton hand had destroyed it. It was too great a grief to bear alone, and she went home sobbing as though her heart was broken.

Charley's eyes flashed with anger, when he understood the true state of the case, and he set off at once for the spring, muttering to himself, " Jack Conroy did it, I am sure ; the mean fellow ! If I don't pay him for it, my name's not Charley Grey."

Jack Conroy was the outlaw of the neighborhood. If any mischief was done, it was sure to be laid at his door, and, truth to say, very rarely was he accused unjustly.

Yet, nevertheless, Jack was to be pitied. His father and mother were both poor, miserable creatures, who spent all their earnings in gin ; and Jack had been compelled to get his living as he could. Often and often the poor fellow was forced to go supperless to bed, besides being unmercifully abused and beaten by his drunken parents. As he grew older, he learned to look out for himself, and when he could, he would earn a few shillings by working for the farmers around them ; but it was rarely that he could find any one willing to employ him, and rather than beg, he would

steal from their corn-cribs, and even rob their hen-roosts.

It happened only a short time before this, that Letty's pet bantams had disappeared; and when Charley accused Jack of taking them, telling him at the same time that he was a good-for-nothing vagabond, who lived upon other people's chickens, Jack grew very angry, and flew at him with his great fists doubled, as though he meant to give him a good drubbing; but Charley was much the stronger of the two, and soon laid him in the dust. Jack gathered himself up and went home, vowing that he would be revenged upon the whole of them.

So, knowing all this, you see how natural it was that Charley should accuse Jack of doing them this ill turn.

Upon reaching the spring, Charley went to work to clean it out; for as all their drinking-water was brought from there, it was necessary to have it right at once. While he was taking out the dirt and stones, he found a knife among them, which he knew Jack valued very highly, and could not be induced to part with it.

When the spring was clear and pure again, he picked up the knife, and went home to talk over the matter with his mother. Letty heard all he had to say in silence, then broke out crying again, and said if Jack did it she would never forgive him, never.

Mrs. Grey tried to comfort her little daughter by telling her that Charley would get other ferns and flowers, and it would soon look as well as ever; but

Letty refused to be comforted ; she said that Jack would always be ready to tear them away again, and there was no use in trying to have anything pretty ; something would always happen to spoil it. And she went about her work with a sad face and a heavy heart, believing that Letty Grey was the most unhappy being in the whole world.

The days passed on and Letty failed to regain her merry, light-hearted ways ; she no longer sang at her work, nor jested and laughed with Charley, or ran with light feet on errands for her mother. She seemed so changed that her mother was growing quite alarmed about her, when an event occurred which changed the current of their thoughts.

A near neighbor of Mrs. Grey's came over one day to tell her the great distress that Mrs. Conroy was in, her husband had gone away from home while she lay sick of a fever, and the little two-year-old girl was pining for want of proper care and nourishing food. The neighbor had been to sit up with the sick woman, and having done all that her scanty means would permit, she now called in to see if Mrs. Grey would not assist them.

Mrs. Grey was a good, kind-hearted woman, always prompt to give a helping hand to others, and in a very short time after hearing the story, she was ready to go on her charitable errand. She filled a willow basket with a loaf of white bread, a jar of currant jelly, and other delicacies that she thought might be useful to the sick, and taking it on her arm, she went across the fields to Mrs. Conroy's.

Letty was in a bad humor that day ; everything

had gone wrong with her ; indeed, it seemed a long while since anything had been right. She thought her life was full of trouble, and she forgot her many blessings. A good mother and a kind brother, who loved her dearly, health, and a happy home ; all these things she put aside, and brooded over her losses. Her mother had taught her the meaning of the words, " Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," but she thought she never could forgive Jack Conroy, so she had not prayed since the Fernery was destroyed. This made her dissatisfied with herself, and with every one around her. She was angry with her mother for doing anything for those miserable Conroys, and it seemed as though her cup of bitterness was full to overflowing, when she looked out of her chamber window, and saw her mother coming into the yard, carrying a baby in her arms, and closely followed by Jack Conroy.

What could it mean? She had really brought the baby home with her ; that poor, scrawny, ugly little thing, and Jack, too ! Just then her mother called—" Letty, Letty, where are you?" and she was forced to swallow her anger and surprise, and go down quickly to see what was wanted. When the child entered the kitchen she found her mother kindling a fire on the hearth, and she asked Letty to bring her some wood from the shed, and a bucket of water from the spring.

Letty did as her mother bade her, but it was slowly and with great reluctance. On the door-step sat Jack Conroy, with his little sister in his arms, a poor,

forlorn little thing, who kept up a pitiful moaning, which made one's heartache to hear. Jack seemed quite fond of the baby, and sang to her, trying his best to keep her quiet; but all to no purpose. When Letty had brought wood and water, her mother asked her to bring some bread and milk for the child's supper. Then she washed the baby and dressed it in some clean clothes, which Letty saw her take from a drawer ever held sacred by them, because it contained their dear little sister's playthings, and clothes. While Mrs. Grey was feeding the child, Letty saw with what hungry, wistful eyes Jack regarded the bread upon the table. Now Letty knew well what it was to be hungry, and notwithstanding her dislike for the boy, she could not help pitying him. After a little hesitation, she went up to her mother and whispered something in her ear. "By all means Letty," she replied, aloud; "I intended to do it myself."

You should have seen how surprised and grateful Jack looked, when Letty set a large bowl of bread and milk before him, and it did her good, too, to see how heartily he enjoyed it. When he had finished, he gave one long last lingering look at the bottom of the bowl, and started off on a run towards the spring. Letty watched him from the door, and wondered why Jack went home in such a round-about way; but hearing her mother calling her, she gave the matter no further thought.

The poor child was asleep at last, and Mrs. Grey wished to talk to Letty. "Letty," she began, "I want you to help me take care of this poor little

baby; its mother is very sick, and I fear will never be well again. There is no one to love and care for her, but her brother Jack, and he is not able to be of much use. I thought you would be willing to help me, but you do not seem to be."

"O yes, mother; I will, I will!" Letty cried out, and then she wept, and threw her arms around her mother's neck. "I was not willing at first," she went on as she grew calmer, "for I hated Jack Conroy and all who belonged to him; but when I saw the baby, and how poor and hungry, and forlorn they both looked, the hate all left me, and I felt only pity for them."

They sat and talked until the sun set, and the twilight came on, then Charley came in from his work, "as hungry as a hunter," he said, and "supper not ready," But he forgot all about his hunger when he saw the little stranger, and listened to his mother's story of the misery and suffering she had that day witnessed. While they were talking, Letty flew around the house like a little bird, hither and yon, for she did not want Charley to wait long for his supper.

Early the next morning, Letty hearing the little one call for a drink of water, crept out of bed and ran softly down stairs to see if there was any in the water bucket. Unfortunately it was empty, and there was nothing to do but to slip on her dress, and go to the spring. When she reached it, instead of filling her bucket, she stood and gazed in dumb surprise at the great changes which had taken place since she was last there.

Surely the fairies must have been at work. All the unsightly remains of the old Fernery had vanished, and in its place a more gorgeous one had arisen. Upon the moss-covered rock great stones were piled, and between the stones, flowers and ferns were planted. It was the latter part of August, when the cardinal flowers are out in all their glory, and some one had gathered them from the marsh near by, and placed them side by side with the golden rod, and around and among them, like huge bouquet holders, were great circles of the lady fern. Flower and fern were wet and heavy with the dews of night, while the morning sunlight transfigured each shining drop into countless sparkling gems, and decked the Fernery with a royal splendor. Around the spring was a beautiful circle of different colored mosses richly embroidered with the bright scarlet of numerous partridge berries.

Letty's eyes brightened and she clasped her hands with delight. She forgot the water for the sick child, and gazed and gazed, as though she would never tire of gazing. By and by she heard Charley's voice calling her through the trees, and filling her bucket in great haste, she ran home to tell him of the wonderful Fernery, which had grown up like a mushroom, in a single night. Charley said at once that Jack Conroy had done it all, but Letty maintained that it was the fairies' doing, for she had thought this long time that they lived in the spring, from certain signs she had noticed around it.

Charley laughed outright, and Letty pouted, and would not tell him what the signs were. Then she

heard the little one cry, and left Charley to go his way to the spring, while she hastened with the water to the sick child.

Here my story ends. But perhaps my little readers would like to know that Letty had no further trouble with her Fernery ; that it grew and flourished through many summers, while the baby grew strong and healthy too, living with them for many years. As for Jack Conroy, after his mother's death, he went to stay with a kind farmer, who pitied the poor outcast boy, and, to the surprise of every one, he has had no cause to regret it, for Jack proves to be as active in useful work, as he was formerly at mischief ; and the farmer takes great pride in him, and says he is one of the best boys in the neighborhood.

LAMENT OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE,

IN THE DUNGEON OF BESANCON.

The light of morn has come, once more

It pierceth thro' the dungeon's gloom,
And resteth on the cold damp floor ;

O blessed light ! tho' in a living tomb
I hail thee ! tho' thou bringest to me,
Another day of woe and misery ;

Tho' Hope, angelic Hope, no more,

May shake from off her drooping wings,
The dew-drops of the night and soar

To meet thee : fount ! from whence all springs,
Of bright and beautiful in this world of ours ;—

The waving trees, the mellow fruits, the flowers,
And more, far more of glorious things than these ;

But what are they all now to me ?

My own bright isle ! my home beyond the seas !

All, all have fled, and left me only thee,
Thou blessed Light ! would I could once more feel ;
The warm free breezes o'er my senses steal ;
Methinks 'twould melt, ay, melt away

The icy weight, which day by day,
Has rested on my spirit, till the gloom
And dampness of the dungeon, like a tomb
Seem closing round me. Oh ! the agony,
The restless longing, craving to be free :

Free as the mountain peaks, which rise
Upward, still upward to the clear cold skies ;

Free and unfettered, as the Southern breeze,
Which wafts strange music thro' the orange trees
Of my own bright land ! Oh ! but to tread once
more,

To feel upon my own loved mountains,
To see the soft blue heavens bending o'er

Me, and the silvery fountains
Gushing and sparkling at my feet.

Oh ! but again to greet

Their cooling freshness, and to lave
My fever'd brain in the bright wave.

To feel that *they* once more were near,

They, the beloved ; where are they now ?
Wife of my bosom ! and ye children dear !

Alas ! I feel upon my burning brow
The last fond kiss—that it should be the *last* ;—
Like shipwreck'd mariners, to a quivering mast,

To me you clung, hopeless in your despair ;
 I see you now, all pale and tearful there,
 Breathing the last adieu ; it cannot be ;
 'Twas not the last, I will be free !

Vain hopes, vain dreams, while thou,
 The sceptre of the world hath grasp'd ;
 Nations and kings before thee bow'd,—
 Yielding all memories of the past
 At thy dread summons, ay ! 'twere well to lave,
 Blest Freedom's memory in oblivion's wave,
 Since they are slaves, kissing thy sovereign feet ;
 Alas ! I too have trusted thee, and in my power
 Deemed that as brothers we might meet ;
 Would that a voice had warned me of this hour :
 Yet if the victor's car triumphant be,
 What were a *world* of breaking hearts to thee ?
 A breaking heart ! O ! God of heaven !
 Thou, thou ! alone hast power to see,
 How my whole being, heart and soul, have striven
 For thy free gift, our birth right, Liberty !
 Was it all vain ? lives there no trace
 Of hallow'd Freedom in all Afric's race ?
 Bows he beneath his chain, as servile now,
 As tho' the mountain breeze ne'er swept his brow,
 A free-man ? Thus may it be and yet,
 Not all in vain this struggling to be free :
 Tho' age on age may roll, and he forget
 While groaning 'neath the lash of Tyranny,
 Where now he toils—a purple tide
 Told where his fathers fought and died.
 And yet not all in vain, Father of light,

The sacred flame of Freedom, shall not be
 Quenched in the gloom of slavery's night,
 Its power and glory sprang from Thee !
 It shall not die, life may depart,
 The sod lie on this breaking heart ;
 Yet as the weary soul shall then arise,
 To the pure light of heaven-born skies,
 So shall there be on earth, a jubilee
 Of nations,—*Afric's sons shall yet be free.*

A FARM IDYL

PART I.

The sun was going down, as I drove the cattle home ;
 They loitered by the brook, which was covered o'er
 with foam ;
 The heavy rains which fell, and blackened all the
 grain,
 Had swollen wide the stream, and left it with a stain.
 I had a heavy heart, my thoughts were far astray :
 I saw the work of months quite ruined in a day.
 I had hoped for Jenny's love, if all went well with
 me—
 Sweet Jenny was not meant a poor man's wife to be :
 Those dainty, slender hands were never meant for
 toil ;
 I'd work my finger-ends off, to keep her's free from
 soil.
 Yet one thing I would know, that her love was all
 my own ;
 No Percy White should come, with his soft beguiling

His lands are rich and broad ; but is his heart right
true ?

Let Jenny trust him once, that trust she'll dearly rue.

The night was coming on, as I left the brook behind ;
I forgot 'twas milking time—I was troubled in my
mind :

The chores were all to do ; it was dark up in the
mows,

And the hay was all to pitch, and who would milk
the cows ?

“ Our Lucy has gone home—she sadly needs a rest.
Of all the girls I've had, our Lucy is the best.”

'Twas thus my mother spoke, and ended with a
smile,—

“ You can do the milking, John, just for a little
while.”

Now in the barn-door old, stood a dainty maiden fair,
With eyes of blue, so brave and true, and smoothly
parted hair.

“ Why Lucy, is that you ?” I cried ; “ how came it
you are here ?

'Tis strange, where e'er your wanted, there you're
sure to be.

I'm so belated, you're the one whom most I longed
to see.”

“ I could not 'bide at home,” she said, and raised
her eyes of blue,

And met my own so steadily, “ there was so much
to do.”

With that she knelt at Bess's side, and sang a simple
song,

That seemed to chime in with the streams, which
tinkled fast and long.

I hung my head with shame, while I grieved o'er
what might be,

And lingered by the way, my work was done for me ;
The stables littered o'er, the hay piled on the floor.
Strange, how much a hand can do which is so very
small !

I could cover with my own, the finger-tips and all.
But she works with heart and hand, and has a willing
mind ;

Such women in this world are very hard to find.

And now the chores were done, yet there was no rest
for me ;

My thoughts went to my love, as the streams run to
the sea.

Like a rose to me she seemed—a rose of deepest red—
Her bloom and fragrance rare on all she loved to shed.
I knew it was no sin, and I could only mourn,
That whoso plucks the rose, must always take the
thorn.

I could not rest at home, 'twas torture to be still,
So I took the meadow path, and wandered to the mill.
While I stood upon the bridge, and watched the wheel
go round,

Percy White came down the hill, and passed me with
a bound,

On his swift and matchless horse—his hair loose in
the wind ;

He rode like one who leaves all earthly cares behind.

“So rides the man that’s loved, as you may not hope
to be.”

A something whispered thus, and inly tortured me.

“So rides the winning man, rich in the world’s esteem :

He goes to meet your love, and you idly stand and
dream.

Be brave, and follow him ! to break with Truth dry
bread,

Is better than the feast that is by Falsehood spread.”

A something urged me on,—I followed where it
led—

When I went home that night, my hopes and dreams
were dead.

PART II.

The days were growing short, the nights were long
and cool ;

The fields were white with frost, the ice was in the
pool ;

The corn was cut and shocked, and the husking all
to do.

I felt too poor to hire, but I had one staunch and
true.

When her morning work was done—let skies be foul
or fair—

Our Lucy came with helping hand, and saved me
from despair.

I had no heart to work, the world looked dark to me ;
My days were full of care, my nights of misery ;

I longed for leave to go a thousand miles away ;
 But my mother, weak and frail, entreated me to stay ;
 " Her days might not be long," she said, " and she
 had only one,
 And a mother's heart-strings twine so closely round
 a son."

So I stayed on—to hear the gossips, far and wide,
 Speak their praises of the groom, and their praises
 of the bride.

Such a wedding ne'er was known in all the country
 round ;

" And so fair a bride and groom were rarely to be
 found.

Ah ! Percy White deserves the prize, so frank and
 brave is he !

And Jenny is well mated, as 'tis meet that she should
 be."

I heard them all, and husked my corn, and left the
 shocks behind,

And longed sometimes to scatter them, like husks
 upon the wind.

When the hard day's work was o'er, and I sat glum
 and still,

And looked into the fire, and thought, " Life was a
 bitter pill ;

What was the use of living on, so harassed day by
 day ?

I would that I were wandering a thousand miles
 away."

My mother knit beside me there, her face was sad
 and pale ;

She always had an anxious look, and she had grown
so frail,

The shadows dancing on the walls could scarce more
ghostly seem.

But I was blind and deaf to all, wrapped in a selfish
dream.

Only Lucy, going back and forth, stopped now and
then to say

Some little word of comfort, in a homely, quiet way.
She always sang about her work ; her voice was sweet
to me—

The songs of birds, the water's gush in her singing
seemed to be.

I thought of all the plants that bloom the busy sum-
mer through :

The Heart's Ease was the most like her, so bright
and cheery too.

It little minds the frost or snow, it cares not for the
cold ;

It is so full of sunshine, it thaws the frost-bound
mould.

While I was thinking thus, and gazing in the fire,
A stern voice said to me, " Why sit you in the mire ?
Be up and doing, man ! the black ooze closes round !
Many are they who sink—few find the solid ground.
And not alone you go ; your mother's heart you
break ;

She loves her son so well, she'd perish for his sake.
And there is one beside—she works and sings all day,
But through the long, long night she can only weep
and pray.

You think your wound is deep ; you cry aloud with
pain ;

She covers close her hurt—would die and not complain.

'Tis strange how blind you are ; with healing balm love waits.

You feel 'tis heaven within, yet stand without the gates.

Forget the false, false love ! go forth to meet the true !
The roses are all dead, but the Heart's Ease blooms for you."

I listened to the voice, as I watched the rising flame ;
'Tis true 'twas harsh and stern, yet it greatly eased my pain ;

And when the winter passed, and the spring came glad and gay,

I had won a love so true—the false love crept away.

MARY.

Only one year ago, she came
A sunbeam to our home ; we named
Her Mary ; and blest, thrice blest were we.

She saw the winter snows and smiled ;
Around our hearth, her voice beguiled
All sorrow from the earth.

She was our singing-bird,—she sang
Of joy alone ; her laughter rang
Like joy-bells through our home. /

Soft grew the airs of spring, her eyes
Looked on the glory of the skies,
And sweeter grew her smile.

Out in the sun, 'mid flowers rare
 She sat—the loveliest flower there—
 And clasped them in her hands.

Joy filled her heart and eyes ; she sung
 Their glories in an unknown tongue,
 Sweet as the song-birds sing.

June came with roses, rare and sweet,
 The days passed on with flying feet,
 And like a rose she grew.

She filled our home with sweet perfume,
 There seemed a rose in every room,
 A rose which could not die.

* * * * *

O August ! month of clouds and rain ;
 O bitter month of care and pain !
 Our Mary went with thee !

Only a year ! the sunbeam came ;
 We called her by her soft sweet name ;
 Now all the light has gone !

We sit alone, we wait and wait,
 We feel that we are desolate ;
 She comes to us no more.

Yet, somewhere in the heavens afar,
 Our Mary is a guiding star,
 Whose light may lead us home.

EDITH AND ELSIE.

Edith and Elsie were two little maids,
Edith, the elder, was sober and staid,
Elsie was gay, full of laughter and glee,
And both were as loving as sisters should be.
Brown eyes had Edith ; o'er forehead so fair,
Parted and smooth lay her soft chestnut hair ;
Round was her cheek, and gentle her mouth,
Sweet was her breath as the wind from the South.
Elsie had gray eyes, limpid and clear,
Into your own they looked without fear,
Sunbeams were caught in her locks of pure gold,
But half of her sweetness can never be told.
To see these two maids was a beautiful sight,
As they read the same book in the soft morning light,
Drawn closely together, and lovingly bound
By dimpled arms holding each other around.
Then to list to their singing, when sweetly and clear
It rose on the air as night's shadows drew near,
While we sat 'round the fire, and thought of the land
Where the angels all sing in a glorious band !
Oh, long, little maidens, bright, loving and fair,
May you gladden our eyes with your beauty so rare,
Gentle tones, pleasant smiles, ever changing and new,
And your love for each other, so tender and true.

THE DEATH OF THE "LA PACTOLE."

"Blue bells, mournfully and low
Toll a sound of deepest woe!
Droop, O roses, on your stems,
In your cups your leaflets fold,
For lowly lying, never again
May lift her head, the La Pactole!
The La Pactole, Queen of the roses,
Low in her dark green shroud reposes."

Thus sadly wailed the frail sweet Pea,
And bowed her form, all tremblingly,
To the slightest breath of the evening breeze,
That scarcely stirred the aspen leaves.

The pinks were spinsters, every one;
Single they grew in the air and sun;
Idle gossips, too, were they—
List now, you may hear them say:
"The breeze of the garden; could it be
That she believed his tale of love,
When every rose, to her misery,
His fickleness and falsehood proved?
The Tea-Rose told her long ago,
When first her buds should droop and die,
The breeze to a fresher flower would go,
And pass her then unheeding by."

A wail in the garden, a wail of the flowers,
A requiem sounding through her loved bowers,
For "La Pactole," queen of the roses,
Low in her dark green shroud reposes.

THE OWL.

The winter winds are blowing,
The trees are stripped and bare ;
The ice is on the river,
And the snow is everywhere.

Upon the belfry tower,
The moon is shining bright,
And over field and wood-land
It sheds a softened light.

I see a grey owl sitting
Upon a snow-clad stone,
And wonder why it lingers
Out in the cold alone.

I know up in the belfry,
It hides all thro' the day,
It shuns the glare of noon-tide ;
And sleeps the hours away.

But when the fowls are gathered,
And the sheep are in the fold ;
The grey owl sits and shivers,
Out in the bitter cold.

And blinking at the moon-beams,
Wishes they were less bright ;
While it gives its doleful hooting,
To all the winds of night.

I would not be a night-bird,
 That sleeps the morn away,
 I love too well the sunshine,
 The broad, full light of day.

I want to gather knowledge
 From all the things I see,
 To keep my eyes wide open
 So an owl I would not be.

HORTENSE.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

'Twas in the far south land that Hortense lived,
 Where it is summer all the happy year.
 Beside the cottage door the roses bloomed,
 And every sunny morn the little maid
 Gathered rare flowers in the garden wild ;
 And often with her mother she would walk,
 Under the shade of fragrant orange trees,
 And watch the fruit which ripened in the sun,
 While to and fro like bells of gold, they swung
 To every breeze that rustled thro' the boughs ;
 And when her mother left her there alone,
 She would not play as other children do
 With dolls and toys, but gather'd leaves and flowers,
 And the gay feathers of the forest birds,
 And "played" they were people, to whom she gave
 The names of valiant knights and ladies fair,
 Like those she read of in her story books ;
 And Hortense never thought the day too long,

While dreaming of the battles and hard toils
 Her knights must meet in going thro' the world.
 A little story that her mother read
 One summer eve, seemed prettier far to her,
 Than any tale, she e'er had heard before ;
 It was Undine's story, sweet and strange,
 A wild rose blooming in a haunted wood.
 But to this dreaming girl, Undine seemed
 A beautiful spirit, who still lived beneath
 The sparkling waters of the little brook,
 Which flowed so swiftly thro' the forest green.
 And often, she would sit for hours and watch
 Beside the waters, for a face to rise
 Out of their depths, smiling, and cool, and bright,
 With long fair tresses floating o'er the waves ;
 But Hortense watched and waited long in vain,
 For sweet Undine with the golden hair.

While this young girl was dreaming by the brook,
 Her mother sat and waited by the door
 For one she loved—the father of her child,
 Who always came just as the sun went down ;
 And rode a fiery steed, as black as night,
 That like a flash went sweeping past the place
 Where Hortense watched, low crouching on the
 grass,
 And peeping thro' the leaves. She thought the knights
 In those loved “once upon a time” old tales;
 Must all have ridden such a fiery steed,
 And looked as proud, and brave and princely too,
 As the stern man who rode so swiftly past.

And thus the year went by, and Hortense reached

Her fourteenth summer. Then a shadow came,
 And death and sorrow entered her loved home.
 Her mother's cheek grew pale, her eyes were dim
 With bitter weeping o'er some secret woe.
 Her step was feebler, when she walked beneath
 The orange boughs; and heavily she leaned,
 Like one a-weary on her dear child's arm.
 And then at length there came the dreary time,
 When she could walk no more; when day by day
 Her couch was moved beside the open door,
 And there she lay, so pale and still, and looked
 With wistful eyes, along the well known path,
 For a swift horseman on a tireless steed,
 Who always came just as the sun went down.

One day her voice seemed weaker than t'was wont,
 And Hortense trembled with a sudden dread,
 When mournfully she called her to her side;
 And told her she was going far away,
 Upon a pleasant journey, and was glad
 So soon to go; but oh, it troubled her,
 To know her child must wander thro' the world
 Without a mother's love. And here she paused
 Awhile and wept. Then once again she spoke,
 And said there was a secret, which she hoped
 In happier times to carry to her grave,
 This could not be. 'Twas a sad tale to tell,
 But one too often told. She was a slave,
 And her child's father was her master's son;
 Long years ago she fled with him by night,
 Nor rested till they reached this blessed spot,
 And there were safe. "Hush! hark!" she cried—

"I hear a horseman coming up the glen,
 But cannot see him for the blinding mist
 That comes before my eyes. Look child and see !
 He comes, and I shall see him ere I die."
 And nearer, nearer came the peerless steed—
 Swift as the wind, he bore his master there.
 All pale and fearful sprang he to the ground,
 And trembling stood before the cottage door.
 "Agnes," he cried "all that I feared has come ;
 This place of refuge can be ours no more ;
 My father's spies are on my track, they come,
 And we must go, oh haste you, mount my steed,
 And we will reach e'er night a place of rest."
 "I'm going fast," she said "to that dear place ;
 There is no master there, save God alone.
 Leave me, and take our child, poor child so young,
 So sinless and so pure. Haste, haste away
 She must not be a slave. O by the love
 You bear to me—take this dear one and flee !"
 One long, long kiss of love, some tender words,
 And all was o'er. Then with his child he sprang
 Upon the foaming steed, and swift and fast
 They journeyed onward to the North sun's rose
 And set, morning and evening came, and all
 Passed by her like a dream, when cold and blue
 The Northern skies greeted her weary eyes.
 She heard her father's voice, so low and deep—
 A sweet sad voice, bereft of hope and joy—
 "The winds are chill and bleak for one so frail ;
 But these are freedom's airs, and they are pure
 My child, and thou art safe ; no slave breathes here,
 Rest ! sleep in peace, and dream that thou art free."

M A Y 1862.

The Spring has come, the April goes, and nearer
draws the May,
The village children violets bring from valleys far
away.

I sit alone and think of one, whom I no more may
see ;
Last May those hands so icy now, were filled with
flowers for me.

Take back thy violets Spring ! and all the flowers
that blow !
Upon our country's battle fields, let Bloodroots
only grow ;
Or " Painted Cups " with crimson stains, and let the
Maple tree,
Shed ruddy drops upon the graves where sleep the
brave and free.

Where sleep the brave and free ? No stone is at the
head,
I know not where he lies, my young, my noble dead !
I must not weep, I must not grieve, bravely he fought
and fell ;
And other mother's sons were there—he sleeps with
them as well.

They say : " So gloriously he died, his name will
written be,
With the martyrs, with the heroes, who have died
for liberty."

Woe unto me ! I am not strong he was the dearest
 one,
 What is glory to the mother, when it takes her only
 son ?

O blow sweet wind of May ! blow soft above that
 unknown grave,
 And gently fall ye cooling rains ! where prairie
 grasses wave,
 Where the prairie flowers may bloom and the birds
 flit to and fro ;
 Where winds may come, and stars may pass, but I
 may never go.

“ MENE, MENE.” *

1878.

Thus saith the Lord ; “ the moaning
 Of my People rise to Me,
 I hear their lamentations ;
 From the gulf shores to the sea.

Ye have made their lives a burden
 Of shame and grief and pain,
 And my angels weep with pity ;
 O'er the thousands ye have slain.

Woe unto you transgressors,
 Of my laws of truth and right ;

* God has numbered thy kingdom and finished it.

With the besom of destruction,
I will sweep you from my sight !

Woe unto you, oppressors
Of the weak ; ye shall atone.
By fire, and flood, and famine,
Ye shall reap, as ye have sown !

Your land shall be a desert
Where weeds and thistles grow,
On fields which laughed with plenty ;
Woe to the Spoiler ! Woe !

SONG OF THE ROSE.

I come not when the earth is brown, and gray
The skies—I am no flower of a day ;
No crocus I—to bloom and pass away.

No cowslip bright, or hyacinth that clings
Close to the earth from which it springs,
Nor tulip, gay as song-birds wings.

I am the royal rose, and all things fair
Grow fairer for my sake, the earth, the air
Proclaim the coming of the flower most rare.

Green is the earth, and beautiful the sky,
And soft the breeze, that loves to linger nigh ;
I am the rose, and who with me shall vie ?

The earth is full of gladness, all a-tune
With songs of birds, and now I come, O June !
To crown thee, month of beauty ! with my bloom.

SEPTEMBER.

I wearied of the August sun—
Its humid air—its skies of gloom ;
And when at last its course was run,
I welcomed in a fairer moon.

A dreamy calm is in the skies,
A balmy breath comes on the air,
A mystic silence round me lies ;
Which bids me take no thought of care.

The willow branches floating round,
Enclose me in a temple rare ;
The golden light comes softly down,
And sheds its glory everywhere.

I watch the branches swaying low—
Which move, yet seem to *dream* of rest,
My heart beats wearily—with woe
And pain, and care, and doubt opprest.

O willow ! wrap me in thy green,
And wreath around my heart, thy spell
Of quiet rest—to-day I'll dream,
To-morrow I may work as well.

Not always may the spirit strive
With cares without, and doubts within,
Kind Nature seems at times to thrive
The soul from all its grief and sin :

And like a weary child we rest,
 And gaze into the blue above,
 Close nestled to our Mother's breast,
 O'ershadowed by our Father's love. 1855.

JOURNAL OF A SUMMER.

BROOKSIDE, MAY 28TH, 1866.

MY Cousin Mary is going, at last, on a long-talked-of visit to her sister in Iowa, and I am to be left in charge of her beloved flowers. She has advised me to keep a note-book in which I can jot down my flower experience. But I prefer a journal—not regular; I never could bear to go by rule in anything; and I know it would be a great bore to feel I must write every day, when there might be nothing worth recording.

Now to begin. I feel that I know something about flowers. I have helped Cousin Mary so much in potting and re-potting her house-plants, in weeding the flower-beds, and transplanting the tender seedlings, that I really feel as though I were flower-wise; and I must confess I rather plume myself upon my wisdom and experience in floriculture. But I hate plodding in one beaten track; and Cousin Mary is—I must say, though I love her dearly—a little fixed in her ways; she does not try new experiments, which I am always longing to do; and then she is continually doing things to save trouble, and her temper,

at the same time. For instance, as we live in an old farm-house, with no modern improvements, the consequence is, the chickens have no place set apart for their special use, but roam at their own sweet will, and to my intense annoyance, over the whole yard. Cousin Mary has hit upon an expedient for keeping them out of her flower-plots, by filling all the vacant spaces with the trimmings of her rose bushes. She calls her thorny sticks her "army for defence," and does not mind being laughed at, for she says no one can tell the trouble and worriment they save her. Only the other day I saw Irish John very gravely contemplating the large oval bed with its army in "battle array." As I drew near him, wondering what it was that attracted his attention—for I had never looked upon him as a flower lover—he broke out with: "And shure what might you do with so many sticks in the bed, anyhow? Is it like my old woman you are, with her beads, that she is forever praying over? Do you pray over the sticks, too?" I laughed at such a funny idea, but at the same time I felt deeply mortified. No one can see the beauty of the flowers for the hateful sticks; and I am resolved, as soon as Cousin Mary is gone, to dismiss the army. The hens must know, by this time, that the bed is not meant for them. Cousin Mary has some new directions to give me every day about the flowers. She is quite low-spirited at times. I really believe she loves them as well as some mothers love their children. It would break her heart, if she were to come back and find them all dead. But she will not do that; I mean to devote myself to them. I

shall turn over a new leaf, rise at five o'clock every morning, and weed, water and transplant, or do whatever is necessary. I am to write her every fortnight and report progress.

June 4th.—At last she has gone, and left me sole mistress of the garden. I rose very early this morning, donned my gymnastic suit, and went to work in good earnest. It was a beautiful morning, the sky was so intensely blue, and the earth so dewy and fresh. I like June above all other months. It is, indeed, as the poet sings, "The gladdest month of the capricious year."

I do not believe mother Eve found weeding a very elevating employment. But I suppose there were no weeds in Paradise; it was only after the apple was eaten that the weeds flourished.

But to return to my flowers. The first thing I did was to scatter Cousin Mary's army. I then weeded and raked the beds until the earth was smooth and fine. I was tired enough, by the time I had finished, but was more than repaid by seeing how well they looked. Cousin Frank came out, and praised my handiwork, and Sarah looked lazily from her chamber window, and said, between two yawns, that it was rather pretty. I know she said it only to tease me; she does not care for flowers, only in a bouquet, or a few for her hair, now and then. Cousin Frank told Sarah, this morning, that she would not complain half so much of the headache, if she would go out before sunrise and weed the onion bed. We all laughed at the idea of our fastidious young lady doing such a thing, but Sarah's nose went up more

than ever. She has a "nose in the air," to begin with, and it seems a little more so since cousin Frank came—he is continually saying outlandish things to vex her. Sarah said, very seriously, that if she were to do such coarse work, it would make her hands stiff and clumsy, and she could not play on the piano half so well. Frank whistled, and muttered something which sounded like "Fiddle-sticks." I think it was scarcely fair in him to say that ; for he knows Sarah is obliged to make her own living, and she is trying to perfect herself in music, with the view of teaching. She has a real talent for it, and is so persevering, I have no doubt that she will succeed. But I do wish she cared more about flowers. I have no one to sympathize with me in my many flower cares since Cousin Mary has left.

June 10th.—Now the roses are out in all their glory, and, bee-like, I go from flower to flower, culling sweets from every one. If it were not for those hateful slugs, which have made such havoc with the rose-bushes these last few years, I should enjoy unmixed happiness; but they skeletonize the leaves without mercy, and there seems no certain remedy for them but whale-oil soap; and who wants roses smelling of fish? It destroys all the poetry at once, and I, for one, would rather be without them. I mean to turn my attention to Fuchsias. I went over to a neighbor's, the other day, and saw some beautiful red and white ones, trained like vines around the trunk of an old tree. They were so full of bloom, and looked so flourishing, I asked her how she managed them. She said she kept them in the cellar

until April, then brought them up and repotted them, filling the pots with equal parts of stable manure and sand, and, treated thus, they bloomed constantly all summer. I intend trying it. Instead of going to the stable, I will go to the turkey-roost for guano. I have heard Cousin Mary say a little of the imported was very good for flowers, and if a little is good for others, a great deal must be better for fuchsias ; so I shall not spare it.

My experiment with the flower-beds answers very well so far. The fowls walk all around them, but never venture in. It may be partly owing to our having so much rain lately. Cousin Frank says they like dry, dusty earth to scratch in ; he thinks they may resemble the Arabs, who cleanse their bodies with sand. When I fall heir to my estate, I intend to build a greenhouse and a poultry-yard first of all. But if my bank should break before the yard is finished, I will keep nothing but geese and ducks. The miller over the way has geese, and they look beautiful floating down the mill-stream. Their greatest charm to me, however, is that they never take a dusty bath.

June 20th.—Sarah came out this morning to help pick strawberries for breakfast. She complained heavily of the dew. Her pretty chintz was all wet and draggled. I do believe she half envied my short skirt, for I heard her tell Aunt Jane, if she were not afraid of being laughed at, she would wear one in the mornings. She has promised to help me weed the flower-plots, to my great amazement. I scarcely know what to say. She does not know a

weed from a flower, and is so near sighted, she will have to bring her eyes very close to the earth, to see either. I tremble for my young seedlings. If it were not for fear of discouraging her, I would decline her kind offer. I believe it is all Cousin Frank's doings, notwithstanding she pretends to dislike him so much.

My pot flowers are looking very well, with the exception of the fuchsias. They do not flourish, after all the pains I have taken with them. I trained them around the old trunk of a Mist tree, and saw, in imagination, the lovely wreaths of purple and red and white which would adorn it this summer. Now they are not only flowerless, but leafless too. Cousin Frank thinks the soil was too crude and rank; he suggests a re-potting, and has offered to provide them with earth which will suit them better. Oh, dear! I am so sorry! I'm afraid they are past physic, they look so miserable.

I do like Cousin Frank, with all his teasing; he is so ready to help any one who is in trouble.

June 26th.—I weeded and raked the beds early this morning. Sarah was fast asleep, and I did not disturb her. It has been very hot and dry lately, and if I do not keep the earth stirred up around the flower-roots, I fear they will die for want of moisture.

There was quite a concert of birds in the old maple, and I was the sole listener. The wren, which has made its nest, year after year, in the bird-house, keeps up a constant twittering. Sarah says she thinks the wrens are selfish and cruel. A bluebird built in the bird-house early this spring, and the birdlings

were just out of the shell—little, shivering, downless things—when the wren, who seems to consider the house her especial property, came back and turned them out, “bag and baggage”—did not even give them notice to quit the premises. Sarah saw it all from her room window, and she has declared war on all the wrens since then. It reminds me of Cousin Jenny, who makes war on the blackbirds every spring. They have several large pine trees around their house, and it is in the very tip-top of these that the blackbird delights to build. She says they drive all the other birds away from the house, and she will not have them there; and when they come, she rushes out as impulsively as Betsy Trotwood after the donkeys, and cries, “Shew! Shew!” as though they were a parcel of chickens. I never can see that it has the slightest effect upon them, and have no doubt they laugh her feeble efforts to scorn, sitting safely far up in the windy tops.

July 2d.—It was so warm this afternoon, and feeling sleepy and tired, I thought I would indulge in a short nap. I gave one parting glance at the flowers, to see that they were all right; saw that the chickens were gathered under the old shrub bush—they seemed to be overcome with the heat, too, and looked as though they were napping; so I concluded all was safe, and I might sleep in peace. I was a little more suspicious than usual, because a silver-gray has seemed to take a particular fancy to my pet flower-bed, where I keep all my choice things. I put a few stones in the place where she delighted to go, and she has not been there until—but I will not an-

ticipate. I had a long, sweet sleep and dreamed I saw my beds covered with chickens instead of flowers. It seemed so real, when I awakened I sprang out of bed and rushed to the window.

"O Mother Ceres! or whatever kind goddess may preside over distressed flower-lovers, what a sight was there! Three silver-grays taking a dust-bath in my pet flower-bed! I screamed to little Fan, who was playing very innocently under the maple tree, to drive them out, while I ran down, in an old sack and skirt, with my hair flying like a wild thing. Fan had driven off the enemy, but I was not content until I had chased them around the house and out into the field; then I came back to repair the damages. Ah! if Cousin Mary could have been there and seen me crying over the poor, forlorn, dusty, wilted little things that were once beautiful flowers, what would she have thought? Cousin Frank would have said, "Pride had a fall." I gathered them up and put them in water, but I have faint hopes of their reviving. The white Tea rose was gone, the coral plant dead. The scarlet geranium laid low, the rose ditto, and the bed a horrid mixture of dust and feathers. I flew to the refuse heap, where I knew the trimmings of the Baltimore Bell had been thrown in the spring. I ran for an axe, and chopped with a will—long, short, crooked, and all kinds of sticks. I could not stand on appearances, when my plants were in danger of total destruction. Sarah looked out of her window, so cool and fresh, on poor me, so hot and flushed, and angry withal, asking, "What *was* the matter?"

“O Sarah ! can’t you see what’s the matter ? These dreadful hens”—and then I cried ; I did not mean to, but I could not help it.

By this time the hens had all come back, headed by the Polish cock, and they stood watching my proceedings quite as coolly as Sarah had done. I picked up a stick, and threw it at them savagely. I felt blood-thirsty. The stick was too small to do much damage—the black cock actually clapped his wings and crowed. It was too aggravating to be borne quietly. Cousin Frank came to my help, at last. When I told him how troubled I was, because Cousin Mary would regret the loss of her flowers, he said we could get some slips from our neighbors, and by the time she returned they would be growing nicely. I have not much faith in slips, but he seems to be very sanguine, so I rely upon his help.

July 6th.—Cousin Frank went with me over to neighbor Pine’s, last evening. I told him it was a good place to get slips—Mrs. Pine is such a generous, whole-souled person ; the trouble is, she is too generous. If you ask her for a slip, it is ten to one but she gives you half the bush, buds and all.

It is such a lovely walk over to Mr. Pine’s place, and Frank is always ready to go with me. We go through the meadow, and follow the windings of the creek, which flows past our door. It is full of changes—a very Undine of a stream. It has so many bends and turns, it seems as though it were trying experiments to see which way it likes the best. In one place a beautiful beech stretches its motherly arms quite over to the other side ; and here

the water is deep and dark, and flows as though it were asleep; but a little farther on, in one of the bends, is a clump of water-willows, where it ripples in the sunshine over the smooth pebbles. I never pass the place without a longing desire to take off my shoes and stockings and have a good wade. Childhood has many drawbacks, but it has some privileges as well, and I count wading as one of them.

I like Mr. Pine's place; it is a very unpretending house, but the situation is what Sarah calls "romantic." It is a little wild and rocky, and has a pretty brook which flows past the spring-house; but I admire Mrs. Pine's beautiful roses and old-fashioned flowers more than the rocks. She has a small yard, full of plants—scarcely a vacant space left. In the spring the air is sweet with the perfume of the Lilies of the Valley. They grow in such profusion, it seems as though I could never have enough of them; and Mrs. Pine is so generous, she makes you perfectly welcome to everything she has. I know persons who are very unlike her in this respect, they appear so loath to give anything; their sole ambition is to have plants more rare or more beautiful than other people have, and to keep them. I trust I shall never grow flower-stingy. Cousin Frank and I came home with such a quantity of slips of fuchsias, roses and geraniums, that I felt quite rich.

When I asked Mrs. Pine how she raised her plants, she said she just stuck the slips in the ground, a little in the shade, and watered them now and then, and they were sure to grow. She brought the earth from

the wood-pile, and mixed it with sand. It is such dark, rich, mellow soil, I do not wonder slips grow there.

Sarah said I smelt like a walking hay-field, when I came home. I have often noticed the peculiar fragrance there is about the meadow grass, and how it clings to one's dress, after a walk through it.

July 9th.—I have planted the slips in a box Cousin Frank fixed for me. He said the soil was all right; that he has done his part now, and I must do mine by keeping it well watered. I turned out the poor fuchsias, root and branch: they were quite dead; only one left, that I did not experiment upon. I found the small fibres of the roots were entirely gone, and the earth was filled with little fat grubs, which have been having a good time, draining the life-blood from my poor plants. I am done trying experiments.

July 14th.—It seems as though this is going to be a most unfortunate summer for us. Last night the cows broke down the fence and made a raid in the yard. Such havoc and destruction as met my eyes in the morning I never wish to see again. There were a few tracks across my flower-plots, but the evergreens suffered the most—not one escaped. The cows seemed to have an especial spite against them, and to have waged war upon them without mercy. Uncle Nathan took it very coolly, and began forthwith to cut off the bruised and mangled branches. I thought if the raid had been in his cherished garden, and the cabbages and beets and onions were as much damaged as the trees, he would not have been quite so cool and unconcerned.

I do not think Uncle Nathan has any respect or love for trees, he trims them so unmercifully, root and branch, before he sets them out, and after they begin to grow, he trims them a little more.

Cousin Mary protested against the evergreens being trimmed ; she wanted them to grow naturally. Frank said she wished them to be fashionable, and have sweeping trains. The cows have put an end to all that ; the limbs were so broken, they had to be cut away perforce, and now they are just like the rest of the trees. It is not worth while for us to try to be genteel, like Mr. Brown, who has a fine collection of evergreens. I wonder why it is that Cousin Frank laughs at his place, and calls it "The Cemetery?" I know he has been reading Downing's books, of late, and he is always talking about following Nature. But all of Frank's trees are sure to grow ; he handles them as though he loved them. I believe Uncle Nathan thinks trees grow solely for the purpose of being cut down. Last year he cut down the old chestnuts, where I have spent many a happy hour, when I was a child ; and this year the huge buttonwood, which shaded the spring-house, was brought to the ground. This was "the unkindest cut of all," and we protested against it, but all to no purpose. It was sound to the very core, and the trunk measured four feet, five inches in diameter.

Sarah was reading something to Frank, from Dante, the other day, which made me think of Uncle Nathan. I did not understand it all, but part of it seemed very like a fairy story. It is something like this: Dante is walking with Virgil through a track-

less forest—it is dark and gloomy, and the trees are full of knots and poisonous thorns. The harpies make their nests in them. Dreadful things they must have been, with human faces, sharp claws, and great outstretched wings. I fancy they must have been something similar to those horrid bats which we find now and then flapping around our rooms at night. The forest is full of wailings and doleful sounds, but there is no person to be seen, which fills Dante with amazement. It is now that Virgil tells him to break a twig from off one of the branches; and he no sooner obeys, than the tree speaks, and asks, reproachfully, “Why pluckest thou me?” and the dark blood trickles down its side; and again it says, “Wherefore tearest me thus? Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast? Men once were we, that now are rooted here.” Then he goes on to tell Dante a long story of his wrongs, which did not interest me, and finally how he is driven—by his wrongs, I suppose—to commit suicide; and it is in punishment for this great crime, that he is changed into a tree. I thought if Uncle Nathan could only visit such a place as that, and the trees he had cut down were to stand up again, each with the soul of some old hero enclosed in their rough bark, there would be more than moanings and doleful sounds, when he approached them; there would be shrieks so loud and long, they would resound through the lowest depths of that dreadful place.

Ah, well! I know this is all nonsense, for it could never be; but it seems to me a crime against nature to cut up such a noble tree, as that buttonwood was,

for firewood ! It saddens me even now, to know that it has perished from off the earth—to think of

“ The beautiful hanging gardens
 That rock'd in the morning wind,
 And sheltered a dream of fairy,
 And life so timid and kind ;
 The shady choir of the bobolink,
 The race-course of squirrels gay,
 That are changed into trembling smoke-wreaths,
 And a heap of ashes gray.” *

PINE GROVE, JULY 24TH.

I am spending a few weeks with Cousin Jenny, and enjoying myself greatly ; yet I cannot help wondering how my plants are looking now. I wish I could fly home, and have a peep at them. Sarah promised to attend to the slips, and Aunt Jane said she would see to the weeds. She is afflicted with plantain on the brain, and all her spare time is devoted to the destruction of this hateful weed. She cannot see how any one can enjoy flowers, while there are so many weeds about them. Cousin Mary told her, once, she wanted the flowers in order to forget the weeds. Fan promised faithfully to watch the chickens for me ; but as she has a little friend staying with her now, I am afraid she will forget all her fine promises.

Cousin Jenny has just been telling me about a queer little bluebird, that has been troubling them for several summers. It is like the old riddle of the snow : “ It goes around the house, and around the

* Maria Lowell.

house, and peeps in at every window." Only the bird does more than peep ; it flies in, whenever it has an opportunity. Once they caught it, and put it into a cage, thinking to frighten it, and drive it away, but it had no effect whatever ; it still persists in visiting the windows and the rooms, much to the cleanly housewife's annoyance. She said they had a friend staying with them this summer, and when she went away she left some verses in her room, addressed to a wandering bluebird. I asked leave to copy them ; they struck me as being rather odd and fanciful :

"TO A WANDERING BLUEBIRD.

"Bird of the azure wing ! why dost thou wander
 From window to window, so full of unrest ?
 Hast thou no home, bird ? Is there no dear one
 Waiting for thee in thy softly lined nest ?
 Hast thou no home ? Art thou forsaken ?
 Was it a false one that crazed thy poor brain,
 And doomed thee to wander, weary and way-worn,
 Seeking rest for thy wing, and seeking in vain ?
 Good-bye, little bird ! I too must be flitting ;
 My home is the wide world, I wander like thee ;
 No nest waits my coming ; no mate and no birdling
 Will sing their sweet songs to welcome poor me."

August 6th.—I went with Cousin Jenny, last evening, to see Mrs. Mercer's flower-garden. She is a widow lady, who devotes all her time and thoughts to her plants. She calls her place "Rose Glen;" and Cousin Jenny said it was rightly named, for nowhere else has she ever seen such a profusion and

variety of rare and beautiful roses. She said she was over there last June, and she could think of nothing but Moore's lines :

“ 'Twas at the feast of roses,
In thy vale of Cashmere.”

There were thickets of roses, and hedges of roses, and all the air was filled with their delicious perfume.

Of course we found very few roses in bloom ; but we scarcely missed them, there were such quantities of verbenas, pinks, geraniums, fuchsias, &c., &c. I should exhaust a florist's catalogue, should I name them all. I noticed how beautifully they were arranged, and how harmoniously the colors blended together. It was like a gorgeous picture wrought in mosaic work, with flowers instead of stones. Cousin Jenny said the arrangement was not mere accident, but the result of a great deal of care and labor. Mrs. Mercer always labels her seeds, and is always particular to note the color and height of the different plants. I know I should never have patience to take all of that trouble. I should not want Mrs. Mercer to look into my seed box, where everything is at “sixes and sevens.” I confess I felt a little afraid of her, from something Cousin Jenny had said, and was agreeably disappointed in finding her quite a pleasant, chatty person, who seemed delighted to have some one to whom she could talk about her flowers. She gave me a great deal of useful information about raising different kinds of slips. She places her rose slips in large earthen saucers filled with fine

sand, which is kept very wet. Some few roses, she said, would root in a fortnight, but the most of them require a much longer time.

The rooted slips are taken up carefully, and placed in penny pots, which are sunk to their lips in a box of moist sand. I noticed that every slip had a broken lamp chimney over it. This is done, in order to keep the earth firm about the roots; at the same time, it helps to retain the moisture. She said it was important that they should not be kept too wet, since it caused the roots to "damp off. There was one thing about it which delighted me, and that was, that it does not hurt them in the least to take them out and see whether they are going to root or not. Cousin Mary always said the reason I could not raise slips, was because I was too impatient. I would pull them up, to see what they were about so long. She said, too, that plants do not like to have their secrets exposed, and I would never have any success with them. Now I mean to astonish her, when she comes home, with my sand-saucer. I shall keep my own counsel, and enjoy her amazement in seeing my slips grow in spite of the old flower laws.

BROOKSIDE, AUGUST 16TH.

I came home yesterday. I wanted to take them by surprise, and would not let Cousin Jenny drive me up the lane. They were all napping; even old Watch was asleep on the piazza, and was too lazy to do more than wag his tail, when he found who it was that disturbed his slumbers. Everything was so still and quiet—even the plants and trees seemed asleep. I lost no time in running around the place, to see the

flowers, although the sun was so intensely hot, that the chickens were gasping in the shade. The beds looked so well, I took it for granted they had not disturbed them while I was away, and out of pity I gave them a little water to drink. One ought to be more thoughtful of the poor dumb things, who suffer and cannot speak. I went into the garden, where Cousin Mary has a border devoted to sweet peas and mignonette. The sweet peas nearly hid the garden fence, and were full of the most delicate pink and white flowers. The mignonette was growing in the greatest luxuriance, and was covered with honey-bees. I wonder how far they have travelled, to find my mignonette? I have read somewhere, that they will fly great distances, to obtain the food they most delight in. A brilliant moth, rainbow-tinted and not unlike a humming-bird, was hovering over the sweet peas. I am glad such a beautiful creature takes kindly to my favorite flower. I cannot get any one to admire it half enough; it is so exquisitely beautiful, it makes me sigh; and yet I cannot see how it is, when it only gives me pleasure. It is a flower for poets; poor Keats understood it thoroughly, when he says:

“Here are sweet-peas, on tip-toe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush, o’er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.”

If I were “a lover, noble and free,” I would give my lady-love sweet peas and mignonette, with a leaf of the rose geranium. I had some such thought as

this, when I stole softly into Sarah's room, with a tiny nosegay in my hand—these three, and no more. She was fast asleep, and looked so pretty and innocent, I was half inclined to kiss her. I changed my mind, however, and went to the stand to put my flowers in her little vase, when, lo and behold! the flowers were already there; and I heard Sarah say, in a sleepy tone. "Oh, don't disturb those, please!" I turned around, wondering what made those particular flowers so precious, when Sarah cried out (she was wide awake now), "Why, Lucy! is it you? When did you come home, child?" And such a shower of questions as she poured upon me! it was as much as I could do to answer them. I wonder why she blushed so, when I thanked her for taking care of the flowers, and turned it off with, "Oh, Frank did the most of it"? Aunt Jane told me that Sarah attended to them, for Frank was busy in the harvest-field, and she was up to her eyes in work. I saw that the plantains had been neglected, and were going to seed.

August 20th.—The slips I put down before I left home, are beginning to grow. I have three fuchsias and four geraniums. The rose slips are all dead; but I am trying Mrs. Mercer's plan of rooting them in sand, and hope I shall succeed.

I find Sarah takes quite an interest in the flowers; she is really beginning to remember their names, which is something she did not use to do. I wonder if Cousin Frank does not give Sarah those flowers she wears in her hair—she never troubles herself to pull any, and I have noticed every morning, since I came

home, an exquisite little nosegay is placed by her breakfast plate. It is so like Cousin Frank; and I see they are all his favorite flowers.

September 6th.—I had a letter from Cousin Mary, this morning. She is coming home, at last, and my flower troubles will soon be over. And yet, for all, taking the good and bad together, I have had a happy summer. I shall have something new to show her, when she comes.

Three little roses have taken root in the sand, and I have put them in pots, with a broken lamp chimney over each one, a la Mrs. Mercer, and they are looking what she would call "very promising," although there is not a single leaf on them. She said it was better that they should not have leaves until they were well rooted.

The fuchsias and geraniums are a good deal smaller than those she left with me, but they will be all the better for winter flowering. I quote Mrs. Mercer so much, Cousin Frank calls me "Mrs. Mercer the less;" but he does not dare to tease me much now, since I have found out who gives Sarah her morning bouquet, and who gave her the little blue and gold books, of which she is so choice; and I have only to threaten to write to Cousin Mary and tell her of my wonderful discoveries, when he begins to look serious, and his teasing is over for that day.

We have very pleasant times together now. All the warm August days, Sarah and I sat sewing under the maple tree, where there is always a slight breeze stirring, and Frank read to us from some interesting book. He waited until Uncle Nathan had taken his

after-dinner nap, and came slowly out of the back door, leaning on his cane; then the book was thrown aside, and he was ready for work again.

Just now a red leaf came floating into my window. It had a message for me, which I was loath to read: "The summer is over," it said, more plainly than words could speak; "prepare for the winter days, which are fast coming upon thee." It reminded me that I must begin to re-pot the flowers, so that we may have some to bloom in the winter. I see that I shall be too busy to write in my journal; and, indeed, with Frank and Sarah both gone, and Cousin Mary's flowers off of my mind, I shall have nothing to write about.

DOROTHY GREY.

"Where's Dorothy, mother?" asked bluff Farmer Grey,

As he entered the kitchen, one morning in May,
With despair in his tone and a frown on his brow;
And he growled, "Oh, that girl! what's become of
her now?"

She was to mend me some bags—two hours ago—
And here I'm waiting on her motions so slow.
'Tis seldom that I with the children find fault;
But sorely she tries me,—she don't earn her salt."
The mother looked troubled,—“Wait, father; I'll
call;”

And, "Dorothy!" sounded through chamber and
hall.

In a wide roomy garret, weather-beaten and old,
 Where the spiders triumphant their banners unroll'd,
 And the small narrow window half stinted the ray
 Which fell on the form of sweet Dorothy Grey.
 She sat—by a chest filled with pieces and rolls—
 The odds and the ends dear to housekeepers' souls :
 The bags, worn and dusty, around her were tossed,
 Unheeded, forgotten,—in dreams she was lost.
 One hand propped her forehead, half hid by her hair,
 While another held tightly a fairy book rare.
 Oh, the wonderful pictures ! the glories untold !
 That arose on her vision, all glittering with gold !
 The brown rafters vanished, and vanished the hoard
 Of cast-offs and may-wants her mother had stored—
 Carpet rags, saddle-bags, old clothes past repair,
 Dried bunches of herbs, all cob-webbed, hung there.
 In their place was a ceiling which loomed up so high,
 All studded with stars, and as blue as the sky.
 Around it hung banners and garlands so gay,
 And wax-lights made every thing bright as the day ;
 While strains of sweet music came soft on the air,
 And light feet were dancing right joyously there.
 Oh, the beautiful ladies that swept through the rooms,
 With dresses like rainbows, and high nodding plumes !
 And the princes and lords, all in gallant attire !
 How they danced, as the music rose higher and higher !
 Then the fair Cinderella tripped smilingly by
 With the Prince, so resplendent none with him may
 vie !
 Oh, the exquisite story ! how it held her in thrall,
 As she poured o'er the scenes of that wonderful ball !
 Her red lips half parted with joy and surprise,
 While beaming and dancing with joy were her eyes.

Hist ! a step on the stairway—her dreaming is o'er,
 As, "Dorothy !" comes through the half-opened door.
 She starts as though guilty, poor child ! of a sin ;
 And down goes the chest-lid, her treasure within.
 "Yes, mother, I'm coming ;" and smiling she goes
 Down the worm-eaten stairs—to be scolded, she
 knows ;
 But chide her and scold her, as long as they may,
 Still that beautiful vision has Dorothy Grey.

THE SONG OF THE SCULLION.

A PARODY.

"Scrape, scrape, scrape !
 Hard is my weary lot !
 Working from early dawn
 Till the shades of night steal on,
 Singing the Song of the Pot."

Thus, in a kitchen lone,
 A dark and dismal spot,
 Where the sunbeams entered not,
 A scullion, in dolorous tone,
 Sat singing the Song of the Pot.

"Wash, wash, wash !
 Will the washing ever be o'er ?
 Will the time ever come to me ?
 What a joyful time 'twill be
 When I shall never more
 Wash, wash, wash !

“Scrape, scrape, scrape !

Oh, the ladies that pass me by
With a curl of the scornful lip !
Why should they leisurely sip
From a golden cup, while I
Scrape, scrape, scrape ?

“Scour, scour, scour !

How proudly they rustle past
Robes of silk, raised daintily
Lest they're soiled in touching me.
Happy they ! while I, alas !
Scour, scour, scour !

“Stoop, stoop, stoop !

Till my back is weary and weak,
And dizzy and hot my brain ;
Who cares for a scullion's pain,
Or her pale and sunken cheek ?
Stoop, stoop, stoop !”

Thus, in a kitchen lone,
A dark and dismal spot,
Where the sunbeams entered not,
A scullion, in dolorous tone,
Sat singing the Song of the Pot.

A P R I L .

I know a little maiden,
Her name I may not tell,
So April I will call her,
Since it suits her passing well.

This fitful little creature
 Is only three years old,
 Yet she knows more than many
 Who twice her age have told.

Oh, laughing eyes has April,
 Of shining chestnut brown !
 And "sweet low brow" o'ershadow'd
 By many a fleeting frown.

Her cheeks are plump and ruddy,
 And blithe and gay she trips,
 While pleasant words are falling
 From her smiling, pouting lips.

If all goes well, she's charming,
 No sweeter maid can be ;
 But cross her mood, and quickly
 Her show'ry tears we'll see.

She's crying in the morning,
 We hear her still at noon,
 And through the dusky twilight
 She plays the same old tune.

If it were not for the sunshine
 We see between the showers,
 I don't know what would happen
 To this little maid of ours ;

She might pass into a streamlet,
 For tears can make a rill :
 I wonder how she'd feel then,
 A-flowing down the hill ?

Or she'll turn into a rainbow,
 If she does not mend her ways,
 And we shall see her only
 When the raindrops kiss the rays.

WHAT THE SNOW SAID TO THE EARTH.

Poor Mother Earth ! I pity thee,
 Thou art no longer fair,
 The glory's vanished from the tree,
 And all thy fields are bare.
 The little birds that sang to thee
 Through happy summer days,
 In other lands, as gay and free,
 They sing their lovely lays.
 The flowers that crowned and covered thee
 With glory like the sun,
 The Frost-King touched them, speedily
 They perished, one by one.
 The cold North wind sweeps over thee,
 And blows his trumpet clear
 In every pine ; loud singeth he,
 "I ride without a peer."
 O Mother Earth ! I pity thee ;
 I strive thy wounds to hide ;
 Upon thy breast so tenderly
 I spread my white wings wide.
 From chilling blasts I shelter thee
 With my soft wings of love ;
 I give my all—my life—to be
 Exhaled in clouds above.

THE WILD ROSE.

They tell me of roses,
 Where softly reposes
 The light of the summer's day,
 Blooming in bowers
 Where courtly flowers
 All gather in proud array :

Where are tulips and lilies,
 And stiff stock gillies ;
 Oh ! stately and grand are they,
 As the human flowers
 In this world of ours,
 Who move on their ice-bound way.

These flowers bloom coldly ;
 Give me the lowly
 Sweet Rose of the wild wood free ;
 In its grace adorning
 The bright May morning,
 When the dew is on all the lea.

Then keep ye the roses
 Where each leaf uncloses
 With smiles, that the world may see ;
 But give me the flower
 Of the wild-wood bower ;
 Oh ! the sweet Wild Rose for me.

ANNETTE'S CHRISTMAS.

ANNETTE was the only child of a poor widow, who lived in one of the many crowded alleys of a great city. The room they occupied was a miserable attic, where the winter snows drifted and the summer rains dripped through the rotten shingles. It was dark and cheerless, for the small gable window permitted but a niggardly portion of light to enter the room; and here it was that Annette, a poor, helpless cripple, had lain for six long years. Her mother was forced to leave the child, day after day, that she might earn a scanty livelihood. But Annette had been so often left alone, that she had grown accustomed to it; and a few picture books and some broken toys, which a kind lady for whom her mother worked had given her, served to amuse her, and rendered the long days less wearisome. She was scarcely ever free from pain, yet she had what she called her "good days," when the sun seemed to shine more brightly, and the cruel pains which tortured her slight frame were less severe. Then, instead of the pitiful moans which escaped her pale lips, might be heard fragments of the hymns she had heard her mother sing, or snatches of childish talk with a forlorn old doll she had named Helena, and which she cherished as a very dear friend. Her cot bed was

placed near the window, for it was the lightest and warmest place there; and now that the winter had fairly set in, she had need of all the sunshine she could obtain, since fuel was dear, and the fire often burned low before her mother returned from her work. Annette was very fond of her picture-books—they were like old friends. With her mother's help, she had learned to read, and the many pleasant things she found in them caused her to forget the pains which troubled her. She would hold her poor old doll bolt upright before the book, while she turned the leaves slowly, and strove with great patience to explain the meaning of the pictures to Helena's somewhat dull understanding.

It happened the day before Christmas, that her mother had brought her some wood-cuts, taken from an illustrated paper; and among them was a picture of St. Nicholas, in the act of descending a wide chimney, while his eight beautiful reindeer were prancing around, beating the shingles with their tiny hoofs. Her pale face brightened with pleasure, as her eyes glanced upon it; for even to her wearisome life Christmas had brought some little change and variety. "Helena!" she piped out, in her thin, weak voice, "now pay attention, dear, to what I tell you. This is Kriss Kringle. You see he is going down a chimney. Well, he is a good man, who comes every Christmas eve, and brings lots of nice things to little girls, and boys too, I believe. One Christmas night he brought you, my precious child, and laid you down on my bed, because I forgot to hang up my stocking. Maybe he'll bring me some-

thing this Christmas. I wish he would bring mother some money, so that she would not have to work so hard, and could stay at home more. Oh, dear, dear! Helena," she exclaimed; "the pain's all coming back again, and I can't show you any more pictures." She turned her face from the window, clasped her hands tightly around her doll, and moaned in her great misery. "Oh! if Kriss Kringle would only give me a new back!" she murmured, plaintively, "and take away the dreadful pain, how thankful I would be!"

When the pain left her, weak and exhausted she lay, with closed eyes, praying silently for strength to meet the coming wave of anguish, which was sure to sweep over her. But it never came. While she waited, pale and trembling, she felt a gentle touch upon her forehead, and opening her eyes, she saw the face of a strange man, close to her own. It wore a peculiar look, as of some one she had known long ago, and the voice that addressed her was full of pitying tenderness. He lifted her gently in his strong arms, and pillowed her weary head upon his loving breast.

"I have come for thee, Annette," he said, soothingly. "Fear nothing, my child; I will bear thee away to a home called 'Beautiful,' where thou shalt be healed of all thy infirmities, and pain and weakness shall trouble thee no more."

And as one in a dream trusts himself to some strange guidance, knowing not why it is that he feels neither doubt nor fear, thus it was that Annette suffered herself to be borne away in the arms of this

mysterious being. They passed swiftly out into the open air, and the cold winter wind swept over her fevered frame ; but the strong arms clasped her so warmly, and lovingly, that it seemed soft as the breath of the summer time. She heard the musical tingling of innumerable bells, and saw eight tiny reindeer beating their golden hoofs. Then she was placed in a beautiful sleigh, all lined with white swan's down, and away they went, swifter than the wind, over the countless roofs of the great city, into the wide, free country, where the hills and valleys were, and the tall pine forests were white with snow. A river flowed before their pathway, rushing on, mighty and strong ; but they passed over it as though it had been dry land—only a few drops of water fell, like baptismal dew, upon Annette's awe-stricken face.

The daylight faded slowly, and the stars came out, silent and cold. Presently the full moon rose up from behind a distant hill. Then she heard the voice of her guide, saying, "Look up, my child ; we are almost there." And soon she saw the lights streaming from every window of a large mansion. As they drew near, she read, in letters of gold over the doorway :

"In my Father's house there are many mansions."

A woman, clad in soft, flowing garments of white, came swiftly down the steps to welcome them. She lifted Annette in her arms with great care and tenderness, and said, as she kissed her upon the forehead :

"We have long been looking for thee, my child. Now thou shalt have rest from thy long sufferings."

And she bore her into a lighted room, filled with many wonderful things. The walls were adorned with pictures of beautiful children, framed with wreaths of myrtle and lilies of the valley; and statues of the great and good of all ages stood in the niches of the wall, decked with garlands of holly and laurel intertwined. All about the sides of the room were arranged the most exquisite of flowers, which filled the air with the sweetest perfume; but in the centre of the apartment stood a magnificent Christmas tree, ablaze with light, and hung with the most beautiful toys; and around this were gathered a joyous band of little children. Their young eyes glistened and their cheeks glowed with expectation, while their feet kept time to joyful strains of music.

"Oh, how beautiful it is!" said Annette, looking up, with a pitiful smile, into the face of the motherly woman, who still held her. "If I could only be strong and well again, I would be happy with them."

"Have patience, Annette," she returned, soothingly; "thou shalt yet be well; for thou must know that all of the children thou seest, when they came to this beautiful home, were sorely stricken with disease and many infirmities. They were dwellers in great cities, pent in close and unhealthy homes, where the sun could not shine, and the pure breezes could not visit them. As they are now, so in time thou shalt be."

While she was yet speaking, a tall and venerable man, with a countenance full of goodness and benevolence, entered the room, and the children welcomed him with shouts of joy. He carried a long silver

wand in his right hand, and with this he detached the toys and other beautiful things from the overladen branches of the Christmas tree, and distributed them among the children. When they had all received the things they most desired, with smiles of delight, and thanked the giver many times, a lovely little girl with golden hair came running to Annette, and gave her a beautiful doll ; and before she could utter a word of thanks, she had flitted back to her companions again.

"Now, my child," said the woman who held her, "thou hast had happiness enough for one night. I will lay thee down in yonder alcove, where it is cool and still, and the light is dim. The soft soothing strains of music will soon lull thee to sleep."

It was late in the afternoon, when a kind neighbor entered the room where Annette lay. On her arm she carried a basket containing several trifling gifts, which a lady had left with her to give to the little sufferer.

"Look here, Annette," she exclaimed, as she drew near the bed ; "see what Kriss Kringle has sent thee !"

There was no response to her greeting ; and as she bent over the bed, she saw the child's face lighted up with a smile of heavenly peace ; she laid her hand reverently upon her forehead, and said, softly,

"The good Father has taken her to himself : she has gone to the land where there is peace and rest for the long suffering."

ONE DAY IN JUNE.

We wandered out in summer time,
One cloudless day in June ;
When earth and sky, and blooming flowers
Seemed set to some sweet tune.
There were Nell and Kate and Sue and Belle
And little Mary Bray :
And we were young and gay and blithe
As was the summer day.
We wandered thro' the grand old woods ;
And gathered ferns and flowers,
And bits of moss and lichens gray,
While swiftly flew the hours.
Wearied at last of rambling far,
We sought the beech trees shade ;
And Sue and Belle, a story told
Of a wandering gypsy maid,
Who lived beneath the forest trees
A life so wild and free,
Free as the bird, who flies where'er
It wishes most to be.
The story done, Nell sang a song
Of flowers and humming bees ;
And clear and sweet her words rang out,
Among the listening trees.
Then Kate rose up—all pale and shy,
She loved the rhymers' art ;
And pitied the oppressed and weak,
With all her loving heart.

With voice that trembled, she began
 To read a mournful lay,
 Of children pent in city courts
 Where sun-light lost its way.
 Their darkened lives bereft of love,
 No gleam of hope within ;
 The comrades of their tender years,
 Were want, and pain, and sin !
 So lost to peace and innocence,
 And love that children crave ;
 Their ministering angels fold their wings,
 All powerless to save !
 She told of angels—earthly ones—
 Who filled with love Divine,
 And moved by pity, fearlessly
 Sought the dark haunts of crime,
 And brought the helpless little ones ;
 From the city's stifling heat,
 Out to the free, wide country—
 Where the air was pure and sweet.
 Where they might see the meadows green,
 Where the restless swallows fly ;
 And the clover thick with honey bees,
 Beneath the dark blue sky.
 When they might feel that He who made
 A world so bright and fair,
 Has for His earthly children all
 A tender Father's care !
 I listened while she spoke and gazed
 Upon sweet Mary Bray—
 As wrapt in childhood's dreamless sleep,
 Within my arms she lay.

She was the child of charity,
 Poor, friendless and alone ;
 With all her beauty rare and grace,
 None claimed her for their own.
 But to one true, one motherly heart,
 Was given the power to win—
 This little waif, thrown on the tide
 From want, and woe, and sin.
 The lay was done, and silent we,
 The place grew strangely still ;
 We heard the twittering of a bird,
 And the murmur of the rill.
 Then something stirr'd my heart, I breath'd
 A silent, grateful prayer ;
 Remembering how my life had been
 So blest with tenderest care.
 The sun is set in a flood of gold,
 And the distant hills were grey ;
 As laden with the forest spoils,
 We took our homeward way,
 Across the meadow—by the brook,
 And over fields—new mown—
 Where serried swarths of fragrant hay,
 Upon the ground were strown.
 Ah ! years have passed since then, and we
 Have long been women grown :
 And some are wed, and some have lads
 And maidens, of their own.
 But cherished in our memories still,
 Is that fair day in June ;—
 When earth, and sky, and *we* ourselves,
 Seemed set to some sweet tune.

MABEL'S WISH.

O would I were a fairy
Up in a cherry tree,
And if 'twere always summer
How happy I would be.
I would breakfast on a cherry,
And when I came to dine ;
The stone should be a wine-glass,
To hold my ruby wine.
The bee should bring me honey,
And the butterfly should bear ;
My tiny form whenever
I wished to take the air.
The winds should bring me odors,
From the fields of new mown hay ;
And the birds should give me music,
All the live-long summer day,
No lessons in the tree top,
No puzzling sums for me !
O would I were a fairy
Up in a cherry tree,
And if 'twere always summer.
How happy would I be,

A MEMORY.

Earth is full of sorrow—our paths all wind,
From fields of sunlight into deepest shade ;—
Death enters all our homes, and leaves us blind
With weeping—bewildered and dismayed.

'Tis scarce one fleeting year ago—the leaves
 Of the young oaks wore darker hues than now,
 The breath was balmier of the summer breeze ;
 Which stirs the leaves upon the aspen's bough.

When first I gazed upon that face so fair,
 So strangely beautiful—I had thought before
 That the old masters *dreamed* of forms so rare,
 Or such alone had lived in days of yore.

She seemed the daughter of some southern clime,
 Where soft winds pass o'er beds of flowers
 Warm in their crimson glow—where groves of lime,
 Mingle their perfume with the orange bowers.

I gazed upon her face, and dreamed of skies
 Which glow with sunnier hues—with softer rays
 Than ours—there seemed a spell in those dark eyes—
 I could not choose but dream, and dreaming gaze.

We met as strangers one bright summer day,
 As strangers part, so seeming parted we :—
 She little thought what wealth I bore away,
 What thoughts of beauty she had given me.

Months passed—and when the Spring came with her
 flowers,
 And sweetly sang the birds on each green bough ;
 When kindly earth received May's golden showers,
 Death's seal was placed upon that fair young brow.

O Death ! if there were nought beyond this life—
 For us no brighter shore—no home more blest—
 If this poor world of care, and wearying strife,
 And pain were all—should we so long for rest ?

We murmur oft against thy stern decree—
 To see thee bear the youngest from our hearth,—
 And weep, when pass the fair, the brave and free,
 Like dreams and visions from the darkened earth.

Yet in another home 'neath clearer skies,
 Robed in celestial raiment—glorious band!
 Are the beloved—who faded from our eyes,
 And passed before us to that “better land.”

1855.

THE SONG OF SUMMER.

Gather the flowers
 Now while ye may,
 Soon from this fair land
 I must away.
 Bask in the sunlight
 Dream in the shade;
 Green leaves will wither,
 Flowers will fade.
 Hie to the woodland
 Blithely and free,
 Wild birds are singing
 Praises to me.
 Seek the cool mosses
 Treasures are there,
 Brighter than corals;
 Lovely and rare.
 Linger by glen and brake
 Where the ferns grow,
 Where the wild beeches

Sway to and fro.
 Bend o'er the woodland stream
 List to its song :
 Rippling thro' light and shade
 Gaily along.
 Thus sing the bright waves ;
 Swiftly they go,
 Murmuring o'er and o'er
 Softly and low ;
 " Gather the flowers,
 Now while ye may,
 Fleetly the Summer
 Is passing away."

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

A PARABLE.

NEAR the centre of a beautiful garden, where bloomed flowers of every variety and hue, grew a large Apple Tree.

It was the season of May, and its far spreading branches, were covered with delicate green leaves, and rose-colored blossoms. A striking contrast they formed, and proudly and gracefully the Apple Tree bent his branches to the breeze, as if conscious he must be the centre of attraction, even though surrounded by so many beautiful flowers. Nor did he stand altogether alone ; for twined around his rugged trunk, grew a frail delicate Rose tree. It was the

season for the rose-hood to bloom; and all around it they were seen of every shade, from the darkest crimson to the palest pink. Beautiful and flourishing they seemed, very unlike their pale drooping sister Rose; her leaf-buds, which were just opening to the sunbeams, that stole feebly through the thick branches of the Apple Tree, looked yellow and faded, and the few flower buds which were seeking to expand, one might have seen at a glance, would never arrive at perfection. What a contrast its lithe, slender branches, formed with the rugged, strong limbs of the Apple Tree. A contrast so marked, that even the Tree looked down somewhat scornfully upon the frail thing which clung so tenaciously to his rough trunk. Day after day, had he watched the feeble efforts of the leaf-buds to expand, long after his blossoms had opened to the sunlight, sending their perfume abroad.

“Poor weak thing, that thou art!” at length he exclaimed, “bending over to the slightest breeze, were it not that thou hadst me to lean upon, thou would’st have been trampled in the dust long ago. I wrestle with the tempest and the fierce wind, and glory in my strength. The storms that would tear thee up by thy roots, and lay thy frail form prostrate, but serve to render my pliant limbs stronger and better able to resist their attacks.” “And yet,” continued he, in a softer tone, “I do not altogether despise thee, poor Rose! Thou art near to me; it gives me pleasure to look down upon thee, hid as thou art in the shadow of my foliage.

Thus our great mother Nature, intended to it be;

it is meet that the weak should lean upon, and look up to the strong and powerful. A vast difference there is, indeed, between thee and me. I am an object of some importance in this garden, but what an insignificant thing art thou! How thankful thou shouldst be, that thou art permitted to adorn my trunk with thy delicate leaves, thus deriving from me a portion of my greatness; a claim, slight though it may be, on the attention of the passers by. And yet thou art not thankful. I hear thee murmuring some feeble complaint to the breeze the live-long day. 'I am not content,' forever thou art saying—forever repining at the hardness of thy lot. What an ungrateful plant thou art! How undeserving of thy many blessings—how utterly unworthy to enjoy the never-failing protection of a tree so strong and glorious as I am!"

And the Rose, when she saw the glance of pity and contempt which fell upon her, and heard the words that accompanied it, felt that she was accused unjustly. Therefore she ceased not murmuring, and the gay breeze which came to her laden with the stolen sweetness of her fairer sisters, bore it away with him, and at night, when all was hushed and still in the flower world, he gently lifted the leaflets of every rose, and whispered to them the story of their sister's suffering.

"O for some blessed rays of sunshine" she murmured wearily, "to give me new life and strength! I pine for the free, unobstructed light of the heavens above me; these heavy green boughs shut out so completely the bright blue sky, the life-giving shower,

and the refreshing dew ; nought comes to cheer me, save some stray beam, which falls pityingly through the opening branches. The rain may not penetrate the soil around my roots, it scarcely brushes the dust from my leaves, and the blessed dews of eventide may never visit me. And yet thou upbraid'st me, proud and lofty one, with my weakness, when it is to the kindly offices of these welcome visitants, of which thou forever deprivest me, that thou owest thy beauty and thy strength. Give me the same advantages that thou hast, and thou wilt see me no longer clinging to thee for support. I shall stand erect once more, and these pale, faded leaves will grow green and healthy in the warm sunshine ; these blighted buds will expand gloriously under more genial influences. Then, I shall no longer be an object of thy pitying scorn, and the commiseration of my sister roses."

* * * * *

It was a cloudless night in June. The moon-beams stole softly through the branches of the Apple Tree, and formed patches of light and shade on the smooth turf below. They lighted up the rugged trunk, no longer shaded by the foliage of the Rose Tree ; it was stripped and bare. At a little distance from it, bubbled up a fountain, whose waters sparkled in the moonlight like precious gems, and the shadow of a stately Rose Tree was reflected in the basin below. It was in truth a beautiful Rose ! The breeze in all his wanderings, had never caressed a fairer one, or bore away on his wing, sweeter odors. Her dark green leaves, and moss-covered buds, from which the

pure white petals were peeping, lay side by side ;
while proudly rejoicing in her beauty and strength,
she stood erect beneath the moon-lit heavens—a perfect Rose.

LAWYER HENRY.

“ I tell you, your petition will prove of no avail,
The keepers of the taverns, will be licensed without
fail ;
The law is in their favor, their friends are easily
traced,
And twelve men of good standing preserves for each
his place.”
Thus spoke wise Lawyer Henry, and close his thin
lips pressed
The while his white hand fondly a tawny beard
caress'd.
Was there no throb of pity, within his world-worn
heart,
For that poor, tortured woman as he bid her hopes
depart ?
A sad eyed, weary woman, she came to him for
bread.
And carelessly he gave her, a cold *hard* stone instead.
What wonder in her trouble deep, like a poor hunted
deer ;
She stood at bay, and passed beyond the sacred
woman's sphere.
Her pale cheek flush'd, and instantly her dark eye
flashed with fire,

And all her form, so sorrow worn, trembled with
righteous ire.

“And is it true, O man,” she cried, “is’t true the
word you say—

That all our work for days and weeks is labor thrown
away?

Can thrice twelve men, in this poor place rule it for
lasting ill?

And will three hundred woman’s names, count then
for nothing still?

We working women, illy can afford a day to lose,
The gaping taverns swallow all our just and lawful
dues:

But in the hope of some great good, with all our
hearts so sore,

We carried the petitions round, nor passed a single
door.

Here are the names, three hundred see, poor things!
some could not write,

But their crosses, which are many stand forever in
God’s sight!

They wished they had two hands to sign, if they
could change things so,*

And was there any hope? they asked with faces full
of woe.

Yet now, when all is said and done, you say the law’ll
prevail,

We’re only women, and alas! what can we do but
fail?”

“Why my good woman, how can you talk,” he said
and moved his chair,

* A fact.

And thrust his fingers through the locks of his pomatumed hair :

“ Now really, one would think with *me*, your cause was lost or won,

That you hold *me* responsible for all the wrong that’s done ;

I did not make the laws, not I, they’re bad enough I trow—

But I see no way to alter them : we’ll have to bear them now.

‘ I’ll take your paper ? ’ surely,—yes, when up to court I go ;

But women’s names don’t weigh much there ; they cannot vote you know. ”

Then all the woman’s soul rose up, and shook her fragile frame,

As she heard the lawyer coolly weigh the worth of woman’s name.

“ You see no way to alter them, these laws so fraught with ill ? ”

You see no way ; then stand aside, and let us do our will.

I tell you, Lawyer Henry, that I in vision see

The coming of that blessed day when woman shall be free.

You shall not taunt us then as now, no vote is ours to give,

When woman’s power is equal, then shall the Nation live :

Then shall your boasted statutes in fragments swift be hurled,

And Love and Truth and Justice shall rule the mighty world ! ”

Then like a queen the woman swept from out the
 Lawyer's door,
 And left him pondering gravely her strange words
 o'er and o'er :
 He wondered if 'twere possible he would live to see
 the day
 When women in the Council-halls should hold an
 equal sway ?
 Things might be better than they were, of that he
 had no doubt ;
 But if the women office held, some men must be left
 out :
 He shuddered, feeling in the cold, no hope at all for
 him,
 And then he vowed the thing absurd 't was but a
 woman's whim ;
 Yet if a woman willed a thing, she would surely have
 her will—
 Thus pondered Lawyer Henry, and we leave him
 pondering still.

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

'Tis only a little spot of ground,
 The garden walk beside,
 And yet it seems a sacred mound
 To all, since he has died.

His life with pain was saddened o'er ;
 Poor child ! he never drew
 A glad, free breath—but more and more
 In wisdom's ways he grew.

Here, in the early days of spring,
The little sufferer came,
And saw with joy each living thing,
And called it by its name.

The flowers to him seemed more than flowers,
Playmates and friends in one,
And here he passed his weary hours,
From morn till set of sun.

He saw each plant its buds unfold,
And seek the light above,
Their beauty thrilled with joy his soul,
And filled his heart with love.

O who can tell what visions rare,
Came to the dreaming child,
When earth and sky were both so fair,
And all creation smiled?

Methinks God gives for such as he,
His angels charge, that they
May watch and guard them lovingly,
And with them always stay.

And thus it is their souls expand,
With heavenly guests so near,
And things we may not understand,
To them seem plain and clear.

Kind Nature holds them to her breast,
While opening wide her store,
She soothes their pain and gives them rest,
That they may love her more.

And when death comes, he wears a smile,
 The truest friend is he,
 He takes them but a *little while*,
 And bears them tenderly—

To where the angels waiting stand,
 With gentle, loving eyes,
 To lead them to another land,
 'Neath softest summer skies.

Then all that they have loved on earth,
 Will they not find them there?
 No pain is in that second birth,
 And all things must be fair.

And so I dream these garden flowers,
 To the lost child so dear,
 Still bloom for him these summer hours,
 In a purer atmosphere.

THE NIGHT MOTH.

When the sun goes down and the air is filled,
 With the sounds of rushing wings,
 When the swallows fly, and the fire-flies flit,
 The Night Moth comes and sings:

“O sweet is the flower, at the evening hour,
 When the wandering bee goes home,
 And dear to me, are the sweets the bee
 Has left for my lips alone.

I startle the child, in the garden wild,
 When my rustling wings are heard,

But he laughs with glee, my 'form to see,
And calls me his 'humming bird.'

The birds of day, their roundelay,
May give to the sun and air;
But the pale twilight, and the fire-flies bright,
To the Night Moth seem more fair.

O sweet is the flower, at the evening hour,
When the wandering bee goes home,
And dear to me, are the sweets the bee
Has left for my lips alone!"

LOTTY'S MISHAP.

Into the coal-box,
Lotty one day,
Hid from her brother
Charley, at play.

Down came the box-lid
With a great slam,
Lotty was fastened
Tight as a clam.

Cook in the kitchen,
Heard a shrill cry,
Rushed to the door-yard,
Naught did she spy.

Soon from the coal-box
Came a faint moan,
"Please do not leave me
Die here alone."

She up with the box-lid,
 Lotty was there,
 Covered with coal dust,
 Cheeks, eyes and hair !

Cook never scolded,
 Good soul was she !
 Washed her and dressed her,
 Neat as could be.

She ran to her mother,
 Told her the tale,
 "Thought I was Jonah,
 Fast in a whale.

"Felt like a piggy,
 Shut in a pen,
 Thought I would *never*
 Hide there again.

"Looked like one, mother,
 Dirty and mean,
 Now I am Lotty,
 Ever so clean !"

H I L D A .

Only a year has circled
 Over our little maid ;
 Bright was the summer's sunshine,
 Brief was the winter's shade,
 Sweet was the breath of spring-time,

Soft was the summer's breeze,
 Gay were the plants that blossomed,
 Golden the autumn sheaves.

Rosy and happy and merry,
 Laughing and cooing all day,
 She's like a bird in the spring-time,
 Singing so blithesome and gay ;
 Sweet child of love ! may no shadow
 Pass o'er thy tender young brow,
 May the years find thee and keep thee,
 Loving and winsome as now.

THE DARKENED CHAMBER.

Shrouded deep in gloom and silence,
 All the darkened chamber lay,
 Where once through the lifted curtain,
 Stole the morning's golden ray.

Where the bird's first thrilling joy-note,
 Floated on the silent air,
 Filling all her heart with gladness,
 Mingling with her morning prayer.

Once again upon the threshold,
 Mournfully the mother stands,
 Drearly her dark eye resting,
 On the death-bound folded hands.

Heavily the drapery falleth
 'Round the window like a pall,
 Scarce a gleam of blessed sunlight,
 Resteth on the chamber wall.

And around her heart there gathers,
 Midnight shadows dark and wild,
 Doth she shudder, fearful mother?
 In the lone room of her child?

Doth she tremble? Look, oh mother,
 In a holy sleep she lies,
 Nevermore the light may greet thee,
 From those meek, reproachful eyes.

Nevermore the tear-drop glitter,
 'Neath the lashes drooping low;
 Nevermore the pale lip quiver,
 Or her heart with grief o'erflow.

Art thou weeping? Think, oh mother,
 On her lonely childhood's years—
 When the stars looked sadly on her,
Here she wept her bitter tears.

Here where calm and still she lieth,
 Broken-hearted she hath crept,
 Thinking on thy harsh reproving,
 Weeping mother, whilst thou slept.

Now she sleepeth, oh how calmly!
 Wouldst thou wake her from her rest,
 By thy burning tear-drops falling
 On her cold and silent breast?

Dost thou pray to see the pale lip,
 Breaking from the seal of death?
 O what joy to clasp her, mother,
 With a warm and living breath!

And to feel her arms caressing,
 Lips press kisses on thy brow
 As they once did, wouldst thou chide her,
 Chide her harshly, mother, now ?

Never, mother, light will never,
 Visit thee from earthly shore ;
 And to thee the darkened chamber,
 Shall be dark forevermore.

THE RIVAL ROSES.

PART I.

DOWN by the river where the trees grow close to the pebbled shore, and the glassy wave mirrors their greenness and beauty, there is a garden, where the roses bloom through the long summer-time. They are foreign roses that have come from over the sea, and rejoice in the name of countless dukes and lords, high princes and mighty cardinals. Very strange and out of place they must feel among the plebeian damask and cabbage roses, which are to the "manor born;" and yet they take kindly to our northern sunshine, and bud and bloom and dream, perhaps, through the warm bright days that the blue sunny skies of France are over them once more.

Proudest among all the roses, clad in dark crimson robes, was the Cardinal Patrizzi. He stood in the centre of the garden so strong and sturdy that he

needed no support and craved no protection from the chilly blasts of winter, and thus he grew proud and haughty and looked scornfully upon the frail tea roses that shrank from the storms of hail and sleet, and barely managed to survive the winter with the loss of half their branches.

A near neighbor of the Cardinal was the Archduke Charles, a chameleon-like rose, which buds out a pale delicate pink, but deepens and deepens in the sunlight until it becomes a bright red rose, so changed that its own mother would scarcely know her child again.

It was one fine morning in June, when the roses were out in all their glory, that the high Cardinal waxed mighty in his pride and wrath, and being no longer able to contain himself, gave free vent to his feelings to his friend, the Archduke Charles.

"Good morning, neighbor, you are making quite a display with your roses. A goodly half dozen I perceive. For my part I never care to have less, and I heard the gardener tell Miss Flora only yesterday that I had more than a score of roses every June. Now there is Madam Magnolia, the gardener's pet rose, and who, forsooth, must have the warmest and sunniest spot in the whole garden. Do you not see what a poor show of roses she has? After all the coddling and nursing she only succeeds in maturing a few paltry buds from May to October."

"It is true, my lord Cardinal," the Archduke returned humbly, yet at the time he was gazing admiringly at the Magnolia rose which stood sheltered by the garden wall. From the midst of her

dark, glossy leaves were two half opened buds, large and perfectly formed, of a creamy white, with a delicate rose-tint flushing the edges. Only two, and yet so finely moulded and of a color so rare the Archduke might well be pardoned for saying softly, "But she is the Queen of Roses!"

The Cardinal, hearing it, said pettishly: "Ah, that is the way with you all, you are all Magnolia mad—every rose in the garden but myself. And when the visitors come how they crowd about her and whisper, 'how beautiful,' 'how exquisite,' as though there was never a rose in the world like her. I cannot see why they should admire such frail delicate beauties—she looks as though a rain had washed her colors out."

"For shame! my lord Cardinal," exclaimed the handsome Bougère, "how can you say such unkind things of a rose to whom we all owe so much? Where will you find a more generous rose than my lady Magnolia? Who else gives so freely of her exquisite perfume? Morning, noon and night she fills the garden with her delicious fragrance; and even you, envious and ungrateful as you are, scruple not to inhale it with the rest."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Cardinal. "Are you there my little Bougère? I had no idea you had so much spirit. Every one knows that your life is given to our lady Magnolia; that you exist only to offer up your daily incense at her shrine. I, who am of a more independent turn of mind, yield fealty to no one. I do not admire your fair mistress, and I think there is no great harm in saying so. Now there comes my pretty Miss Flora to claim one of my buds

for her hair. She has a fine sense of the beautiful. I have often noticed that she prefers the scarlet flowers and roses of the deepest red, to paler varieties."

"And do you not know the reason why, my lord Cardinal?" asked the White Tea, with a gleam of spirit. "She is a dark beauty herself, and like turns to like. She knows that the roses match her cheeks, and the scarlet flowers lend a beauty all their own to her glossy black tresses. Wait until my golden-haired Edith comes; she will have none but blue flowers, and the fairest of the roses."

A beautiful young girl paused for a few moments before the Cardinal Patrizzi, and gazed with delight upon his gorgeous beauty, then turning to the old gardener who stood by her, said: "I want a choice bouquet for a sick friend of mine, a rose bud or two, the finest you have, and a few geranium leaves, that is all. "Poor girl," she murmured to herself, as the gardener left her to fulfil her behest, "she is so fond of flowers, and of everything beautiful in nature. It is sad to think she is leaving us when the earth is so full of loveliness."

"There is none like this, no, not one," soliloquized the old gardener, as he stood lost in thought before the Magnolia Rose." But it is like giving a piece of my heart to send it away. It stays on the bush so long, and scents the garden to the very last; but she asked for "the fairest, and here it goes." With a little sigh he severed the rose from the bush, and placed it tenderly, as though it had been a living, breathing thing, among the geranium leaves.

"O, how lovely it is!" the young girl exclaimed

as the gardener gave her the flower. "It is just the rose that Edith admires most. How exquisite the fragrance is—for all the world like a magnolia blossom." And with a murmur of thanks, and without another glance towards the Cardinal, she tripped down the garden walk, and disappeared among the shrubbery.

No doubt the mighty Cardinal was terribly crest-fallen at this unexpected rebuff, but as he appeared in a very humble and dejected mood the rest of the day—the roses forbore to triumph over him, and directed all their attention to soothing and consoling the poor Magnolia Rose, who was grieving over the loss of her beautiful bud.

PART II.

A DREAM OF THE ROSE.

It was a bright, sunny little room, the walls were covered with choice engravings, and the air was filled with the perfume of flowers. Half reclining in an old arm-chair was the "golden-haired Edith." But the long fair tresses, which were once the object of such fond motherly care had been severed months ago, and laid away in a sacred drawer, where the sunlight can reach them no more. Nothing was left of them, save a few stray ringlets, which lay heavy and damp on the thin transparent brow. Only a year ago, and her cheeks were rosy with health and happiness, and rarely did she enjoy life; it seemed to her, one long bright holiday. She never thought

of death, but as a dark shadow, which would come when she was feeble and old, and had no longer a wish to live. Why should it come to her now, when her years were so few and so full of brightness?

Edith had many friends, and they all seemed to vie with each other in bringing her the beautiful things she loved so well. She said "they were trying to brighten the way"—and there she paused, and left the sentence unfinished. In the early spring they brought her soft, green mosses, glowing with the vivid scarlet of the partridge berry, and lithe, graceful ferns, with the breath of the woods lingering about them, and pale, delicate anemones, as lovely and fragile as herself. But now, in the heart of June, they brought her roses, and the air was sweet with their perfume. It was only that morning that an old schoolmate had called, while she slept, and left her a magnolia rosebud, with nothing to "make or mar" its peculiar beauty but a few leaves of the rose geranium. It was the first thing which greeted her when she awoke, and she lay silent a long while admiring its beauty. "Do you think, mother," she asked, at length, "that there are any flowers in heaven?"

Her mother shook her head sorrowfully: "These things are hidden from us, my child; but I have faith to believe that God will give us whatsoever is good for us, in the world to come."

"Do you think we shall sit on golden thrones and play on golden harps all the time? It will be very dull for me, if there are no flowers or green fields there. I am sure I shall long to come back to this beautiful earth again."

Her mother bent over her and kissed her tenderly. "If we do the will of our Father, we need not fear but we shall be happy, whether on earth or in Heaven." She could say no more, her eyes were full of tears, and she went away, that she might weep alone.

Edith held the rosebud in her hand until it began to droop and wither. "Poor flower!" she thought; "it is dying, like myself; yet the fresh water will give it a little life, and it will become a rose. But for me, I shall die in my girlhood, and all my glowing hopes and dreams will perish with me. Oh! it is sad, it is pitiful, to leave this living, breathing world, and enter upon a life unknown, hidden in darkness and mystery!" And she wept over her early doom as one without hope. In a little while she became weary and exhausted, and lay quite still, with her eyelids closed.

The faint, delicate odor of the rose was floating about her while she slept; and it may be it followed her into the land of dreams. She seemed to be wandering in a pleasant meadow, filled with the most beautiful flowers and shrubs, and watered by lovely silver streams. And many little children were playing there, who appeared happy and full of joy. But they were strangers to Edith, and she walked apart from them, lonely and sad. Among the children were a few older girls, who seemed to have the charge of them; and one of these, perceiving her sadness, came towards her with a cup of sparkling water, and said to her:

"Drink of this cup, that thou mayst be happy even as we are."

But a strange feeling of perversity came over Edith, and she refused the proffered cup. Then the young girl, regarding her with pitying eyes, said :

“If thou wilt not partake of my cup, suffer me at least to revive the rose which is withering in thy hand.”

And Edith gave her the flower ; when, taking it from her, she knelt down on the soft, green sward, and placing the stem in the earth, poured the water over it. The rose refreshed, quickened to life again, and after a little while the petals dropped away, and the stem took root ; then the young leaves burst their downy sheaths, and behold it grew and grew, until it became a large shrub, and buds of creamy white, with a flush of rose, covered it with a crown of glory. Now the sunlight kissed it and evoked its hidden odors, and the evening dews beaded, with shining drops, its waxen petals, and the bird and the bee, and every beautiful thing of the air or on the land, came to visit it and rejoice in its beauty and sweetness. Lastly the little children came, and joining hands, they formed a circle about it, and sang, in low sweet voices, a song to the rose :—

“O earthly rose !
 Sorrowing o'er
 The land of thy love,
 Rejoice ! Rejoice
 Forever more !
 No wintry blasts
 Can reach thee here,
 No bitter storms ;

'Tis summer, summer,
 All the year.
 The winter's death for thee is o'er ;
 Oh, live and bloom forever more !

"Tell me the name of this beautiful country?" said Edith to her companion, when the children's song was ended.

"You call it 'Heaven,' on earth," she replied ;
 "but we call it the 'Happy Land.'"

"And is this Heaven, which seems only a more beautiful earth?"

"The good and wise men who teach us holy truths, say that we make our own heaven, and if we love pure and beautiful things, they become a part of us, and we shall have them with us forever and forever."

"Then I no longer fear to die ; but I would that I might return to earth to comfort my mother."

"The good Father graciously permits us to re-visit those we love. Thou shalt go—"

The beautiful meadow, with the silvery streams, with the flowers and the little children, faded from her vision, and Edith found herself in her own room, with her mother watching her with anxious eyes.

"O mother ! was it all a dream? It seemed so life-like and real ! It was such a lovely place ; and the little children and the flowers !" Then seeing her own drooping bud, she said : "Ah ! my poor rose ! how withered it is ! And I carried it with me all the way. Please put it in the vase again ; then sit by me, mother, and I will tell thee my wonderful dream."

A P R A Y E R .

Draw near to us, O Father,
In this sad, troubled hour !
O let us feel Thy presence,
Thy pitying love and power !

The sunshine scarcely enters
Our sister's darkened room,
And weary pain and sadness
Fill it with grief and gloom.

She cares not for the morning,—
She sadly turns away
From all the summer sunlight,
And would it were not day.

Yet when the evening shadows
Shut out the waning light,
She sighs so weary, weary,
And wishes 'twere not night ;

For the days have come, O Father !
To her, as they'll come to all—
The days when no earthly sunshine
Into her life may fall.

O grant her heavenly patience ;
Let not her courage fail,
When doubt and pain and weakness
Her fainting heart assail.

O let celestial sunshine
 Flood all her soul with light,
 That she may see the angels
 Who watch her day and night.

Laying their hands upon her,
 They soothe her fevered brain ;
 And evermore they're singing
 Some soft, melodious strain.

O may the holy music
 Sink deep into her soul !
 As earthly songs grow fainter,—
 The angels' nearer roll.

Let her not go a stranger,
 A sad, unwilling guest,
 Into Thy home, O Father !
 Thy beautiful home of rest ;

But may the angels bear her
 From the pain and care away.
 She sleeps, and lo, it is night-time !
 She wakes, and behold, it is Day !

WOODS IN WINTER.

A PICTURE BY JACOBSEN.*

Tread lightly now, for all is silence here ;
 Mid-winter reigns, the midnight of the year !
 'Tis Nature's temple, vast and grand and high,
 Its pillars, trees ; its fretted roof, the sky.

*In the possession of Daniel Neall.

The new-fallen snow, in softened curves is laid,
 Like festive wreaths, on moss-grown architrave.
 No marble pave, in pillared church e'er seen,
 Is pure as this, or boasts a lovelier sheen.
 'Neath soft white burdens bowed, each shrub and tree
 Seems wrapt in dreams of glories yet to be.

And lo ! the morning breaks, the twilight gray
 Yields to the coming of the perfect day !
 The skies grow luminous—a dusky glow,
 Like smouldering fires, seems kindled from below,
 Which to the zenith shoots, and swift imbues
 Each snow-clad limb in its own rosy hues.

God's spirit is abroad ; and faint and dim
 We hear the music of the cherubim ;
 And thro' the silence hush'd we wait to see
 The coming of some sacred mystery !
 And almost deem above the snow-drap'd aisles
 The ministering angels stand, with holy smiles
 And swinging censers,—incense rising there,
 Mingling with voiceless sounds of praise and prayer.

A DREAM OF DAMASCUS.

I walk 'neath the holy blue
 Of thy beautiful skies, O June !
 And feel like a bird that sings
 'Mid the purple clover's bloom.
 I breathe in the scented breath
 Exhaled from a thousand flowers,
 And dream as the dreamers may

Who sleep in the lotus bowers.
 I gaze in the rose's heart,
 Far down in each tinted fold,
 And the wondrous dreams return
 That gladdened my heart of old.
 I pass o'er the desert sands
 A-weary and travel-sore ;
 And peerless city, thou dawn'st
 On my raptured gaze once more ;
 As the thoughts of gushing springs,
 Of wild boughs waving free,
 To the fever-bowed, thou comest,
 O city ! in dreams to me.
 'Mid masses of deepest shade
 I see thy minarets gleam ;
 And sweet is the music made
 By the rush of thy mountain stream.
 I wander in gardens rare,
 Where thickets of roses bloom,
 Thro' tangled vines, where fountains leap
 Like light thro' the dusky gloom.
 O, the rose's flush had paled,
 And faint has its perfume grown ;
 The vision fades with the rose's flush,
 And the beauty my soul has known.
 But still 'neath the holy blue
 Of thy beautiful skies, O June !
 I feel like a bird that sings
 'Mid the purple clover's bloom.

COMFORT.

In the still watches of the lone night,
I heard a voice saying, "Let there be light!
The world's full of sighing and sadness and pain,
And over the dying the tears fall like rain.
O homes sad and lonely! O hearts sore with woe,
That weep for the lost ones! to them thou must go,
And bear the glad tidings, o'er valley and hill,
That the lost ones are living and loving them still!
Speak clear as a trumpet, yet soft as a breath,
'The spirit immortal can never know death!'"

MUSINGS.

Ye are absent, loved companions! I sit musing here
alone:

Pleasantly the sunshine beameth on the scene I gaze
upon—

Fair the scene; its quiet beauty oft together we have
known.

Lovingly the breeze of summer waves the elm tree's
topmost bough—

Stealing through the open casement, gently fans it,
cheek and brow;

But the room seems sad and lonely, for my thoughts
are with you now.

I sit listening to the voices,—joyous voices, full of
glee;

Or, anon, with feeling deepened, laughter ringing
merrily

Through the silence,—waters gushing from a fountain pure and free.

I can see each face familiar,—listen to each varying
tone ;

O, I knew not how I loved you, till I felt that ye
were gone—

Knew not all that ye were to me, till I found myself
alone.

Would the power were mine to limn you, as ye now
before me rise—

Brows of sunlight, hearts the warmest, looking out
from soul-lit eyes ;

Landscape fairest should be lying 'neath the glow of
evening skies.

With the lingering sunbeams flickering through the
branches, lovingly

Resting on you—I would place you 'neath the shade
of some old tree

On the hill-side, where were flowers, and the wandering
breeze roved free.

Queenliest of the band, Elnora, should be seated on
a throne,

Reading "Shakspeare" to the others, in an "a la
Kemble" tone—

All the magic of her beauty, and her queenly presence
own.

Throned upon that brow so regal, power and might
 of mind are there ;
 And her dark eye flashes keenly, when the Author's
 thought so rare
 Meets her own thought ; how they sparkle 'neath the
 forehead pure and fair !

They may call her proud and haughty, but they do
 not know her well :
 Nature formed her tall and queenly—should she cast
 away the spell
 Which has lifted her above them, and with common
 natures dwell ?

True, it is a land of freedom ; she may never mount
 the throne,
 Nor may wield the royal scepter, save o'er loving
 hearts alone ;
 Yet our queen, best loved Elnora ! we, thy faithful
 subjects, own.

Nina should be seated lower, on the mossy turf beside,
 Gazing on the fires of sunset which are burning far
 and wide,
 Filled with rapture, yet in silence striving all her joy
 to hide.

She would scorn to give expression to the feelings
 which may thrill
 All her soul with joy the wildest,—then, if woe life's
 chalice fill,
 Would she drink it proudly, bravely,—would she suf-
 fer, and be still ?

Lightly fall the dark brown tresses round her sweet
and winsome face :

Of the power to win hearts to her, one perchance
may find some trace

In the soft brown eyes of hazel, and her smile of
winning grace.

But to love her, one must know her, watch her hourly
day by day,

Feel the warmth of glorious sunshine which she sheds
around the way

Of the hearts that need her kindness—kindness they
may ne'er repay.

Blessings be upon thee, Nina ; may thy life-stream
joyous be,—

Thine the love of hearts the truest—ever choicest
dower to thee,

Loving and belov'd, float gently down the river to
the sea.

Near Elnora's throne, who standeth upright as the
elm tree's bole ?

Best of friends thou art, dear Mabel ! kindred hearts
have found their goal,

When at length they learn to fathom all the grandeur
of thy soul.

Smoothly parted on thy forehead is each sunny tress
of hair,

And the blue eye, mild, yet fearless, looketh out so
bravely there ;

Though she moves no queenly beauty, yet to me she
seems most fair.

Beautiful the soul she owneth,—beautiful the soul that
lies

Shrined within her noble bosom, closely veiled from
worldly eyes,—

Soul of truth ! how high and lofty over falsehood dost
thou rise !

Best of friends ! I hear thee saying, “ Do not praise
me, friend of mine,

If thou lovest me well and truly,—love to me seems
so divine,

That it cannot praise the loved one ; oh, then do
not give me thine !”

Love thee ? yes ; and oh, if wishes were not bubbles
on the wave,

I would wish that we together might pass onward to
the grave,

And our spirits still united, in the Fount Eternal lave.

“ Where is Dora ? where ?” How often this the
well-known cry hath been,

When our hearts beat high with bright hopes, eager
for the festive scene,

Or a walk through leafy forest, 'neath a summer sky
serene !

Then the answer, still unchanging, “ Dora will not
go to-day :

She is sitting in her lone room, fond of solitude they
say,—

Come, she will not go ; 'tis needless thus the others
to delay.”

But apart I see thee standing now, half hidden by
the tree.

There ! a sunbeam through the leaflets stealeth down
and rests on thee,—

Pleading eyes of blue seem asking, “I love you ; do
you love me ?”

Eyes of blue the dark fringe shadeth—gentle, timid
eyes of blue !

Watch them closely, in their calm depths ye may see
their owner too,

Something of her outward semblance—not the inner
life ye view.

Gentle, loving, calm she glideth still upon her happy
way,

And we pass her ever smiling, for she seems some
genial ray,

Whose pure source of joy is hidden from the light
and from the day.

God be with thee, gentle Dora ! and his choicest
blessings thine ;

May he keep thee pure and simple, make thy breast
a holy shrine

Where may centre warm affections, and the love for
Him divine.

Now the sunset vision fadeth, and the twilight shades
steal on—

Wrapped in gloom, I still am sitting in the twilight,
sad and lone,

Thinking of you, loved companions, mourning that
ye all have gone.

O R A .

PART I.

All day the wild November storm
Swept round the farm house door.
It shook the apples from the trees ;
It stripped the maples of their leaves,
And paved the well-path o'er.

All day a sad-eyed woman sat,
And sewed the dreary seams ;
While through the clouded window-pane
She watched the restless wind and rain,
And thought of her lost dreams.

Three Springs had gone, since from the earth
Had passed her only child !
She was her idol, at that shrine
Was offered incense pure and fine,
Since then she never smil'd !

Her life was narrow, pent within,
The housewife's beaten round ;
She loved the flowers about the door,
And since her Ora was no more,
She loved her lowly mound.

If gold were hers, a marble pile
Had told her deathless love !
She had *only* flowers, fresh and fair
And these she gathered everywhere,
To place the grave above.

Rare roses that her hand had rear'd
 With patient toil and care,
 She brought each spring, and set them 'round
 That hallowed spot, her sacred mound,
 To shed their sweetness there.

But when the Autumn leaves began
 To strew the well-path o'er ;
 Her soul was filled with grief and gloom,
 She swept them fiercely with the broom,
 And wished they'd come no more.

For when the world grew dark to her,
 She heard the night winds rave
 Around the house, and in the morn
 The maple leaves, all stripped and torn,
 Lay thick about the grave.

Her thoughts went ever in one groove,
 "No griefs like mine," she said,
 "The years may come, the years may go,
 The tide of life run faint and low ;
 And *still* I'll mourn my dead."

PART II.

She heard the rain upon the roof,
 That dread November eve,
 The skies were dark, her heart like lead
 Within her sank, then something said ;
 "O Mother ! do not grieve !"

Was it a vision, that she saw ?

The loved one seemed to stand
Beside her bed, so sweet and fair ;
The soft brown eyes, the waving hair,
With a lily in her hand !

And through the sounding rain she heard
Her Ora's pleading tone,
"O do not grieve," she said, "for me,
I live, yes, still I live for thee ;
And think of thee alone !

Thy sorrow weighs me to the earth,
I strive to rise in vain.
I see afar the heavenly heights ;
I long to taste their pure delights,
Yet with thee I remain !

Linger not mother by thy hearth,
The mourning world is wide !
Would'st thou from sorrow have reprieve ;
Seek other sufferers to relieve,
With grief to thine allied.

Would'st thou plant flowers on my grave,
The pure and deathless flowers ?
Visit each sick and suffering one ;
Do all that thou for me hast done,
To soothe their dying hours.

And peace shall visit thy sad heart,
Thy burden lifted be,
Thy blessings shall be manifold,
And through the clouds, *the rift of gold*
Thine eyes shall plainly see."

She heard no more, the vision passed,
And vanished slow away,
Sleep fell upon her eyes, and when
The morning dawned all fair again,
She rose up with the day.

And took her burden wearily
Of care, and grief and pain ;
Since to her mind, the vision seemed
A phantom of the night,—a dream
Born of the wind and rain.









